

Mail Orders
Carefully filled
and promptly
shipped.

ay

conceptions that can be
made Mesallines, Crepe
with dainty designs and
new gowns and lace gowns
pleasure to see. Come
all widths and very full.
new lace "Princess".
Made of pearls, opal.

Coats.

them in all lengths from
ankle to the longest; also
suits. We will measure
our fine ones; and more
that we have many more
of each, also.

le which we have in
skin brown, mahogany,
has the long drooping
effect, latest sleeve,
of back, stitched, \$34.00
time, with... \$31.00

one, fitted back, coat
time, with... \$31.00

come one, delicate Mode
man cape, ornamental
stitched, ready-to-wear and
quilted vest, buttons and
\$40.00

le Broadcloth, loose, satin
and skirt, \$42.00
and Coat of White Broad
cloth, \$47.00

of medium price coats and
is most complete, both in
and price.

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MANQUET TO DELEGATES.

Subordinate Business to Pleasure.

Taken on a Variety of Resolutions.

Compulsory Arbitration Does Not Find Favor.

THE ASSOCIATED PRESS—P.M.

FRANCISCO, Nov. 19.—(By AP.)—The delegates to the convention of the American Federation of Labor met today for the first time in the forenoon.

A session was held in the forenoon, at which an adjournment was then taken until Monday morning.

A banquet was tendered the delegates at the Hotel de Ville, and the delegates were then taken to the city tonight.

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CHILD WORKERS.

The employment of children and the "padrone" system were denounced by the delegates.

The delegates were urged to use every effort to aid in the formation of ladies' auxiliaries to labor unions and to generally endeavor to organize women workers.

A committee consisting of Delegates James Lynch, Frank Duffy and James Wood was appointed to endeavor to settle the dispute between the labor organizations of San Francisco so that the City Front Federation, the Building Trades Council and the San Francisco Labor Council might be amalgamated into one central body.

A telegram was read from Typographical Union No. 1 of St. Louis, inviting the delegates to hold their next annual session in that city. The bid was thus far for the next convention at Fort Worth, Tex., Dominion of Canada, city of Juan de Portu Rico and St. Louis. It is expected a lively fight will be waged in behalf of these and other places.

It was decided to translate the by-laws and constitution of the federation into Spanish for the benefit of the Puerto Rican unions.

It was also decided that all delegates who intended returning East by northern routes advise the secretary of the fact, as a mass meeting was being planned in their honor at Seattle, Wash.

After these proceedings an adjournment was taken until Monday morning at 9 o'clock in order that committee work might be done.

SIX THOUSAND OUT.

ARMY WORKERS STRIKE.

(BY THE ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M.)

CHICAGO, Nov. 19.—Six thousand garment workers belonging to the Special Order Garment Workers' Union, struck in twenty factories of Chicago today, following a walkout of 400 workers.

The strike crippled business of concern which concerns members of the National Wholesale Tailors' Association. This association recently served notice on its employees who belong to the Special Order Clothing Workers that when the agreement with the union expired next March no more contracts would be entered into, except with individuals. This ultimatum was the cause of the strike.

MURDERED IN HIS "MOBE"

Chauffeur Found Dead in His Machine on Lonely Roadside Thought Victim of Bank Robbers.

(BY THE ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M.)

CHICAGO, Nov. 19.—Shot dead in an automobile by bank robbers, whose plot the victim of the tragedy had discovered, and whose plans he had frustrated, is one explanation of the death of William Bate, a chauffeur, whose corpse and machine were found on a lonely roadside today.

This theory was advanced by Bate's employer, after an investigation of the circumstances. The idea is that the men who hired the automobile were bank robbers, and contemplated a raid on some bank in some small town.

Investigation at the Auditorium Hotel developed the fact that a man giving the name "Dobbs" had appeared at the hotel last evening and had asked for David Bate, the hotel telephone operator, to have David Bate send an automobile to the Auditorium entrance at once.

That Bate did not commit suicide but was shot down by an assassin is indicated by the finding of an empty cartridge shell today in the tunnel of the automobile.

The company's office it was said that when the call was received last night a machine for two was asked for.

William Bate, the dead chauffeur, had been connected with the company for several years and was well-known as a fast driver.

LOVE AFFAIR PERHAPS.

(BY THE ASSOCIATED PRESS—P.M.)

CHICAGO, Nov. 19.—Two letters found in the possession of the dead man offered a suggestion that Bate's death might have been the result of a love affair. This theory, however, is not regarded seriously by the police.

The circumstances surrounding the death of Bate were made more puzzling tonight by the report that a woman was in the automobile a short time before Bate is believed to have been killed.

John S. Eiler, a farmer, gave this information to the police late tonight. He said that he was aroused about 11 o'clock by loud knocking at the door of his house and when he demanded to know who was there, a man replied: "Will you let me in if I go to the rear door? I must get in for I am in danger."

Eiler offered to open the door if the man would give him his name, but he refused to give it, and Eiler, thinking it was a plan to rob him, did not open the door. The man returned to the rear door, where Eiler says he heard voices in a vehement dispute, among them that of a woman.

The machine went south from the house and about half a mile farther on it stopped at the house of Dennis Connors, where a man knocking at the door and the man who was knocking at the door returned to the automobile, which went north.

Peter Freshauf, the farmer near whose home Bate was murdered, said tonight that he heard the rattle of the machine and voices talking loudly and then a shot. He said no more at the time, but thinking the people in the machine were intoxicated.

clips of good government, and was in defiance of the qualities which stand for honorable citizenship. Looking at the matter in this way, it is surprising that members of the Plumbers' Union who have ostracized one of their associates on account of his connection with the militia, do not engage the united condemnation of the press of the State. Perhaps there have been some adequate protests from that quarter, but so far as we have seen, the views expressed have not fully resented the action, and have done little to set the subject before the people as it deserves.

[While the press of the State as a whole may be remiss in this matter, the same criticism cannot attach to The Times. This journal has repeatedly placed the seal of its condemnation on the action of the San Diego Plumbers' Union in expelling Lieut. Tichborne because he belonged to the militia. It has pointed out the iniquity of the principle of such action, and has no hesitancy in saying that any trades union or other organization which forbids its members to belong to the National Guard, is a treasonable aggregation and is so regarded by the loyal, law-abiding citizens of the State.—Ed.]



Side Talks

By the Office Boy...

I've been laying awake for the past few nights figuring if I'd rather be when I grow up, the boss or one of the hat salesmen. I don't know which is the easiest job. All a fellow's got to do is to be the boss is to keep writing his name every day, and all a fellow has to do in the hat department is to take the hat to the wrapping desk and hand in the three dollars. The manager thinks just because it took me an hour to go to the Hollenbeck that I'm slow, but it was the first day I'd seen her this week.

F. B. Silverwood

221 South Spring Street Broadway and Sixth...

Thanksgiving Day 1904

Are You Prepared?

If not we are ready to assist you...

Maybe some piece of silver.

Some article in cut glass.

A carving set.

You might need a few teaspoons.

Or a platter for the roast.

We have everything in abundance, and a generous variety of styles.

We cordially invite your inspection at our new store.

S. Nordlinger & Son...

Gold and Silversmiths

323 South Spring St.

BADLY PARALYZED.

Marquesa Des Monasters Who Renounced Catholic Faith Reported Seriously Ill.

(BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.)

ROME, Nov. 19.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] The Marquesa Des Monasters (formerly Mary G. Caldwell), who recently renounced the Catholic faith, has been seriously ill with paralysis, and today there was a sudden change for the worse. She is now unable to articulate clearly, and is almost totally deaf. Dr. Brook, who is attending her, has forbidden visitors.

COL. BRECKENRIDGE DEAD.

LEXINGTON (Ky.) Nov. 19.—Col. William C. F. Breckinridge died at 11:40 p.m. tonight from a stroke of paralysis, sustained Wednesday. The end came peacefully.

REPORTS UNTRUE, SAY TURKS.

CONSTANTINOPLE, Nov. 19.—It is asserted in official circles that the reports which have reached the United States of great distress in Macedonia from cold and hunger are without foundation.

IMPRISONED ON WARSHIP.

RIO JANEIRO, Nov. 19.—Col. Lauro Sadral, one of the leaders in the recent outbreak at the military school, was arrested this morning and imprisoned on board a warship.

DO YOU LIKE BEAUTIFUL THINGS?

If you do, and you want to see the finest collection of them ever gathered together in this city, visit any of the SUN stores and inspect our magnificent display of HOLIDAY GOODS. Paris, London, New York—indeed, all parts of the world—have yielded their tribute to this splendid collection. We have been hard at work for weeks unpacking, marking and arranging these goods and we can assure the Los Angeles public that the result is an exhibit of holiday wares which, for completeness, variety, beauty and novelty of design, is not and CANNOT BE EQUALED WEST OF CHICAGO.

Below are just a few suggestions from the HUNDREDS of articles in our immense stock. Almost everything suitable for gift purposes, at prices ranging from

10c to \$50.00

MONDAY SPECIAL—NO. 17

You should have seen the scramble for Packer's Tar Soap and the other specials last Monday. We could hardly hand them out fast enough. And here's Mennen's TALCUM going at 10c tomorrow, and four other bargains just as great. People ask, "How can you make such prices—less than wholesale?" Well, never mind. We do make them, and that's what fills the SUN Stores every Monday. FOR TOMORROW—at ALL stores:

	Regular Price	Monday Special Price
Mennen's Talcum Powder.....	35c	10c
Best Bay Rum, bottle.....	50c	25c
Sun Syrup Hypophosphites Comp., for coughs, etc....	\$1.00	50c
Kirk's Juvenile Soap.....	35c	10c
Cucumber and Benzoin Cream.....	25c	15c

CUT GLASS SALE EXTRAORDINARY

Large assortment of the finest and deepest-cut glass, richest and latest designs in Water Bottles, Water Sets, Fruit Bowls, Olive Dishes, Butter Dishes, Creamers, Pickle Dishes, Celery Baskets, etc.—all go this week at

ONE-FOURTH OFF REGULAR PRICES

This is a holiday gift opportunity that you shouldn't miss.

SUIT CASES AND TRAVELING BAGS

Another large shipment just received from New York—the latest and newest designs and leathers. Close buying makes close selling prices, so the Suit Cases will be \$5.00, \$5.00, \$7.50, \$15.00 and \$25.00—and the Traveling Bags will be \$10.00, \$12.50, \$15.00, \$20.00, \$10.00, \$15.00 and up to \$25.00 for the very finest. These goods would cost 25 per cent more if bought anywhere else on this Coast. There are some GREAT BARGAINS in this consignment.

OUR SURGICAL APPLIANCE DEPARTMENT

Is beyond question the largest, best equipped and most complete in Southern California. Our Trusses always give satisfaction. Our Abdominal Supporters, from \$2.00 to \$10.00, are the finest manufactured. We make Elastic Hosiery and all manner of deformity apparatus at the lowest prices. Expert fitters in each department—also lady attendants.

FREE

All orders amounting to \$4.00 or more, accompanied by cash, DELIVERED FREE anywhere within 100 miles of Los Angeles.

Same Prices and Goods at ALL Sun Stores MOST FOR YOUR MONEY OR YOUR MONEY BACK

The Sun Drug Co.

No. 1—Corner Second and Broadway No. 2—231 South Broadway No. 3—Corner Second and Spring No. 4—Corner Sixth and Broadway Pasadena—Riverside—Redlands MAIL ORDER and Wholesale Dept., 324 South Los Angeles Street.

BIG STORES

BARKER BROS' MAMMOTH DOUBLE STORES

Dining Room Elegance

(SHOWN ON OUR NEW 4th FLOOR)

The 4th floor of our new Main Street store is ready. It's elegance will surprise you. The dining room pieces shown will be a revelation. The arrangement of the dining sets is advantageous.

The new 4th floor is an immense one. There is sufficient room to enable us to cluster each different set a group by itself, so that all the pieces are shown in close proximity and you can see at a glance how sideboard, buffet, table, chairs and serving table look in relation to each other.

We have rushed work on this floor in order to have it completed before Thanksgiving. If you have any dining room furniture to buy at this time you should not miss this opportunity to see the rarest and finest sets ever brought to the Southwest.

Here you will find magnificence, art and common sense combined. Rare mahogany sets, rich and substantial oak sets, Mission, "Arts and Crafts" and "Quaint" sets.

Nowhere in all this broad land is there another such room or another such assortment of dining room furniture. We built this additional store to enable us to properly display a larger assortment than we could previously show in our single store. We bought new goods especially for this new store. We regret that the other floors are not yet completed, but it will pay you to visit the new fourth floor this week.

The Main street entrance is not yet completed. Access to the new fourth floor can be had through our Spring street entrance and elevator.

BARKER BROTHERS

Alfred Benjamin's High-Class Clothing

FOR SALE ONLY BY JAMES SMITH & CO. SOUTH SPRING STREET

HYOMEI Cures Catarrh

WRITE FOR FREE SAMPLE

Bacritine INSTANTLY RELIEVES Catarrh

POSITIVELY CURES....

Price 50c; all drugists or ALTYNE CHEMICAL CO. San Francisco.

BREAD

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Bakeries--2

broadway, 5

HINTS

SUNDRIES

where you

E A HINT

very style, manicure sets,

made, rare woods

handsome clothes brushes,

fine imported

each powder, per

ment of celluloid goods,

puffs and puff boxes.

prompt deliveries.

adies welcome

to make it their meeting

SALE & S

SPRING ST.

Phone MAIN OR HOME 132
Jacoby Bros.
331-333-335 South Broadway.

Mail Orders Filled by Experts.
Out-of-town patrons are invited to write for information on any matters pertaining to styles, materials, etc. Samples of prices furnished on request. Orders promptly filled. Free transportation during November week. Write for particulars.

16c Eclipse Flannelettes 11c Yard.
One case of Eclipse flannelettes in a choice range of patterns and colors. Regular 16-33c values, November inducement price 11c yard.
12c Outing Flannels 10c Yard.
Another case of Amoskeag outing flannels in medium and light shades, and a choice assortment of patterns. Regular 12c values, November inducement price 10c yard.

Madam Wilbur's Toilet Preparations.
We heartily endorse Madam Wilbur's toilet preparations to all of our patrons. We carry a full line. Madam Wilbur's preparations are never commonplace. Beware of imitation.

Phone MAIN OR HOME 132
Jacoby Bros.
331-333-335 South Broadway.

Last Week of November Inducement Sale

INCLUDING A BIG SALE OF MILLINERY AND GARMENTS FOR THE RACES

Coat Season Is on

Wonderful Values in all Styles

Coat season has now fairly commenced and our department will be ready tomorrow with a full showing of every conceivable style that has been brought out for Fall and Winter. We have over 1000 new coats and jackets for your choosing, and we can safely state that no store begins to approach the remarkable values we shall offer in all styles and materials. Prices as follows: \$8.75, \$10.50, \$14.50, \$19.50, \$22.50, and up to \$55.00.

100 New Arrivals in Women's \$35 Suits at \$24.50

We have just received exactly 100 new suits which were bought to sell at \$35.00. We will confess though that the suits should have arrived a month ago and the delay induces us to offer them at this unusual reduction. They represent the best tailored productions from one of the leading suit houses. They include short coats, loose coats, and fitted styles. Almost every conceivable color to pick from and the most wanted materials. It's your chance to secure a splendid \$35.00 suit at only \$24.50.

Shirt Waists for the Races

We are showing hundreds of new styles in shirt waists, many of which will be especially pleasing to those who will lead the races on Thanksgiving day. Here are exquisite waists of crepe de chine in all the pastel shades that of every line, rich all over lace waists in white, cream, black. They are trimmed in every conceivable style and of course every design is of the most recent and approved style.

Lace Waists \$7.50 to \$15.00
Silk Waists \$4.95 to \$16.00

\$5.00 Wool Waists \$2.75
A very special sale of waists, made of French flannel, albatros, or Henrietta and brilliantine. These are in the latest styles in embroidered effects, in shades to select from. Special \$2.75.

\$2.00 Wool Waists 79c
Pretty all wool shirt waists in blue, red, black, and green. Come in the most approved styles. \$2.00 values at 79c.

\$9.50 Walking Skirts \$7.50
Just for Monday we are going to put on sale our very best \$9.50 walking skirts at \$7.50. These include such favorite styles as crepe de chine, tulle, and satins, cover cloths, rain proof materials in all the most wanted and exclusive styles, in all colors and effects. Monday \$7.50.

Millinery for the Races

For many weeks our millinery department has been busy preparing for the big display and sale of millinery for the races which commences tomorrow morning. We are smart creations in street hats, beautiful new ideas in dress hats, most of the styles have never been shown before. Every hat has that touch of galantry and chic, and the prices are half what you would guess. Don't miss the biggest millinery sale of the season.

Wide Embroideries 25c

Worth from 50c up to \$1.50

You recall our last big embroidery sale. You can imagine what to expect when we tell you that the patterns this time are even prettier, the embroideries a little nicer. The lot includes insertions, flouncings, and edges. Many of them are wide enough for the new coats to cover. Over 20,000 yards to select from. Your choice 25c.

Monday Specials

Women's plain hemmed handkerchiefs, 31c.
Women's pure linen hemmed handkerchiefs, 11c.
Women's handkerchiefs, lace or embroidery trimmed, 12c.
Women's pure linen, hemstitched handkerchiefs, also trimmed with lace and embroidery, 25c.
40c Women's Neckwear 25c
Another one of those splendid sales of women's fancy neckwear. Comes in silk, prettily made and trimmed. All colors to select from. Regular 40c values, Monday 25c.

Importer's Samples of Fine Handkerchiefs
This is a sample line of the finest imported hdkfs., some in pure linen, others in the finest silks. They come in beautiful embroidered effects, others lace trimmed, others with insertion designs in every conceivable style. All of them priced at one-third less than regular.

\$4.50 Dinner Napkins \$3.35 Dozen
Double satin damask dinner napkins, size 24x36 inches. These are handsomely finished. One of the best Irish linen napkins in a large range of patterns. Regular \$1.50 values, November inducement sale \$3.35 a dozen.

\$2.00 Pattern Cloths \$1.45 Each
8-4 satin damask pattern cloths in a heavy quality of all linen. In neat, choice patterns. Our regular \$2.00 values, November inducement price \$1.45 each.

65c Lunch Cloths 35c Each
Fine lawn lunch cloths stamped in favorite designs such as violets, wild rose, American beauty, pansy, etc. A fine sheer material, neatly hemstitched. Regular 65c values, November inducement sale price 35c each.

35c Women's Underwear 25c
These are fine-lined, Jersey ribbed. Come in cream or gray; pants and vests to match. 35c values, special 25c.

65c Union Suits 47c
These come in creases or gray, open across or down the front, ankle length. These are silk taped, with pearl buttons. All sizes. 65c values, November inducement price 47c.

Odd Lots of Underwear
We have about 150 odd pieces of underwear in women's, some in children's underwear. The lot includes vests, pants, and union suits in part or all wool. These are marked at one-fourth reduction.

Opening Display, Imported Dolls

Bring the little folks to see our big opening display of dolls. Dolls of all sizes, all kinds, dressed and undressed. Here are the famous Kerner dolls, jointed or kid body, bisque or celluloid heads, the finest quality of dolls in the world.

16 inch Kerner dolls, jointed, natural hair, eyes that close, real eyelashes, \$1.50.
13 inch doll, kid body, bisque head, eyes that close, 25c.

Don't Miss This Belt Sale

Briefly put, it's the best sample line of silk belts we have ever seen. There are 500 dozen of them and only one or two alike. Come with gilt, silver or oxidized buckles, all good quality. Almost every style you can imagine among them. Worth 50c, 75c, \$1.00, \$1.25 and \$1.50. Your choice of the lot 25c.

Samples of Leather Bags \$2.95

These bags are worth up to \$5.00, yet we shall price the entire lot at \$2.95 for your choice. The bags come in all the latest shapes and styles. All kinds of leather to choose from. Every bag fitted with inside purse. You can scarcely imagine a new style that isn't represented in the lot. Values up to \$5.00, your pick \$2.95.

Skirts Made Free

Don't miss the opportunity of having a beautiful man-tailored skirt made to your measure by simply purchasing the materials at our store. We guarantee a perfect fit. Our designer and artist will gladly confer with patrons on all matters of dress. We make suits, wraps, coats and skirts at far less than you'd pay at an individual tailoring house, while the quality of our tailoring is unquestionably superior to any that has hitherto been produced in Los Angeles.

Fall Suitings \$1.50 Yard
Mohair and mohair mixed suitings, 28 inches wide. The lot includes checked and striped designs, good weight, and well finished. November inducement price \$1.50 a yard.

\$1.00 Dress Goods 75c Yard
These are new arrivals together with our own assortment of wools and fancy wools, 22 to 24 inch widths. Come in a large range of the most exclusive styles. Values to \$1.00, November inducement price 75c a yard.

\$1.35 Cotton Blankets 95c Pair
One case of 11-1 cotton flannel blankets in gray and white, with or without borders, good weight, and well finished. November inducement price \$1.35 a pair.

\$2.50 Cotton Blankets \$1.95 Pair
Extra heavy cotton flannel blankets, 13-14 inch. Come in gray or in fancy colored borders. Large sized, and well finished. November inducement price \$2.50 a pair.

75c Wool Suitings 50c Yd
These come in all the new Fall colors, 28 inches wide, medium and dark shades. Suitable for suits and waists. A fine value. Values to 75c, November inducement price 50c a yard.

\$1.25 Dress Goods \$1.00 Yd
These include Mohair and 11-1 flannel cloth in a full range of colors, also the popular brown shades. These are highly finished, and very desirable materials. Values to \$1.25, November inducement price \$1.00 a yard.

\$4.50 Wool Blankets \$3.25 Pair
One case of the well known Oregon wool blankets in gray with colored borders, 13 inch wide and well finished with top, top, top, top, top. November inducement price \$4.50 a pair.

\$1.75 Silklike Comforts \$1.19 Each
12 dozen silklike comforts in well assorted patterns, the quality of silklike. These are good value and well finished. November inducement price \$1.75 a pair.

Women's Apparel Underpriced

For Thanksgiving Half prices on dozens of exquisitely beautiful creations that you have considered extravagantly rich. Now you can attend the Thanksgiving functions more richly gowned than you expected, and at less cost.

Costumes at Half

Sumptuous creations of crepe de chine and collonnes—the most beautiful garments shown anywhere in the Southwest at anywhere near the higher prices quoted here.

The \$75 costumes now \$45.

The \$65 costumes now \$37.50.

The \$50 costumes—a descriptive word of which follows—at \$25:
Handsome costumes of crepe de chine, with silk drapes, and dainty lace trimmings. Here in every new shade.

Evening and Calling Coats

Distinctively new and decidedly swell coats in white, champagne, browns and black, lined with rich white and beaded silk, box pleated and shirred effects, some with capes, some without; some elaborately trimmed with velvet and fancy braid.

\$85 coats cut to \$45.

\$75 coats at \$37.50.

\$60 coats at \$27.50.

Tailor Suits

\$15 to \$60

Every one of them cut in the very latest style and carefully tailored throughout.

A half-dozen new styles in rich Broadcloths, Cheviots and mixtures; coats lined with taffetas and satins; some with fancy vests, some without.

Exceptionally strong values at \$15, \$20 and \$25.

Cravenette Coats

Made of the best waterproof materials in many new styles and every correct shade, including browns, olives, castors, grays, etc.
Some in cape effects.
Some with leg-o-mutton sleeves.
Unmatchable values at every price-step between \$13.50 and \$25.00.

Our showing of Walking Skirts from \$5 upward includes every new style and best cloth.
Wants—truly remarkable values at \$5.

Paris Coat and Suit Co.
252 South Broadway.

REQUIN MASS FOR PRIESTS.

Yesterday morning at 8 o'clock a solemn requiem mass was celebrated at the Church of St. Vincent de Paul, for the repose of the souls of the deceased priests of the congregation of the mission, especially those who have labored in this city. The day before was the anniversary of the death of the late Father Meyer, former president of St. Vincent's College, and there was a solemn requiem mass for the repose of his soul.

HOME INDUSTRY EXHIBIT.

Anyone passing the C. M. Staub Shoe Company's sign and that of the W. E. Cummings Shoe Company yesterday must have been deeply impressed with the display in the windows of the raw material setting off the finished product of the Alfred Dolge felt shoes, manufactured in Delgerville, a few miles from this city.

There were bunches of wool in the first steps toward being made into felt. There were large pads of fluffy stuff, showing the state of the material prior to its being pressed into finished felt. There were columns and rolls of felt, and the exquisite and comfortable looking slippers and shoes, in sizes to

BURIAL HEADQUARTERS.

28-40 day, 60-100 day, 100-150 day, 150-200 day, 200-250 day, 250-300 day, 300-350 day, 350-400 day, 400-450 day, 450-500 day, 500-550 day, 550-600 day, 600-650 day, 650-700 day, 700-750 day, 750-800 day, 800-850 day, 850-900 day, 900-950 day, 950-1000 day, 1000-1050 day, 1050-1100 day, 1100-1150 day, 1150-1200 day, 1200-1250 day, 1250-1300 day, 1300-1350 day, 1350-1400 day, 1400-1450 day, 1450-1500 day, 1500-1550 day, 1550-1600 day, 1600-1650 day, 1650-1700 day, 1700-1750 day, 1750-1800 day, 1800-1850 day, 1850-1900 day, 1900-1950 day, 1950-2000 day, 2000-2050 day, 2050-2100 day, 2100-2150 day, 2150-2200 day, 2200-2250 day, 2250-2300 day, 2300-2350 day, 2350-2400 day, 2400-2450 day, 2450-2500 day, 2500-2550 day, 2550-2600 day, 2600-2650 day, 2650-2700 day, 2700-2750 day, 2750-2800 day, 2800-2850 day, 2850-2900 day, 2900-2950 day, 2950-3000 day, 3000-3050 day, 3050-3100 day, 3100-3150 day, 3150-3200 day, 3200-3250 day, 3250-3300 day, 3300-3350 day, 3350-3400 day, 3400-3450 day, 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LOCAL POLITICS. HERE'S A JOB MINUS WORK.

Nothing for City Janitor to do but Draw Pay.

Land Council's Powerless to Abolish the Office.

Stingy Cuts Ahead for Pie-pursuing Politicians.

Notwithstanding the open season for hunting political jobs is scheduled for December 4, scarcity of game in the Councilmanic preserves has caused the business to be covered almost a month ahead of time.

Civil service regulations have done much to cut out the spoils system. In fact even the new Mayor's commission will not have more than a dozen jobs at their disposal. The Council is still the court of last resort in the matter of conferring appointments to a number of important places. While that body has nothing to do with making the appointments, it holds the power in most cases to abolish all positions except those provided for in the city charter.

One job which is still open to appointment by the Mayor and which is now a genuine sinecure is that of city janitor. This position was created by a charter provision at the time the city had a large number of care for. It carries a salary of \$150 a month and entails no service. The old janitor system has been abandoned, but the position still remains and the Council has no power to abolish it.

Since the charter amendments conferring on the Mayor power to name commissioners were ratified, about the only job left to the Council worth pursuing is that of Police Surgeon. A candidate for this position has sprung up in about a month where there is a prospect of electing a Republican Councilman.

Dr. J. J. Quint, Assistant Health Officer, was one of the first in the field. Some of the other candidates claim that he has been guilty of sharp practices in securing pledges before the City Convention was held. Quint's friends claim he has been very largely instrumental in securing the place for him two years ago.

Dr. Myers of the Third Ward is a candidate for the position. He is backed by Sidney Hillier, Republican nominee from that ward.

Dr. Garrett of the Second Ward is also in the support of Percy Hammond, candidate for Council from that ward, and to be backed by various undertaking establishments.

THE LAST BATTLE.

HANLEY LOOKS A WINNER.

A titling finale to the long list of municipal elections which the spoils system injected into the selection of a Street Superintendent is the present contest, which promises to be the last battle.

Proposed charter amendment No. 14 provides for the abolishment of the elective office of Street Superintendent. This amendment will be voted on at the December election, and up to the present time not a single vote has been raised in opposition to it.

The municipal election is yet seven days distant, but the contest is already in progress. Both the Democratic and Republican party machines are in line for the office, but the independent voter is expressing himself in a language that cannot be misunderstood.

Political wisecracks are willing to wager that Wendell, the Republican candidate, will carry the Fifth Ward, five years ago as the Democratic stronghold. But these same wisecracks will not wager \$50 against him that Wendell will win.

A. J. Fleming, chairman of the Municipal League Campaign Committee, yesterday afternoon said that the canvasses in Republican strongholds so far conducted showed that Mr. Hanley should be elected by at least 500 plurality.

"Independent voters, both Democratic and Republican, have joined hands to work for a clean administration in the Street Superintendent's office," said Mr. Fleming. "They desire to elect a candidate who will not double the cost of maintenance of the office in a single term. When Hanley's administration as Supervisor is contrasted with Wendell's as Street Superintendent it does not take the average taxpayer long to decide which of the two men is to give the city efficient service."

"From all parts of the Fifth Supervisorial District, Mr. Hanley's former supporters, men have come to our headquarters to testify to the excellent character of the roads built in their neighborhood while Hanley was Supervisor."

"The San Fernando road which Mr. Hanley built has one of the finest roads in the State, and it was carved out of the sage brush and built through a sandy wash. At the time that work was done decomposed granite roads were considered experiments. Mr. Hanley was one of the first Supervisors to advocate the use of decomposed granite for road building."

"County records show that the San Fernando road work is remarkable not only for its stability, but for the economical manner in which it was built. The entire strip of twenty-one miles was built out of the money in the road fund for that district. Not a single dollar was drawn from the general road fund."

"Some of the other roads built in the Fifth Supervisorial District during Mr. Hanley's term were the Topanga Canyon road down to the sea coast north of Santa Monica; the Chatsworth Park road over San Simons Pass to the Ventura country, and the Camarillo Pass road."

"In these roads Mr. Hanley used stone and vitrified-pipe culverts instead of the wooden culverts priority used."

"What we of the Municipal League Campaign Committee regard as one of the best features of Mr. Hanley's work is the extremely low cost for which the improvements were secured. In not a single instance was the road fund of his district overdrawn in the building of roads."

ELOQUENT EXHIBIT.

On a table in the outer office of the Municipal League Campaign Committee

Thanksgiving Furniture

At 15% Discount. Pay Us 1/2 Down
Balance in 30, 60 and 90 Days

The immense success of our last week's special proposition—allowing Fifteen Per Cent discount on time as well as cash purchases—has induced us to continue it for another week in order to give everybody a chance.

If you have not already taken advantage of this great opportunity of buying furniture of every class and description at a fraction of its value—on easy terms—then don't delay—come to the store tomorrow.



For the dining room

You will probably never have another opportunity equal to this to refurnish your dining room at so little expense. If a new dining set or a few fine pieces, will add to the appearance of your Thanksgiving feast—now is the time to pick them out. Variety and good taste are the key notes of our great stocks of dining room furniture. You have a wide selection of high class pieces—at Fifteen Per Cent below their value—on what is practically the easy payment plan. Come to the store early this week, walk through and get an idea of what this movement means to you personally. It makes home furnishing an easy matter to many who could not otherwise attempt it.



(NOTE—The reduction of Fifteen Per Cent does not apply to Carpet Sweepers nor to Globe-Wernicke Bookcases—the prices of which are fixed by the manufacturers. Neither does it apply to floor coverings.)

Los Angeles Furniture Co.

225-227-229 SOUTH BROADWAY.

tee rests a huge boulder of probably fifty pounds weight, marked "Exhibit A," and a placard lends the information that "This two and one-half-inch gravel was recently taken from the newly-paved Hobson Street, Pico Heights."

Then follows a copy of street specifications No. 1 under which Hobson street was "improved." They specify that: "The first layer shall contain no stones larger than two and one-half inches in greatest diameter. The top layer shall be raked free from all stones larger than one inch in diameter."

Slide by slide with this exhibit are displayed testimonials by property owners in the Fifth Supervisorial District of excellent road work done under Mr. Hanley's supervision.

Mr. Hanley's preparatory education as a road builder was obtained while he ran a work engine on the central Pacific Railroad twenty years ago. It was then that he learned by observation how sub-grades for solid road-beds were laid. For twenty years he pulled the throttle of a steam locomotive, and earned a record as an engineer without blemish.

Unobtrusive in demeanor, plain-spoken and inclined to the simple words, rather than pretentious language, James Hanley is almost an antithesis of his chief opponent. When asked to talk about himself he halts and hesitates, but about roads which he has built and the other ones he had planned, but was not permitted to complete, he talks freely.

"I take to road building just as naturally as a boy takes to a duck pond," he says. "It is the kind of work I like. In my own way I have made a study of soil, sub-soil, gravel and the various methods of laying them."

There are a number of improvements that might be added to the present system of street-drainage, some should like to test.

"I have never built city streets, you know, he explains, "my district was outside the city."

"During my last term I had planned to build a boulevard from Los Angeles to Pasadena, La Cañada, through Verdugo Canyon and back to the city by way of Glendale. It would make a beautiful drive. Some of the roads had already been brought to grade and we were working on them when my term was cut unexpectedly short. You know what that happened. I am not complaining, but I regret that I was not enabled to complete that boulevard."

"From the assurances I have received from all sides I am convinced that for once the office of Street Superintendent has been taken out of politics. It is well that it is so. If the charter amendments carry this will be the last election for Street Superintendent to be held in Los Angeles. In the future he will be appointed by the Municipal Board of Public Works. That establishes for a certainty that the successful candidate will not come before the people in two years' time for reelection."

"Road building and politics do not go well together. It is good that they are to be separated."

Odds posted on election bulletin boards show that Mr. Hanley's optimism regarding his election-day outlook is shared by a good many men who are willing to back their opinions with a wager. Odds of two to one are offered on Hanley, and even more that the plurality is not less than 2500.

MARRIAGE LICENSES.

Warren E. Murphy, aged 28, a native of Nova Scotia, and resident of Los Angeles, and Carrie E. Wright, aged 23, a native of Massachusetts, and resident of Natick, Mass.

Joseph Maricotte, aged 23, a native of Kansas, and resident of Los Angeles, and Virginia Beargeon, aged 22, a native of Kansas and resident of Gardena.

Simon H. Parr, aged 28, a native of Georgia, and Pearl Lightly, aged 22, a native of Kansas, both residents of Los Angeles.

Blanc Mastinich, aged 41, a native of

Rich Cut Glass

Attractive new cuttings.

Finest quality glass.

Oil bottles, \$1.00 to \$5.50

Water bottles, \$3.25 to \$10.00

Fruit bowls, \$4.00 to \$15.00

Sugar and cream sets, \$4.50 to \$14.00

Comports, \$6.00 to \$22.50

Salts and peppers, each, .25c

Salts and peppers with sterling tops, big variety, .35c to \$2.00



Carving Sets

Every set thoroughly reliable. Wide variety.

2 piece sets with fine stag handles, \$1.25

3 piece sets consisting of knife, fork and steel, with stag handles, many of them trimmed with sterling silver; all handsomely boxed. Good sets at \$1.75, others up to \$15.00 per set.

A Grand Display of Thanksgiving China

If you anticipate the purchase of a new dinner set, by all means see this stock. The finest products of American and foreign potteries are represented here, and the prices will appeal to all good judges of china values. These sets we mention are exceptionally good values.

White Semi-Porcelain Dinner Set \$6.50

Plata ware. Attractive shape. Good durable quality. Set for 8 people at \$6.50 in complete for 6 people. 100 piece set of same at \$12.00.

Decorated Semi-Porcelain Set \$8.00

New shapes in a handsome dark blue decoration. 50 piece set at \$8.00. 100 piece set of same pattern at \$15.00.

Violet Decorated Dinner Set \$8.50

Semi-Porcelain. Very pretty. The decoration is striking and the shapes are up-to-date. 50 piece set at \$8.50. 100 piece set of same at \$15.00.

Pink Decorated Dinner Set \$8.50

New design. The color effect is very harmonious. Set for 8 people at \$8.50. 100 piece set at \$15.00.

Silverware for the Table

Our stock of table silver is calculated to meet the demands of all. We not only show the finest that's made but our stock of the less expensive kinds is equally complete.

Silver Plate on White Metal

Good grade. Satin finish.

Prices per set of 4

Tea spoons, \$1.50

Table spoons, \$1.50

Dessert spoons, \$1.50

Knives, \$1.50

Rogers Silverware

Very high grade.

Prices per set of 4

Tea spoons, \$1.50

Table spoons, \$1.50

Knives, \$1.50

Genuine China Dinner Set \$10.65

Those who are especially partial to plain white china will appreciate this set. 50 pieces at \$10.65; 100 pieces, \$18.00.

Special Pink Floral Set \$19.50

Real Haviland china. Beautifully decorated in a pink floral pattern. 50 pieces set at \$19.50; 100 pieces specially priced at \$35.00.

White Haviland China Set \$15.50

A low price for goods of such quality. The plain white china is rich and durable. 50 piece set at \$15.50; 100 pieces at \$28.00.

Decorated Haviland China Dinner Set \$22.50

Artistic shapes decorated in beautiful forget-me-nots. Set at \$22.50. Consists of 50 pieces; 100 piece set of same pattern at \$45.00.

Wine Sets

Punch sets, consisting of bowl and 12 cups. Bright new patterns imitation cut glass. Some very heavy effects, deeply cut and good imitation of real cut glass. \$5.00 to \$6.00.

Rhodesian glass lemonade and water sets. Handsome color effects. Many finely engraved. \$1.25, \$1.50 and up to \$4.00.

Parmelee-Dohrmann Co.

232-234 South Spring Street

Austria, and Cora Wood, aged 22, a native of Illinois; both residents of Los Angeles.

James P. Tucker, aged 34, a native of Texas, and resident of Los Angeles, and Della Benson, aged 22, a native of Missouri, and resident of Denver.

Frank Jackson, aged 23, a native of Arkansas, and Ella E. McCoy, aged 16, a native of Arkansas; both residents of Norwalk.

William Hilton, aged 21, a native of Colorado and resident of Denver, and Mae Smith, aged 22, a native of Illinois, and resident of Chicago, Ill.

Walter E. Traak, aged 24, a native of New Zealand, and resident of Chicago, and Edith P. Montgomery, aged 22, a native of California and resident of Los Angeles.

Theodore W. Parker, aged 41, a native of Indiana, and Amelia Miller, aged 23, a native of Germany; both residents of Los Angeles.

Jose P. Thorsen, aged 27, a native of Illinois, and resident of Lakeville, Sonoma county, and Georgia Claypool, aged 18, a native of California, and resident of Los Angeles.

Francisco Fernandez, aged 34, a native of Spain, and Catarina Palma, aged 25, a native of Italy; both residents of Los Angeles.

James B. Menasco, aged 47, a native of California, and Elsa von Grofe, aged 24, a native of Germany; both residents of Los Angeles.

Clifford H. Power, aged 37, a native of Ohio, and resident of Ensenada, Mex., and Helminia Obando, aged 24, a native of California, and resident of Los Angeles.

Samuel L. Tolle, aged 28, a native of Missouri, and Alice M. Mulholland, aged 21, a native of California; both residents of Los Angeles.

Free Piano Lessons.

For the first of series of twelve piano lessons, offered free with the Sunday Times for the next three months, see page 3, Part VII, Tri-Color Sheet, today's issue.

WHO would not like to learn to play the piano? The Times will teach you. Lessons free with the Sunday Times.

Novel and Fashionable Jewelry

FROM EUROPEAN CAPITAL

We are direct importers of London, Paris and Berlin.

Our experience and large chasing capabilities enable us to make a price about one-half of what it would cost you elsewhere.

Have you seen the "Shadow of Night" Jewelry and the "Peacock's Eye"?

Call and see us, whether you wish to purchase or not. We will show you goods. If you wish, you may select your Christmas presents now and we will lay them aside for you.

Crouch Bros.

THE LONDON JEWELRY

542 South Broadway

Cor. Mercantile Place

URICISOL

A REMEDY THAT CURES RHEUMATISM

DRIVEN THROU AWAY

"Having been afflicted with seven months with chronic Rheumatism, I am taking Uricisol and I am feeling much better and I am able to work, which I have not been able to do for seven months previous."

I am free from any kind, and simply desire to say my gratitude, for I had spent many of the best doctors, but nothing gave me any relief until I tried Uricisol.

"I find that people in all the walks of life take it and recommend it. It cures rheumatism and all the same time builds up the general health. Every one who has used it says it is a fine remedy, not only for Rheumatism, but for many forms of kidney and bladder troubles. It certainly cures rheumatism."

A lady 75 years of age, who has been completely paralyzed by the use of other bottles. "I shall always be grateful to Uricisol for its cure."

Uricisol is a remedy that cures Rheumatism, Gout, Gravel, and all the troubles of the Urinary System. It is a fine remedy, not only for Rheumatism, but for many forms of kidney and bladder troubles. It certainly cures rheumatism.

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LOTS \$1200 AND UP.

PASTOR MEETS
DEATH IN TIDE.REV. DR. TAYLOR LOST FROM
YACHT NEAR SAN DIEGO.

Embarks With Pleasure Party for
San Diego. Suddenly to Death.
Mill-race Tide Makes a Rescue
Impossible.

(BY THE ASSOCIATED PRESS—P.M.)

SAN DIEGO, Nov. 19.—Rev. Dr. R. B. Taylor, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, was drowned in the bay this afternoon shortly after 3 o'clock. Dr. Taylor was a member of a sailing party of about twenty persons on board Capt. McPherson's yacht, and while near the Marine Ways off North Island and walking along the edge of the boat he slipped overboard.

The tide was going out like a mill-race, and before any of the members of the party could render assistance he had sunk.

Capt. McPherson jumped overboard and tried to save Dr. Taylor, but without success.

The body has not yet been recovered. Included in the sailing party were a number of well-known San Diego people and members of Dr. Taylor's church, besides Dr. Taylor's wife and son. Dr. Taylor came here from Iowa several years ago.

Dr. Taylor was the most intelligent member of our party and went everywhere it was possible to go, while some of us took in only part of the party. He was a fine preacher and has done a splendid work at San Diego, where he has been for five years.

We have lost one of our brightest and most useful men. I feel at his death. In a book of "Short Talks" just published, the first is from Dr. Taylor on "Foolishness of St. Paul."

WIDE-AWAKE PLANS.

The Chamber of Commerce has appointed Messrs. Holcomb, Schwartz and Shaffer a committee to appear before the Supervisors in behalf of the plan for the formation of a county promotion committee.

The chamber has taken up with the officers of the Santa Fe the matter of having a San Diego day one day each week during the tourist season, on which days representatives of the chamber will board the trains en route for southern California in order to interest passengers in locating in this city.

A letter has been received from the officers of the Missouri, Kansas and Texas Railroad denying that favoritism is used in the sale of tickets to Coast cities.

HAY CITY ITEMS.

Capt. Allen W. Cullum, a soldier on furlough from the Soldiers' Home at Santa Monica, died yesterday. In the Civil War Capt. Cullum served as captain of Co. F, Fourth California Infantry. He had been visiting his daughter, Mrs. Woodward.

The funeral of Samuel Merrill was held yesterday, being in charge of Silver Gate Lodge, F. and A. M. The body was shipped to Los Angeles in the afternoon for cremation.

Col. George French of the Francisco was in the city last night for the opening of the Salvation Army's new headquarters on Third street, recently purchased at a cost of \$1500.

M'CLURKEN ARRESTED.

Former Los Angeles Drummer Charged With Embezzling from His Employers.

Newton S. McClurken, until recently a traveling salesman and collector for the Stearns-Freeman Grocery Company, and one of the best-known drummers in Southern California, was arrested last night in New Orleans at the request of the Los Angeles police department on a charge of felony embezzlement. The warrant was issued at the joint request of his former employers and of Louis F. Vetter, agent for the grocery company which was McClurken's boss.

The complaint does not specify the exact amount of his alleged embezzlement, only one item having been made the basis. It is known that there are several distinct instances of alleged embezzlement, and the total amount involved is said to be upwards of \$1000.

McClurken traveled through this end of the state for several years, and his trip to New Orleans was the most important point. He was well known in the local business community and to his former associates the news of his arrest will come as a shock, because he was considered a model salesman, and his manner of living gave no hint that his collections were used in an unlawful manner.

Representatives of the firm which employed him refused to discuss the case last night. Mr. Vetter could not be found. How long the accused man has been away from Los Angeles is known only to his employers, but the police admit they have been trying to locate him for several weeks. McClurken resided at No. 1224 South Flower street. He is married and his wife is said to have accompanied him to New Orleans.

SANTA BARBARA.

CAR ROBBERY ADMITS GUILT.

SPECIAL CONSEQUENCES OF THE CASE.

SANTA BARBARA, Nov. 19.—Brakemen Weston and Rizey, accused of stealing cigars, liquors and other merchandise from Southern Pacific cars and W. E. Lynch, a saloon man, charged with being a receiver of stolen property have today all entered pleas of guilty.

About two months ago detectives of the company brought to light a wholesale robbery of freight cars which had been going on for a considerable time. The police traced the stolen goods to Lynch and later complaints were lodged against all three.

FINISHING BOULEVARD.

After almost six months of delays the first section of the eastern extension of the ocean boulevard has been paved with asphaltum, and it is expected that within sixty days the entire drive from the Hotel Montecito to Montecito will be completed. It is expected that the Santa Barbara boulevard will be a beautiful smooth surface for carriages and motor cars. It is expected that the Santa Barbara boulevard will be a beautiful smooth surface for carriages and motor cars.

1/4 Off



1/4 Off

TRIMMED HATS AND WALKING HATS

All Shapes, Flowers, Ribbons, Veilings, Ornaments, Laces—in fact, everything used in making a hat—goes at one-fourth less than our regular plainly marked prices.

Hoffman's

The Largest Millinery House

on the Pacific Coast

133-135 South Spring St.

1/4 Off

ESTABLISHED JAN. 3, 1885.

BANKING FOR PROFIT.

Every dollar deposited in the Southern California Savings Bank is a fertile seed certain of a profitable harvest.

Start a little money garden for yourself, your wife or your children. One dollar will do to begin.

The baby's bank account may start the youth in business.

BEAUTIFUL HOME OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA SAVINGS BANK

TALLEST BUILDING IN LOS ANGELES—THE BRALY BUILDING

S.E. CORNER FOURTH AND SPRING.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS

J. H. BRALY, President Southern California Savings Bank	R. JEVNE, Wholesale and Retail Grocer
A. H. BRALY, Vice-President Southern California Savings Bank	W. D. WOOLWORTH, Vice-President Southern California Savings Bank
J. M. ELLIOTT, President First National Bank	CHAR. H. TOLL, Cashier Southern California Savings Bank
W. C. PATTERSON, President Los Angeles National Bank	

WE PAY 4 PER CENT. COMPOUNDED TWICE YEARLY.

Don't hold out money for investment. Deposits in. Besides earning more money, no place on earth is so safe as a good bank. The Southern California Savings Bank has been here for twenty years and over 23,000 depositors testify to its safe, successful and conservative management.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA SAVINGS BANK

THE BRALY BUILDING, S.E. CORNER FOURTH AND SPRING.

GOOD NEWS! GOOD NEWS!

Come at Last—Port Arthur Has Fallen—Gen. Stoessel a Prisoner.

40,000 Japanese occupy the fort and through our Japanese agent we have secured the entire booty, consisting largely of Oriental Draperies and Portieres. They are Russian goods and will be sold as trophies of Port Arthur. We will sell these goods for 50 cents on the dollar of Russian value or less.

500 Clothes Brushes, worth 50c, for 10c
50 Gocarts, worth \$5.00, for \$3.75
25 Gocarts worth \$4.00, for \$2.75

500 Rugs : : :
Ingrain Carpet, 13x14 1/2, 100, wool cotton chain.
Ingrain Carpet, 12x14 1/2, 80, all wool.
Ingrain Carpet, 6x9 1/2, 10, all wool.
Ingrain Carpet, 12x18 1/2, 80, all wool.
Ingrain Rug, 9x12 1/2, all wool.
Ingrain Carpet, 13x16 1/2, 100, wool cotton chain.
Ingrain Carpet, 10x12 1/2, 80, all wool.
Dutch Carpet, 11x12 1/2, 25, cotton and jute.
Ingrain Carpet, 13x18 1/2, 100, wool cotton chain.
Ingrain Carpet, 12x15 1/2, 80, 3-ply all wool.
Ingrain Carpet, 9x13 1/2, 40, all wool.
Ingrain Rug, 9x14 1/2, all wool.
Ingrain Carpet, 13x18 1/2, 100, all wool.
Ingrain Carpet, 13x18 1/2, 100, all wool.
2 rolls Cotton Carpet, 150 yards, at 25c yard.



J.T. Martin

the electric railroad system the suburb will be brought within easy reach of Santa Barbara.

THEY KNEW PRAED.

Humphrey M. Praed of Riverside, who was killed in a motor car accident in Los Angeles Thursday morning, is well known in this city, having spent several summers here. Praed began coming to Santa Barbara about four years ago, and in racing and polo circles here had many acquaintances. He played for Riverside in nearly all the polo matches in which that team faced the Santa Barbara aggregation, and his colors won many races on this track. When here last August to take part in the polo tournament held by the Santa Barbara County Polo Club, Praed's automobile was a familiar sight about the Hotel Hotel, and he played the race track and polo field. He usually drove his car at high speed around

Free Piano Lessons.

For the first of series of twelve piano lessons, offered free with the Sunday Times for the next three months see page 1, Part VII, Tri-Color Sheet, today's issue.

the city and had several warnings from the police.

READY FOR TOURISTS.

Frank P. Flint of Los Angeles, D. T. Perkins of Hueneme, and H. T. Kendall, of Pasadena, all directors in the Potter Hotel Company, came to Santa Barbara Thursday at the invitation of Manager Potter and made a careful inspection of the various improvements which are being made around the hotel and grounds preparatory to the opening of the tourist season. These gentlemen expressed themselves as entirely pleased with existing conditions and returned yesterday morning to Los Angeles.

EDWARD D. SILENT & CO.'S
Investment Department

Will invest your money for you either with or without active interest in the best concerns in Southern California.

We will ask you to make an investment through us unless we are able to give you a detailed written statement of the worth of a concern which we will guarantee to be correct.

We have at present:

Retail—Wholesale—Manufacturing

Establishments, well grounded and profitable, among which we are sure we can find just what you are looking for.

We deal in "Business Certainties," not Business "Chances," as we protect you from all initial risks whether you invest

\$1000 to \$50,000

INVESTMENT DEPARTMENT

EDWARD D. SILENT & CO.

Members Los Angeles Realty Board

Established 1885 216-218 WEST SECOND STREET

Doctor Harrison

TWENTY-ONE YEARS A SPECIALIST FOR MEN

We Make Permanent Cures

We Ask Every Afflicted Man to Read Intelligently and Carefully, and Judge Us By Our Work

We want to impress the fact on everyone that our treatment is based on thoroughly scientific methods, the result of long and careful study. We have no use for and never prescribe any patent medicines. Every case that comes to us is treated on its merits. As the case progresses every condition is carefully noted, the patient getting just such treatment as conditions call for. We are successful in all cases. Our methods are simple and our charges moderate. We are not interested in the amount of money a patient has, but in the fact that he is cured. We are not interested in the amount of money a patient has, but in the fact that he is cured.

POSITIVELY CURING

Every case of varicocele, contracted blood, and all other diseases of the blood, is cured. We are not interested in the amount of money a patient has, but in the fact that he is cured. We are not interested in the amount of money a patient has, but in the fact that he is cured.

CONTRACTED DISORDERS

Of all the diseases peculiar to men, contracted disorders are the most abused by out-and-out, hit-and-run treatment administered by good friends, druggists, and even by the doctor who is supposed to be a specialist. It is certainly interesting to hear the story of the average patient telling his experience with the different kinds of so-called treatment that he has been subjected to. A large majority of our patients come to us with all of the original disease and part or all of the complications resulting from delay and improper treatment. We have a cure for all of the following conditions: Gonorrhea, stricture, bladder trouble, kidney trouble, and all other diseases of the blood.

CONTAGIOUS BLOOD POISON

Every intelligent man knows something of the nature of contagious blood poison. He should know also that experience and first-class diplomas are essential requirements for the doctor who is to cure the disease. The disease is of the blood, and it is in the blood that the disease is found. The disease is of the blood, and it is in the blood that the disease is found.

WEAKNESS—ITS CAUSE AND CURE

Nearly every man suffering from so-called vital weakness has a curable cause which is at the bottom of the trouble. The main causes are: Gonorrhea, stricture, kidney trouble, and all other diseases of the blood.

KIDNEY AND BLADDER TROUBLE

There are few men of 40 years of age and over that have not some trouble with the kidneys or bladder. More have some form of bladder trouble, usually taking the form of catarrh, inflammation of the mucous lining of the bladder, or of the neck of the bladder, or of the prostate gland. The disease is of the blood, and it is in the blood that the disease is found.

WE ARE SPECIALISTS FOR

Varicocele, Contracted Blood, Stricture, Loss of Power, Piles, Kidney and Bladder Trouble, Gonorrhea, and all other diseases of the blood.

607 1/2 S. Broadway, Corner Sixth.

Hours—9 to 5, 7 to 8; Sundays 9 to 12.

Dr. Schiffman

Flexible Rubber Dental Plates

Have many advantages over the old thick, cumbersome, ordinary rubber plates and even over gold plates, being much lighter and thinner. These plates are flexible, only a trifle thicker than heavy writing paper, fit closer and adhere better to the roof of the mouth. Particles of food and small insects cannot get under them. They will last longer, are stronger than any other plates, and will break as they will give first, being flexible. The plates are not removed, and made only by us.

No Need Paying Higher Prices

Full set teeth on rubber \$12.50 to \$20.00
Partial set teeth on rubber \$7.50 to \$12.50
Pure Gold Fillings \$1.00 to \$2.00
Bridge work, per tooth \$1.50 to \$2.50
All Other Fillings \$1.00 to \$2.00
Extraction, simple \$1.00 to \$2.00
Extraction, difficult \$2.00 to \$3.00
A reduction when 2 or more are done.

Our Guarantee is Good.

We refer you to the Merchants' National Bank or to the Merchants' National Bank.

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Auction Mt.

Farm stock

At 10 A. M.

Friday, Nov. 19

On Bixby Land Co's

one and one-half miles

sugar factory, Los Angeles

150 Hogs, 8 Cows, 2

Colts, 4 Work and

Horses, a fine lot of

Shoats and Brood

Work Horses. Cows

6 months time given

noon. I. N. Bakers,

RHOADES, REED & RHOADES

Office 143 West Fifth St.

Auction

Monday, Nov. 21st, 10 A. M.

125 North Tolman St.

Take West 2nd St. Car

1 Oak Bed Room Set, 3

Beds, Mattresses, Bedding,

Oak Leather Seat

Chairs, Lace Curtains, Art

and Rugs, Dining Tables and

Dishes and Glassware, Gas

Utensils. This is a very

good lot of goods of the 5 Room

must be sold. Transfer to

St. Car and Spring.

RHOADES, REED & RHOADES

Auctioneer

Office 143 West Fifth St.

Auction

Wednesday, Nov. 23

Brass and enameled beds,

and mantle folding beds,

es, springs and bedding,

hall tree with French plate

bookcases, desks, buffet and

boards, dining tables, chairs,

wood and parlor furniture, gas

stoves, body Brussels, lamp

carpets and rugs, etc.

RHOADES, REED & RHOADES

Auctioneers

Office 143 West Fifth St.

Auction

31 COWS AND HEIFERS

One and one-fourth Mile

DOWNNEY

At 10 A. M.

Tuesday, Nov. 22

22 Head Milk Cows, 8

Heifers, 1 Jersey Bull

This stock is all fine grade

good condition. Most of

bedroom suits, chiffoniers,

coming in very soon. I am

the place and going out of

Must be sold. 6 months time

approved security.

T. E. HALL

Rhodes, Reed & Rhodes, Auctioneers

Office, 143 West Fifth St.

Auction

Furniture, 1000 Grand Ave.

Wednesday, Nov. 23, 10 A. M.

3 oak mantle folding beds,

signs, not in use but two months

bedroom suits, chiffoniers, and

iron beds, oak dressers, and

rockers, easy chairs, stands, and

dining room set, couches, sewing

cloves, carpets, rugs, kitchen

in fact a completely furnished

flat, only in use a few months.

For inspection Tuesday p.m. at

C. M. STEVENS, Auctioneer.

Office 203 Tajo Bldg. Both

Auction

Of the entire Furniture and

of a seven-room house,

320 South Hill Street, Friday,

November 25th.

At 10 o'clock a.m., consisting of

and cherry rockers, couch

wardrobes, chiffoniers, oak

folding beds, lace curtains and

bedroom suits, chiffoniers, and

iron beds, oak dressers, and

rockers, easy chairs, stands, and

dining room set, couches, sewing

cloves, carpets, rugs, kitchen

in fact a completely furnished

flat, only in use a few months.

For inspection Tuesday p.m. at

C. M. STEVENS, Auctioneer.

Office 203 Tajo Bldg. Both

Auction

Of desirable furniture of two

1409-1411 S. MAIN ST., SATURDAY

NOV. 26, at 10 a.m., consisting

of bird's-eye maple bedroom

dressers and chiffoniers, quartered

writing desks, leather chairs and

es, polished oak rockers, American

rugs and carpets, bedding, drop

lashed oak extension tables, hand

lashed box seat oak chairs, oak and

hogany center tables, china, glass

and kitchen utensils, etc.

C. M. STEVENS, Auctioneer.

Auction.
m stock
At 10 A. M.
Nov. 25th
Land Co's
e-half miles
ry. Los Angeles
6 Cows, 2 Yearlings
Work and
fine lot of
I Brood Sows
es. Cows are
N. Butters, Owner
REED & RHODES
West Fifth St. A
Auction
Nov. 21st, 10 A. M.
North Toluca St.
West 5th St. Cn.
Room 301, 2
ed, Hedding, Esq.
er Seat Rockers
a Curtains, Art
Mining Table and
Glassware, Gas
Bunkle is a very
5 Room House
Transfer to West
and Spring.
REED & RHODES
Auctioneer
West 5th Street
Auction
ST FIFTH ST.
uesday, Nov. 23
unmanned beds, upright
folding beds, mattress
and bedding, handma
with French plate mirror
desks, buffet and side
ing tables, chairs, rug
or furniture, gas range
al cooking and bathin
Brussels, tapestry and
carpets and rug, p
tries, etc.
REED & RHODES
AUCTIONEERS
West Fifth Street.
Auction
S AND HELPER
fourth Mile N.
OWNEY
At 10 A. M.
ay, Nov. 25
ilk Cows, 8
Jersey Bull.
all fine grade Jersey
ou. Most of them
very soon. I am
going out of business
a 6 month time
urity. Lunch at
T. E. HAAS; over
REED & RHODES, Auction
Office, 143 West Fifth St.
Auction
1006 Grand Avenue,
Nov. 23, 10 a. m. 2
folding beds, latest
use bed two months old
chiffoniers, enamel
d dressers, ash and
chairs, stands, mirror,
set, couches, serving
s, rugs, kitchen utensils
pletely furnished 6-room
use a few months. Open
Tuesday p. m. For
L. S. P. Atwood, Auction
O. Box 1215.
Auction
Furniture and Carpets
house,
ill Street, Friday, No
ember 25th,
a. m., consisting of oak
rockers, couches, divans,
chiffoniers, oak dressers,
bedroom chairs, and
s, bedding, drapes, por
tion tables, hand per
ak chairs, oak and
bles, china, glassware,
EVENS, Auctioneer.
Bldg. Both Phone
Auction
furniture of two Sat
AIN ST., SATURDAY,
a. m., consisting in part
ample bedroom suite,
chiffoniers, quartered oak
eather chair and couch
s, rocking, Alexander
s, bedding, drapes, por
tion tables, hand per
ak chairs, oak and
bles, china, glassware,
EVENS, Auctioneer.
Bldg. Both Phone
B. Clark
W. Green 1278 Home 100
ATIONERY
and Announcements
Cards, Monograms, etc.
Address: DING CO.
303 S. Spring St.
Hoson Building.
PRINTING MACHINES
in use in city. Apply
South Spring Street
S. S. MOOREHEAD
South Spring Street

Mt. Whitney is a Mountain of Gold

Its Possibilities are Absolutely Unlimited. Now is the Time to Own an Interest in It

Were You Offered \$1000 for a \$10 Gold Piece Would You Take It?

Mount Whitney gold mine is showing better and better values as development progresses. We have invited you to secure an interest in this coming gold mine before the price of stock advances. This is a mine, not a prospect.

If you interest you in this stock and it is as good as we say you will become a regular client of ours. If we make money for you, you will buy again and advise your friends to buy and they in turn will do likewise. We could not offer any security that was not first class.

If you have any idle money put it into this stock. The facts we state here are provable, historical, incontrovertible truths. We claim the privilege of verifying every statement.

It takes gold to dig gold and the way to get gold is in the sale of stock. We have remaining from the original development of stock less than 80,000 shares. When this is sold it will be enough to carry on the development work to completion. We believe this stock will be disposed of in the next few weeks—it will, if you buy and your friends buy. We believe that the money you pay on your stock goes directly into the development of this great property.

We stand ready and willing to prove that there is no other investment opportunity within the reach of the individual of this paper, that we know of, anywhere near as big and profitable, or as certain of tremendous future development as the one we now offer.

We know that no business on earth comes up to the earning power of a good mine. The Mount Whitney Gold Mine promises to be one of the richest of the Golden State, a state that produced in 1903 minerals to the value of \$170,040.

This gold mining company is incorporated under the favorable laws of Arizona, with a capital of \$8,000,000, the par value of shares \$10.00, the stock is fully paid up and for ever non-assessable.

Two thirds of the stock was placed in the treasury, and a small amount of this stock is now being sold for the purpose of developing the property and erecting stamp mills.

Every stockholder, large or small, in the corporation is on an equal basis. There can be no "freezing out" of the minority interests, as the amount of stock that can be held by any individual is limited.

Unlike many other companies and promoters we are not guaranteeing dividends before they are earned. When Mount Whitney is on a dividend-paying basis everyone interested will receive their pro rata share, but beware of those who promise immediate profits. Your money is needed to help pay for and erect a mill on the property and put it on a paying basis.

We offer this stock to you today at only 10c a share, an increase of five times the original price, and yet this price will look small a few months from now.

You would be suspicious, would you not? Perhaps you would not even investigate.

The trouble with most of us is that money has been so hard to get that we could not believe our eyes if a "snap" were to present itself.

This is a mining proposition that you can put your money into with a knowledge that it is as safe as any mine that was ever opened on a stock-selling basis. It is a mine that you can congratulate yourself that you own stock in. It is not the kind you need to keep secret that you are interested in.

The best proof of the excellence of this property is its continued sales in price of the stock. We urged you to buy it at 20 a share. It has continued to advance steadily as the development went on, until the present figure, and this cannot last long. If you ever desire a share in the development and profit of the gold interest of this great State, get into this company.

Don't be a "Doubting Thomas," get a ticket of us and go up and see the Mountain of Gold, walk into the tunnels and examine the quartz, notice the free milling ore, see the great amount of tunneling done, more than 1500 feet out into three tunnels and ore cars and tracks running out the rich ore that runs from \$4 to fabulous sums each ton. This is the kind of a proposition we offer you. We are able to back up every word and every statement by proving them. This is not a shady proposition; it is a genuine gold mine and we want you to come into it with others of our clients and let your few dollars help in the work of crushing the rock and sifting out the pure gold.

If you cannot go to the property, send your mining expert friend to our office to see the ore on display. We can prove to the most incredulous person that this mine holds in it enough gold to make our company one of the richest in the Golden State.

January 1st, when we hope to finish the tunneling work, may be too late to buy this stock. The price may then be beyond your reach. The time to buy is when the price is low, and take advantage of the rise in price. Other stocks offered at as low a price as this have gone soaring to enormous figures—many hundred dollars in some instances. This mine may do better than them all.

Don't wait too long—wait only long enough to convince yourself that it is not all "chance," but a goodly portion of it "fact," then come in and buy all the stock you can.

Read the schedule printed herewith, which will show what your money will buy for you in this mine. We are not here to get your money. We could not stay in business long if our propositions lacked merit. We are here to make satisfied clients of you and through that go on increasing our business and adding names to our long list of satisfied clients.

We offer this stock to you today at only 10c a share. Send in your subscription at once, or if you care to risk a raise in price or the loss of securing any, write to us at once for fullest information, printed matter, reports and other valuable literature, at least send to us the coupon printed in this advertisement, as it may not appear again.

Installment Payment					Cash Payment		
Installment Payments will not be accepted on orders for less than 500 shares.					100 Shares, Par Value \$	100.00	Price \$10.00
Shares	Par Value	Price	Payable	Monthly	250 "	250.00	" 25.00
500	\$ 500.00	\$ 50.00	\$ 10.00 Cash	\$ 5.00	500 "	500.00	" 50.00
1000	1000.00	100.00	20.00 "	10.00	2500 "	2500.00	" 250.00
1500	1500.00	150.00	30.00 "	15.00	5000 "	5000.00	" 500.00
2500	2500.00	250.00	50.00 "	25.00	10000 "	10,000.00	" 1000.00
5000	5000.00	500.00	100.00 "	50.00	All Common Stock. No Bonded Indebtedness.		
					No Preferred Stock. Fully Paid and Non-Assessable.		

When You Find a Really Good Proposition, Get Into It

Twenty Reasons Why You Should Buy

Mt. Whitney Gold Mining Stock . . .

1. High grade ore on the surface and in the underground.
2. Ore bodies show strength, width and length.
3. Ore can be mined and milled at the lowest possible cost.
4. There are three of the best tunnel sites, and the ore can be hoisted out on cars, and the cars will not have to be hoisted, as the ore is pumped.
5. The expensive hoisting plants will ever have to be installed.
6. The pumping plants will not be needed, as the mine is on a paying basis.
7. The Directors will not run Mt. Whitney Gold Mining into debt, and are buying its affairs conservatively.
8. The management is active and the development is going on.
9. There are abundant reserves of ore being blocked out every day.
10. There is abundance of timber on the property to last the many years.
11. The Mount Whitney mine is only five miles from the Grand Valley, where all kinds of fruits, vegetables, grains, etc., grow in abundance.
12. Supplies can be had direct from the producer.
13. Every stockholder is regularly informed regarding the development of the mine, whether it be favorable or otherwise.

12. The books of the company are open at all times for inspection by any stockholder.
13. Shares in the Mount Whitney mine are now selling at ten cents.
14. The Mount Whitney gold mine vein has been thoroughly tested on the surface and is now being explored at depth with wonderful results.
15. The Mount Whitney gold mine ore contains enough gold per ton to pay for all mining, milling and incidental expenses, with enough money left to pay good dividends to the stockholders.
16. On account of the favorable location, the cost of developing and equipping the Mount Whitney gold mine will be much less than for most of the mines.
17. The Mount Whitney Gold Mining Company are operating ten claims, and have no indebtedness.
18. Samples taken from the mine on Sept. 20th assayed \$22.35 per ton.
19. We are willing to allow you to make a personal examination of the Mount Whitney gold mine at our expense in order that we may verify every statement made.
20. You may ask any one in Los Angeles if the above statements are not correct.

Where it will work for you every day, where it will be absolutely safe, and where you will eventually be provided with a life income. We want you to invest your savings through us. It makes no difference whether you have \$10, \$100 or \$1000 to invest.

We want to talk with you. We will offer you nothing but sound, conservative, carefully selected investments. The kind our relatives put their money in. The kind our friends invest in. The kind of investments we put our own money in. The kind that has built up a satisfied clientele of thousands. The kind that is endorsed by successful business men, bankers, brokers, lawyers and government officials. We are in a position to get the very best investments. The ones that pay the largest possible profit consistent with absolute safety. We are a clearing house for good investments and receive many propositions daily. Many of them are good, but only a few are sufficiently attractive for us to present to our clients. We select one out of hundreds and it will pay you to invest in that one. We can afford to be particular and it will pay you to invest your money through us by reason of it. If you have only \$10 a month to invest let us suggest a plan that is absolutely safe and profitable.

We want to make money for you. You will make money by investing in the securities that we offer. We will make money for ourselves by making money for you. \$100 originally invested in Bell Telephone stock has made a quarter of a million dollars for the investor. If we make money for you once you will come again. You will advise your friends to come to us. Your friends will in turn advise their friends. A few satisfied clients will bring us more business than a dozen newspaper "ads" like this. We are adding to our list of satisfied clients every day.

Let's Get Acquainted

If you can't call write, but do it now. The quicker you act the quicker you will begin to make money. You will find that you can safely invest your savings through us. You will find that we will look after your money just as carefully as we look after our own. We must make money for you in order to make a satisfied client of you. We couldn't afford to offer you any security that wasn't first class, even if we wanted to. Right now we are offering perhaps the best security we have ever handled. It offers a splendid chance for you to make some money. You take no risk whatever, for your money is absolutely secured. Now is the time for us to get acquainted. Fill out one of the coupons below and mail it to us today. Do so now. We keep open office Monday and Wednesday nights until 9 o'clock for your convenience. Don't delay in writing or phoning us.

THE MIGHTY OPPORTUNITY

THE MIGHTY OPPORTUNITY which all seek and which the multitude fail to grasp, BY HESITATION. DISCOUNTING THE FUTURE, by eagerly seizing the road to wealth through enterprise and participation with others at the launching throughout the world of marvelous inventions, is lost THROUGH HESITATION. Did more people discount the future, there would be more happiness, greater contentment, a more equal distribution of wealth and a general prosperity; but happiness cannot exist where want prevails. To remove the fetters of want, advantage must be taken of such investments at their birth as show promise of increasing daily in value by leaps and bounds and return to the investor for a few years spent at the right moment an enormous revenue for life. Such are the mighty opportunities which command independence and which should be acquired WITHOUT HESITATION. We desire to help more young people and salary earners to the good things of life by wise investments, and our easy payment plan is the way we do it. Better your position, lay aside a little every month or week and put it into good securities, let it increase in value night and day. It is these people we desire as much to reach as the man with a well filled purse. The art of getting riches consists of recognizing opportunities and this is among the best we can suggest to you. See us at once about it. We keep open office Monday and Wednesday nights until nine o'clock for your convenience. Don't delay in writing or phoning us; do it now, while you have our address before you. Write today, addressing as follows:

Southwestern Securities Company

Entrance 503 Herman W. Hellman Building Corner Fourth and Spring Streets, Los Angeles, California.

HOME PHONE 2096

GEORGE PEARSON, President.

HUBERT T. MORROW, Counsel.

L. H. BEAMISH, Secretary

For the Convenience of Our Patrons We Will Keep Open Office on Monday and Wednesday Nights Until Nine O'clock

FILL OUT THIS COUPON AND MAIL IT TO US

NAME _____ STREET _____ CITY _____

Occupation as above has been secured to enable you to keep some of the collectors guessing. Fine specimens of the forger's art are found in the 1894 silver dollar, where the figure "1" is removed from the 1891 dollar and a "4" inserted. But many of the rare coins are counterfeited.—(Washington Star.)

Nov. 25, 1904.

GLANDID PAUPER.
of England, Now in Retirement. He is Really Very Happy.
From a front-floor room of the Grand Hotel at the Marquis of Anglessey now the Marquis of his world effects and contents of the Daily Mail. He is of health, he is, it may be said, strong of spirit, and his temporary allies with the Marquis of Anglessey with a retired life, amid

perfumes, hair tonics and cheap jewelry. A local tradesman has already sold him \$150 worth of jewelry, while the hair dresser who attends him has been kept busy supplying hair washes, face creams, rouge and perfumes. The Marquis's greatest excitement is the anticipation of the arrival of a new stick or jewel from Paris.
When I met him the other afternoon, he apologized somewhat profusely for his appearance. He was sitting in a rather uncomfortable chair, bound with red velvet, by a fire that the weather scarcely warranted.
"I must apologize," he said, "for not appearing before you in peacock-blue

plush, wearing a diamond and sapphire tiara, a turquoise dog collar, ropes of pearls and slippers studded with Burma rubies; but I prefer, and always have preferred, Scotch tweed." I was astonished. Lord Anglessey was so extraordinarily as other men are. He is looking very delicate. It is true, but he wears since tea and brown boots, and his hair looks as if it had never known curl papers.
"What are your present plans?" I asked.
"Dinner. I shall stay here for the time being. I like the place and the climate. Afterwards I may move on to Paris and London. But nothing's settled. I'm really very happy, though I suppose no one would believe it. I

drive and do poker work, and I'm writing a book—on myself." "It will probably consist of a series of essays on humanity—as I have known it. I may have something to say about some of my friends. I don't think I shall act again just yet. I've had the usual offer from America, but my health wouldn't stand it. Just to amuse myself I'm adapting plays. When things get right again I'll have two or three years from now—I shall have my own theater once more."
"What an extraordinary amount of 'copy' I have furnished and imagination I have requisitioned! Would you believe it, I know perfectly well that a lot of my diamonds were water? I bought them for stage purposes. What

is more, I never received anyone in my life when attired in a purple dressing gown and slipping a liguier. I may have a hobby for collecting pins and rings, but I never wore more than one of the former and four of the latter at one time in my life and if I do use scent and hair wash I am not the only living person who does, am I?"
"You seem to bear your misfortunes very lightly," I could not help remarking.
"Well, they're only temporary, and they can soon be repaired. The sales moral of some of the furniture is half a blessing in disguise. A good deal of it required replacing."

Freakish Mintage.
There are a number of valuable gold coins, some of them being what we term freakish mintage, struck for members of Congress and other officials, and not intended for circulation. One of the most freakish of these is the \$4 gold piece, authorized by the Coinage Committee of the House in 1875. There were issued 450 of these, and they were paid for by members and Senators and other officials. These were the gold dollar and the metric dollar, also, which were freaks and used as souvenirs. Lots of time and postage stamps have been wasted by people who want to know about these issues. If you have a \$4 gold piece of 1875 almost any numismatist will give

you \$20 coin of the realm for it. Of these there are three known to be in existence. Coin collectors don't hanker after gold coin very much.
The counterfeiter—and he has been getting in his work ever since the days when Polverates purchased the department of the Lacedaemonians from Samos by striking off a large number of pieces of lead coined with gold like the coin of the country and paid these to the unwary soldiers—will continue to keep some of the collectors guessing. Fine specimens of the forger's art are found in the 1894 silver dollar, where the figure "1" is removed from the 1891 dollar and a "4" inserted. But many of the rare coins are counterfeited.—(Washington Star.)

practically the British Empire was no longer in existence either international or other considerations aimed in the way of suppression. He hoped representative would strengthen, and for this reason used the Emperor in support of national opinion. For the permanent could only come from the Emperor's own action, the President strongly recommended that complete pressing needs of the nation be met to head off the

no License Fee.
Not this is to say in the time that will give credit. Monday night, from 10:00 to 11:00 p.m. December 5

ING WITH CAR.
We where there is a large application of the law.

Los Angeles County Its Cities and Towns

(NEWS REPORTS FROM TIMES CORRESPONDENTS.)

THE VALUE OF CHARCOAL

Few People Know How Useful It Is in Preserving Health and Beauty.

Nearly everybody knows that charcoal is the most efficient disinfectant and purifier in nature, but few realize its value when taken into the human system for the same cleansing purpose. Charcoal is a remedy that the more you take of it the better; it is not a drug at all, but simply absorbs the gases and impurities always present in the stomach and intestines and carries them out of the system. Charcoal sweetens the breath after smoking, drinking, after eating onions, garlic, etc., odorous vegetables. Charcoal effectively cleans and improves complexion, it whitens the teeth and fortifies acts as a natural and eminently safe cathartic. It absorbs the injurious gases which collect in the mouth and throat from the use of tobacco and from the use of the teeth. Charcoal is the most efficient disinfectant and purifier in nature, but few realize its value when taken into the human system for the same cleansing purpose. Charcoal is a remedy that the more you take of it the better; it is not a drug at all, but simply absorbs the gases and impurities always present in the stomach and intestines and carries them out of the system. Charcoal sweetens the breath after smoking, drinking, after eating onions, garlic, etc., odorous vegetables. Charcoal effectively cleans and improves complexion, it whitens the teeth and fortifies acts as a natural and eminently safe cathartic. It absorbs the injurious gases which collect in the mouth and throat from the use of tobacco and from the use of the teeth.

CLAWSON VILLA TRACT

THE COMING BEAUTY SPOT OF LOS ANGELES--THE ARCADIA OF ALL EXCLUSIVE RESIDENCE PROPERTIES.

EVERY IMPROVEMENT ALREADY ARRANGED FOR.

One hundred and eleven of the most desirable lots in a high class tract where high class improvements are being made, including beautiful gateways on Vermont Avenue. Large, level lots, beautiful view of the mountains, plenty soft artesian water, pure air, and two car lines--and the most interesting thing about this tract is that the prices are from \$150.00 to \$250.00 lower than are asked for lots adjoining. Our auto will take you to the tract on appointment.

Lots \$325.00 and up

HARRY JACKINS HOME TELEPHONE 3041

234 Byrne Building

Figueras Street Tract

LOTS \$225 \$250

40 AND 50 FEET FRONTAGE

Their value is worth a great deal more. Cement Sidewalks; Curbed; Artesian Water Piped in Front of Every Lot; Fine Sandy Loam; Level Land; Electric Lights; Telephone Connections.

CHEAPEST PROPERTY ON THE MARKET EASY PAYMENTS

CALL QUICK ON

BURKE BROS.

BICYCLE DEALERS, OWNERS

488 SOUTH SPRING STREET

OPEN EVENINGS AND SUNDAYS FREE TICKETS

275 LOTS SOLD SINCE TRACT WAS OPENED

ONE WAY.

Teacher: Can you square a circle? Pupil: Yes, sir. Teacher: How? Scholar: Drive a square stick into a circle.

TRIED ONE FREE--NOW WELL.

To any man suffering from debility, loss of vitality, varicose or from lame back, rheumatism, etc., who will call in person or apply by letter, I will give absolutely free one of my world famous Dr. Sanden Electric Belts until a cure is completed. This is my faith in my treatment, as nearly 40 years' experience has proved that my method will cure any curable case of debility, and I am prepared to take the risk of a trial. This offer is made to all sufferers but I especially solicit those who are tired of useless drugging for these troubles, as I have demonstrated in so many thousands of cases that my method of electrical treatment cures where all other known drugs fail. I don't ask one cent in advance or on deposit. If you have faith to write me or call I will at once arrange to give you a belt suited in strength to your ailment, and trust you to pay me when cured or satisfied. In many cases less than \$4.00. My great success has brought forth many imitators, and I must caution the afflicted that the genuine can only be had at address as below. I have two best little books ever written upon electricity and its medical uses, and even if you don't need or wish to try my treatment they would interest and instruct you. I send them free, sealed, by mail.

DR. B. B. SANDEN, 997 Market St., San Francisco.

WHITTIER.

HOME DEBATES WIN.

WHITTIER, Nov. 19.--Old Fellows' Hall was crowded to the doors this evening, the event being the joint debate between the Pomona and Whittier High School representatives. The question was "Resolved: That United States Senators should be elected by direct vote of the people." Pomona was the affirmative and Whittier the negative. The debate was a spirited one, the negative being argued by Miss Beattie Harris and Robert Freeman of the Whittier team, and the affirmative by Mr. L. A. Norton, who was assisted by Mr. A. W. Morgan.

LONG BEACH BRIEFS.

Ben Halley was brought into the city from the Bixby ranch yesterday suffering with a broken ankle, caused by falling from a load of hay.

WHITTIER.

WHITTIER, Nov. 19.--A. F. Whittier was the man and captain of the football team, sustained a painful accident at the end of the season.

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Steinway Pianos

The marvelous liquid flow of sound—the exquisite merging of tone into tone, yet without the perfect quality and truth of every note—makes the Steinway the idol of all great artists. Not only is it the choice of the masters of music, but as the official preference of the sovereigns of Europe, Steinway Pianos are universally acknowledged to be the standard of the world.

The frequent arrival of carloads of instruments we represent, shows their popularity and the esteem in which they are held by the piano-buying public. The latest models in STEINWAY, KRANICH & BACH, ESTEY, EMERSON, STARR and other high grade pianos are constantly in stock.

No wonder that the store of the Geo. J. Birkel Co. stands in the front rank today. No wonder its standard is so high; no wonder its prices are so low; because the bulk of the Piano business centers here.

Important Notice

Owing to the fact that next Thursday is Thanksgiving Day, our usual Ceciliaan recital will be postponed until the following Thursday, December 1st. Exceptionally fine talent will be secured for this recital, and the best of the postponed program combined with the one arranged for December 1st. Please bear this change in mind, and be present with your friends.

Geo. J. Birkel Co.

Steinway and Krnich & Bach Representative,
345-347 South Spring St.



GOLD AND SILVERSMITHS

Thanksgiving Needs

As you will need several items of silverware, a set of other things for the Thanksgiving table, this store is eminently prepared to supply your needs in a highly satisfactory manner. Highest quality at lowest prices are everywhere evident.

Reliable Carvers

You must have a carving set, that's certain. If you do not already possess one, or if you need a new set, our fine selection will interest you. Plain stag handles—stag handles mounted with sterling silver—pearl and all-silver handles—with the blades of best quality guaranteed steel.

- Bird carvers, 3 pieces, stag handles, \$2.25 up.
- Game carvers, 3 pieces, stag handles, \$4.00 up.
- Beast carvers, 3 pieces, stag handles, \$4.00 up.
- 6-piece carving sets, stag handles, \$11.00 up.
- 3-piece sterling handle sets, \$6.50 up.
- 6-piece sterling handle sets, \$17.00 up.

Sterling Tableware

Our assortment of silver tableware is complete at all times, but more than ever so now that the Holiday season is at hand. Elegant new and useful things. If there is anything lacking from your table service let us fill the need—we guarantee quality and you know our prices are always right. It will be a pleasure to show you our collection.

New Christmas novelties arriving daily. Come in, look around; you're always welcome here at all times.

Fourth and Broadway

Men's Tailored Suits



No More No Less

Exercise judgment to take chances with ready made clothes, you are sure of a stylish, well-fitted suit at the Scotch price, \$15, no more, no less, is our price for handsomely made clothes—no more than you'd pay for ready-mades, and give you a suit that other tailors cannot duplicate for less than \$25 to \$30. A handsome lot of new Scotch suits just received. Come in tomorrow and get first choice.

Scotch Tailors, 330S. Spring St.

HIS OWN DAM AND BEATS ALL

Enormous Private Irrigation Scheme Undertaken.

Most Interesting Plans of Local Engineers.

Reservoir Big as a Farm on Old Banning Rancho.

The largest irrigation enterprise for one place of property ever undertaken in Southern California has been started on the old Banning Rancho, generally known as the old Banning ranch, in Ventura county. The reservoir alone will be larger than a 300-acre farm.

October 21, and since that date about 2000 yards have been built. The conduit used averages about four carloads a week. The drainage area from which the waters will be impounded by this dam is about twenty square miles. It includes Boney Mountain, Sandstone Peak and Mount Triunfo, these having an average elevation of 6000 feet. The outlet for these waters is through a series of large cast-iron pipes, arranged in duplicate to provide against accident, and manipulated from a gate tower. An extensive system of flumes and cement ditches has been provided for, but this will be constructed gradually as the land is brought under cultivation. It is expected that the dam will be completed early in the spring, and that it will be in condition to impound considerable water from this winter's rains. It is planned to place about 1200 acres of the lowlands in the Banning ranch under irrigation, and some of this land will be planted to alfalfa and cereals. The Banning Rancho comprises 5000 acres, and is a stock-raising center. At present, without irrigation, it sustains 2000 cattle and numerous sheep, swine and goats. With the installation of the immense water storage, its capacities will be wonderfully increased. The ranch is now owned by A. D. Russell, Mr. Matthieson, the owner, has large business interests in Chicago and New York, and is at the head of the glass industry in the East. His interests here are represented by A. H. Koenig, and as Mr. Koenig is the consulting engineer for the great Triunfo-Cañon dam, this simplifies business details to

more permanent good than temporary stomach filling. The promoters of the work have had lots of fun out of it. In their solicitations all sorts of replies have come back to them. One fond guardian sent a careful diagram of her ward's tiny feet, drawn literally "from life" upon a sheet of brown paper. Each toe was outlined with smutty pencil and infinite patience, and the description of the shoes wanted, with the thickness of sole and material for uppers, was painstakingly inserted. This interesting document is carefully filed among Al Malakiah's archives. One little boy wanted boots with red tops and "all brass feet," and a little girl sent in a modest request for dancing slippers. The copper toes and the terpsichorean sandals—and to say—may not be forthcoming, but the tots will receive a good pair of ordinary foot-gear. The shoes are already purchased and tomorrow will be sent out to the distributors throughout the south, in order that every little one may receive the gift promptly on time Thanksgiving morning. HERE IS AUBLE. Captain of Police Comes Back on the Ragged Edge of His Leave of Absence. Just as his leave of absence was kicking its last, Police Captain Auble

COUNTY AS TO AMENDMENTS.

Official Count Completed by the Tabulators.

Graft Proposition Came Near Being Winner.

Nip and Tuck Also on the New Code Provision.

The experts who have been counting the votes cast in this county at the last election completed part of their work yesterday. The result is the first definite word of the fate of the constitutional amendments in Los Angeles county. It has been all guess work up to this time. A fairly accurate estimate was made the day after election of the

State Legislature to alter and amend the State code by a single act without taking up the changes section by section. It was suggested for the purpose of getting around a technicality whereby the whole long work of the State Code Commission was knocked out by the Supreme Court. Amendment No. 17 carried; 12,415 to 5,417. This related to revenue and taxation. This was the gist of it: "The personal property of every household is subject to taxation. The articles to be selected by each household, shall be exempt from taxation." Amendment No. 20 lost; 858 to 12,624. This was known as the "graft amendment." The Legislature would meet in February instead of in January, and for a session of eighty days instead of sixty; each member would have the privilege of appointing a private secretary or clerk at a salary of \$4 per day and each branch of the Legislature could expend \$200 per day for additional help; the pay of the members would remain \$4 per day as at present, with mileage and contingent expenses, and they could draw their pay for the full eighty days. At present members of the Legislature are paid for only sixty days, no matter how long the law-making body remains in session. Amendment No. 11 lost; 537 to 12,387. This was an attempt to exempt every sort of shipping from taxation.



new Hellman building, and of A. H. Koenig, consulting engineer, is the Stinson building. Mr. Koenig is also acting as the personal representative of the ranch owner, F. W. Matthieson, an eastern capitalist.

This work provides for the damming of the Triunfo Cañon about forty-eight miles from Los Angeles, and the impounding of the waters from some of the highest peaks in the Rancho Conejo. This is to be used exclusively on the ranch; not an inch of water will be used for outside development. The closing of the gap at the point selected in the Triunfo Cañon requires a dam 200 feet at its top line, narrowing down to forty-five feet at its base. From its extreme base to the top of the dam will be 102 feet.

The area of this reservoir, with the dam running fifty feet above the creek bed, will be 220 acres; and its capacity will be from 3400 to 2300-acre feet. It is expected that this water storage will provide irrigation for at least 1200 acres of the lowlands in the Banning ranch. The great dam is based on shelves of bedrock on both sides of the original waterway. It is constructed of concrete with a 234-foot radius for the arch. The great wall is reinforced by steel rods, running longitudinally as well as transversely, and placed about three feet apart throughout the entire structure. This will require many tons of steel. This mode of construction is used to reinforce the arch action in the concrete, and to save on the cost of construction.

A most satisfactory bedrock has been found, averaging about ten feet below the creek bed, narrowing in on a shelf standing ten degrees horizontal on both sides of the natural waterway. In the center of the cañon the action of the water in past ages has worn out great cavities probably forty feet in depth, and extending irregularly through the entire shelf of rock, and reaching to a depth of about forty feet. These peculiar water holes at this depth have narrowed to chambers or "pot holes," that long ago were filled up with huge boulders and coarse gravel. This series of chambers in the bedrock were connected with openings of various dimensions, making one of the most interesting and peculiar underground arrangements found in Southern California Cañons.

All these deep holes were cleared out to the solid rock, and filled with the concrete, and with the steel bars tied in water-tight manner to the bedrock itself. In the bedrock were lewised channels, 122 feet, to weld to it the concrete and steel, this making a structure that it appears should last until the very end of the earth. Work on this huge dam is now in full swing, a small army of men, with pumps, mules and machinery, creating a stirring scene in this region of wild mountain and deep cañon. Some of the heavy machinery was transported to the site with extreme difficulty. There are heavy rock-crushers, cement mixers, etc., and the motive power is furnished by four gasoline engines. A set of pumps has been constantly at work pumping out the water from the deeper excavations. In order to protect the works, a large flume has been built around the entire site, to carry off storm waters, should they come before the construction is completed. The actual cement work began on Oc-

tober 21, and since that date about 2000 yards have been built. The conduit used averages about four carloads a week. The drainage area from which the waters will be impounded by this dam is about twenty square miles. It includes Boney Mountain, Sandstone Peak and Mount Triunfo, these having an average elevation of 6000 feet. The outlet for these waters is through a series of large cast-iron pipes, arranged in duplicate to provide against accident, and manipulated from a gate tower. An extensive system of flumes and cement ditches has been provided for, but this will be constructed gradually as the land is brought under cultivation. It is expected that the dam will be completed early in the spring, and that it will be in condition to impound considerable water from this winter's rains. It is planned to place about 1200 acres of the lowlands in the Banning ranch under irrigation, and some of this land will be planted to alfalfa and cereals. The Banning Rancho comprises 5000 acres, and is a stock-raising center. At present, without irrigation, it sustains 2000 cattle and numerous sheep, swine and goats. With the installation of the immense water storage, its capacities will be wonderfully increased. The ranch is now owned by A. D. Russell, Mr. Matthieson, the owner, has large business interests in Chicago and New York, and is at the head of the glass industry in the East. His interests here are represented by A. H. Koenig, and as Mr. Koenig is the consulting engineer for the great Triunfo-Cañon dam, this simplifies business details to

SHRINERS' GIFT OF GRATITUDE.

TWO THOUSAND ORPHANS TO BE SHOD ON THURSDAY.

Needy Children Throughout Southern California Will be Recipients of Whole-hearted Fraternity's Remembrance—Al Malakiah Temple the Chief Promoter.

Four thousand little feet comfortably clad in warm, snug shoes, and half as many hearts full of thankfulness therefor—such will be the Thanksgiving tribute of the Mystic Shrine for their year's blessings. This substantial offering will be divided in orphans' homes throughout Southern California, and to secure deserved appreciation an energetic committee of Shrine men has been working for many weeks.

The idea germinated in the high shrines of Al Malakiah Temple, shortly after the recent initiation here. The stately formally left a large surplus in the treasury, and after all bills had been met the official exchequer was still far from exhausted. It was first intended to provide only for Masonic orphans throughout this end of the State, but investigation showed that there were few of these without all the necessities of comfortable existence. The movement then spread, and all of Southern California's fatherless ones were taken to the fraternal heart. A thorough system of correspondence investigation was begun, headed by illustrious Potentate W. D. Stephens, who was assisted by William W. Lovett, Motley H. Pitt, D. E. Barclay and John P. Hughes.

The jurisdiction covers the whole of Los Angeles, San Diego, San Bernardino, Riverside, Orange, Ventura, Santa Barbara, San Luis Obispo and Kern counties, and is perhaps the most comprehensive movement for a single charity ever attempted in this section. It is estimated that the expense will be a little over \$3000, and that 2000 pairs of substantial shoes will be provided for the children. In purchasing them the committee has apportioned its resources among many firms in various localities, and has endeavored to secure quality as well as quantity. In the gift there are interested 1100 Shrine men, of whom are from this city.

One of the best features is that, through the efforts of Potentate Stephens and others, the gift will become permanent, and will be renewed from year to year. The Shrine men have decided to discontinue their Thanksgiving "feet" to poor children, as they believe that the money, expended at the approach of winter, should be put to



Building the Biggest Private Dam in Southern California.

arrived in the city yesterday and reported for duty. It was the end of a long trip through the East.

His object in going was to forget all about policemen; so the first thing he did in every town was to rush around to the station and see if they had any coppers to beat his own men.

He left here with his family the latter part of September, going first to San Francisco, thence to Salt Lake City, Denver, Kansas City and St. Jo, making a short visit in each place. At St. Jo he switched off into the Missouri country, going back to the old farm where his brother lives near Savannah, Mo. He spent a week figuring on the difference between taking care of blind pigs in Los Angeles and other pigs in Missouri.

He went on to Chicago, then to St. Louis, where the thing that interested him was the World's Fair police force. From the fair he went to Memphis, then down the river to New Orleans, Houston, Tex., El Paso; then made a sprint to get home before his leave expired. There is no hot air in his opinion that the Los Angeles policemen are the finest body of men along the whole route.

probable verdict of Los Angeles county. Yesterday the terms of the verdict were announced.

The official returns thus far officially tabulated are those relating to the amendments. They were slow in coming in from the country towns and it was not possible to round them all up till yesterday.

The seawall amendment was carried in the county by a vote of 12,702 to 7273. This amendment makes it possible to issue bonds to the amount of \$2,000,000 to create a fund to construct a sea wall in San Francisco.

Amendment No. 28 was defeated by a vote of 8508 to 8141. This is an amendment to permit the

LIBRARY EMPLOYEES LOBBYING FOR SITE.

DIRECTORS of the public library have united in an active canvass for votes for their proposal to erect a library building in Central Park. Their chief cooperation appears to come from the library force itself, which is taking all kinds of liberty with civil service provisions to lobby for the new building. The Council has submitted the question of placing a library building in the park to a

Amendment No. 4 carried; 13,533 to 6891. It exempted property belonging to the California Academy of Sciences from taxation.

Amendment No. 2 carried; 15,953 to 4169. It established intermediate courts of appeal.

BAD MAN FROM ARIZONA.

Raymond Martinez is in the City Jail charged with forgery for having signed the name of a fellow-workman on the back of a check for \$12, the latter having lost it. The police believe that Martinez is a bad man from Arizona and that he has done time at Yuma.

Amendment No. 11 lost; 537 to 12,387. This was an attempt to exempt every sort of shipping from taxation.

Amendment No. 20 lost; 858 to 12,624. This was known as the "graft amendment."

The Legislature would meet in February instead of in January, and for a session of eighty days instead of sixty; each member would have the privilege of appointing a private secretary or clerk at a salary of \$4 per day and each branch of the Legislature could expend \$200 per day for additional help; the pay of the members would remain \$4 per day as at present, with mileage and contingent expenses, and they could draw their pay for the full eighty days. At present members of the Legislature are paid for only sixty days, no matter how long the law-making body remains in session.

Amendment No. 17 carried; 12,415 to 5,417. This related to revenue and taxation. This was the gist of it: "The personal property of every household is subject to taxation. The articles to be selected by each household, shall be exempt from taxation."

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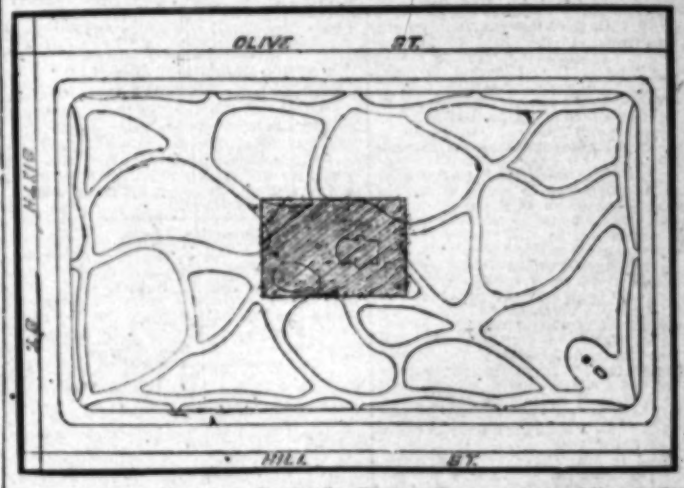
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Central Park, Showing Space (in Center) Proposed as Library Site.

vote of the people at the coming municipal election.

Plans have been drawn showing the amount of space a library building would cover. These plans contemplate the construction of a four-story building which shall cover a ground space of not more than 150 by 250 feet. Proponents of the plan say that this building would not occupy very much more space than is at the present time allotted to the band stand in the park and the walks that immediately

Park. That once handsome spot has been nothing but a grassy area and a rubbish heap ever since.

Serious opposition has developed against placing the library building in Central Park on the ground that the city has no legal right to deface its park area with public buildings. And, waiving the legal technicality, it is urged that the city can afford to buy more space for a library building without infringing on the only breathing space left in the center of the city.

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J. R. Lane mill
now that we are
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for suits, fitted and lower
belt across back, skirts
length; plaid and stripes
up to \$25. Monday.....\$16.50

00 Suits \$20.00
is season's latest styles in
suits, black and colors
are all silk lined, skirts
lengths, values up to \$25.
Monday.....\$20.00

00 Waists \$4.98
imported French flannel
trimmed in silk, black
yoke, French back, large
deep cuffs, values up to
special Mon.....\$4.98

7.50 Boas \$5.95
possum boas, beautiful
tails values up to \$10.
Monday.....\$5.95

Knitwear
high neck and long sleeves
light weight, shaped at waist
be ribbed at cuffs, pants
knee length, lace trimmings
tulle band fastened at side
or 25 garments.....19c

white wool union suits
make, high neck and long
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During this.....\$2.50

SOROSI
America's Best
\$3.50
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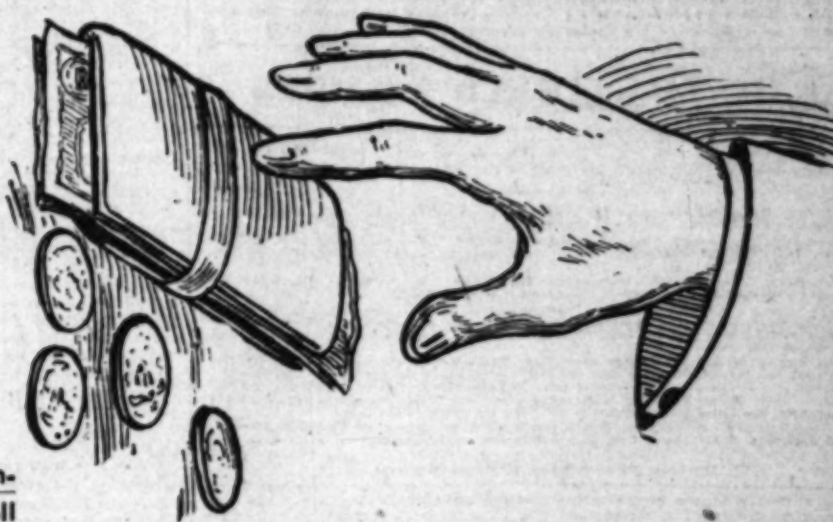
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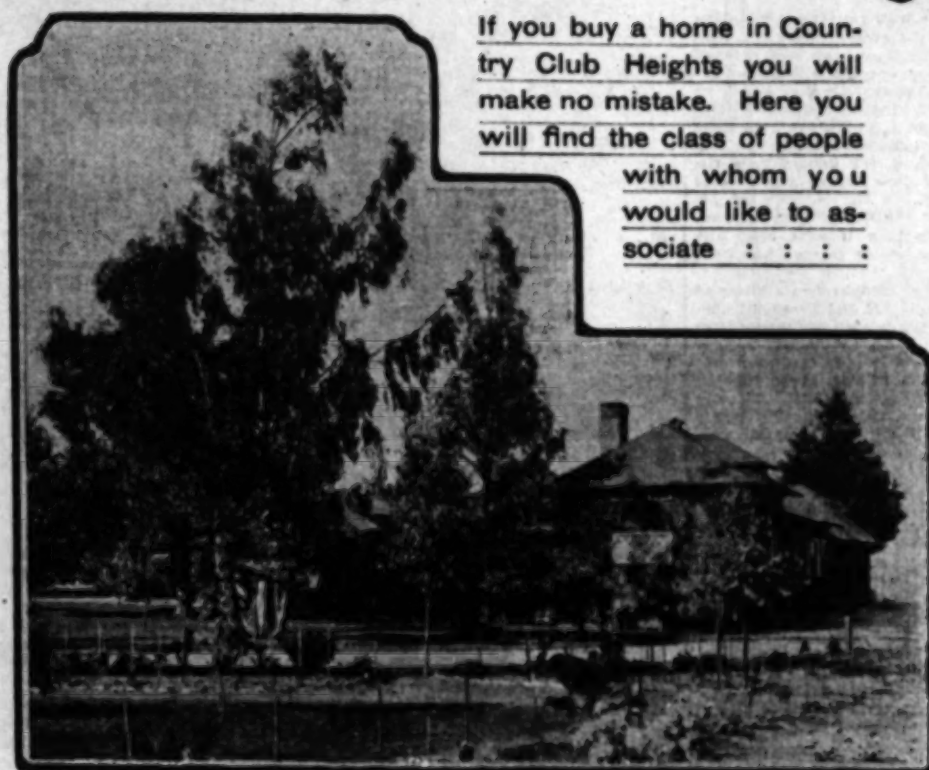
West

Don't Throw Away Your Money Buying
Second Class Lots. Buy In

Country Club Heights



Country Club Heights is in the cream of the residence section, in the section where the most money is being spent on improvements, where every house that is built must cost at least \$3000. Broad streets, cement walks, curbs and gutters. The best lots are reserved for those who will build at once. Buy a lot in Country Club Heights; every house that is built will increase the value of your property; you won't lose; in three years or less your lot will be worth double what it is today. The class of homes surrounding Country Club Heights should appeal to you. They are of the substantial kind, homes built to live in, not to sell. The beautiful Country Club, with its broad expanse of golf links and other pleasures, adjoins the Heights on the south and west; a feature enjoyed by no other residence property in the city.



If you buy a home in Country Club Heights you will make no mistake. Here you will find the class of people with whom you would like to associate : : :

Los Angeles Country Club Adjoining the Heights.

Lots from \$600 to \$2400.
Size 50x125 to 75x130 feet.
All streets 60 feet wide.
Five foot cement walks.
Cement curbs and gutters.
No stores or business houses.
Each house must cost \$3000.
Few minutes from heart of city.
Joins Los Angeles Country Club.
All improvements to be the best.
Best residence part of the city.
Amid culture and refinement.

Investigate Country Club Heights today while you have unlimited choice of lots.

A. N. Davidson, OWNER

206 Mercantile Place
OFFICE ON TRACT.
Home Phone 838, Los Angeles.

The Home of
the Good
Environment



Every Week the Flood Sale Gains

.....IN VOLUME---20,000 BARGAINS.....

Housekeepers, Attention!

The cars delayed by the Arizona floods are now beginning to arrive faster. Last week a full carload of extension tables, another carload of dressers, a carload of chairs, and two carloads of fancy pieces arrived more than six weeks over due.

Over thirty men are now employed in our receiving department, who have been busy all week long inspecting this furniture and getting it ready for the sales rooms.

Some people are just beginning to realize that this is a legitimate sale of high grade furniture and that our reductions are exactly as we stated. Don't miss the hundreds of new arrivals on sale this week.

\$1.25 Axminster Carpets 95c

These carpets are not part of the flood goods, but just a special which we shall run in conjunction with the big sale.

The lot does not consist of only one or two patterns, but an immense stock of the latest sought after effects in floral, oriental, scroll and other designs. These come in almost any color. All stores retail them at \$1.25 the yard. Special price, sewed, laid, and lined, at 95c the yard.

\$27.50 Axminster Rugs \$19.75

Every housekeeper knows the wonderful wearing qualities and other merits of Axminster rugs. They come in the most artistic patterns, shading from delicate patterns up to the rich, full colors, all sorts of new designs to select from. Rugs measure 9 by 12. Price everywhere \$27.50. Special at Brent's \$19.75.

75c Good Grade Linoleum 45c

A good, heavy quality of linoleum. Comes in pretty patterns, fully guaranteed, 45c the yard.

Monday Piano Special \$173.00

We shall sell a beautiful, fine upright piano Monday at \$173.00. This is the celebrated Walworth make. Comes in a rich Walnut case, 71 octaves. Rich in tone, perfect in action.

Square piano, just the thing for practicing, \$26.00.

Upright piano, walnut case, \$59.00.

Two fine organs in walnut case, \$30.00 each.

MAIL ORDERS FILLED

In addition to the articles we are able to enumerate in our advertisement there are hundreds of other special values each week. Out of town folks should write for prices on any lines of goods that may be interested in. All mail orders filled promptly.

We pay freight nearly anywhere in Southern California. Free delivery in Pasadena by our own wagons, Tuesdays and Fridays.

Brent's
530-532-534 S. Spring St.

\$18.00 Book-Case and Desk \$13.50

Combination book-case and desk, adjustable shelves, large desk room, pretty French plate mirror. \$18.00 values, Flood Sale price \$13.50.

\$25.00 Roll Top Desks \$19.50
These are convenient desks, 50 inches wide, well built, roomy, and come in a good finish. Flood Sale price \$19.50.

\$9.00 Ladies' Desks \$7.00

These are pretty little desks in weathered oak, mahogany, or golden oak. Come in handsome designs. In a convenient size. \$9.00 values, Flood Sale price \$7.00.

\$9.50 Rotary Office Chair \$6.50
Solid oak rotary office chair with cane seat, latest patent screw. \$9.50 values, Flood Sale price \$6.50.

Stoves, Ranges, Heaters, Etc.

Three cars caught in the flooded district were loaded with stoves. While most of these were protected from the water a few of them show slight rust stains. None of them are in any way injured. The entire quantity is on sale at LOWER PRICES than were ever known in the state. Read these:

\$5.00 Oil Heaters \$3.75

Guaranteed oil heater with handsome brass front, well made. \$5.00 values, Flood Sale price \$3.75.

\$12 Cook Stoves \$8.50

These have either coal or wood and can have oil burner attached. Four covers, large oven, heavy oven and back shelf. Hearth in front. A splendid heater. \$12.00 values, Flood Sale price \$8.50.

\$15.00 Range \$11.75

Five cover range with large oven. Burns wood or coal, nickel trimmings, heavy design. These stoves are guaranteed. \$15.00 values, Flood Sale price \$11.75.

\$18.00 Range \$15.25

Five cover range with nickel, one oven and trimmings, patent lighter, large oven and hearth, comes with oil pan. We guarantee these stoves to give satisfaction. \$18.00 values, Flood Sale price \$15.25.

\$20.00 Range \$16.50

Nickel range with 18 inch oven, four cover, oven, nicely trimmed. \$20.00 values, Flood Sale price \$16.50.

\$2.50 Air Tight Heaters \$1.75

These are well built, convenient heaters, absolutely air tight. Guaranteed to give satisfaction. Flood Sale price \$1.75.

Beds, Springs, Mattresses, Etc.

\$18.00 Folding Beds \$13.50

These are well built, perfectly safe, and one of the most convenient folding beds made. Comes in a golden oak finish. Best springs. \$18.00 values \$13.50.

\$7.50 Iron Beds \$5.50

Iron beds with brass frame and brass rail on top. Comes in white, gold, bronze, and green finishes. \$7.50 values, Flood Sale price \$5.50.

\$3.50 Iron Beds \$2.50

Pretty iron beds with brass frame, strongly made, and guaranteed. Flood Sale price \$2.50.

\$6.50 Sanitary Mattress \$4.75

These are full weight, well made, with good heavy ticking. \$6.50 values, Flood Sale price \$4.75.

\$10.00 Firm Mattress \$8.00

These are the best mattresses on the market, giving no end to wear. This is a genuine health bed, island product, always even and clean. \$10.00 values, Flood Sale price \$8.00.

\$3 Woven Wire Springs \$2.25

Made of the best steel wire, close weave, very strong and durable. \$3.00 values, Flood Sale price \$2.25.

\$7.00 Dressers \$5.85

These are strong, well built dressers, in oak finish. Made with three large drawers. Regular \$7.00 values, special at \$5.85.

\$11.00 Dressers \$9.00

Nest table dressers with oval or shield shaped, plate mirrors. \$11.00 values, special at \$9.00.

\$18.00 Oak Dressers \$12.50

Solid oak dressers, prettily shaped French plate mirrors, two small top drawers, brass trimmings. \$18.00 values, special at \$12.50.

\$9.50 Extension Table \$6.75

Here is one of the best medium sized extension tables we have ever seen. It was intended to sell at \$9.50. Comes with a detach top, prettily shaped legs set, under the table, not on corners. Flood price only \$6.75.

\$20.00 Sideboard \$16.00

Solid oak sideboard. French plate glass, two small top drawers and large lower drawers. \$20.00 values. Flood Sale price \$16.00.

\$22.50 Oak Tables \$15.00

Oak pedestal tables, heavy pedestal, strongly built. \$22.50 values. Flood Sale price \$15.00.

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Plan. Unequaled in Time



THANKSGIVING FEAST OF BARGAINS—THINGS EVERYBODY NEEDS—AND SUCH PRICES!

\$2.00, \$1.25, 65c, 50c Wool Suitings 35c

Last week we thought our sale of dry goods was about the biggest value we could ever afford to offer. Already our department manager has been doing a little figuring and the general business of our dress goods has increased so enormously that we have decided to make a still greater sale than ever before.

This time the lot consists of 25 pieces of wool suitings which will all be marked 35c the yard. Some are in plain, others are in fancy effects. The lot includes plaid materials that originally sold at \$2.00. Another line of plaids marked \$1.25. Some fancy mohair that has been selling at 65c, and some all wool plain suitings marked 50c. Many others in the lot. Just think what a chance to secure high grade materials for your own or for the children's dresses. Only for Monday, 35c.

And, Also, These Extraordinary Bargains in Silks and Dress Goods

Fancy Velvets 75c Yard

Fancy velvets and velvettas in Persian colorings, stripes, checks, etc. Suitable for waists or suits. Over fifty styles. Per yard 75c.

75c Dress Goods 50c

12 inch Sicilian cloth, extra good quality. Come in brown, blue, grey, royal, and black, very bright finish. 70c grade, special at 50c.

45c California Flannels 35c

Heavy all wool flannels, in red, blue, and vicuna shades. These are 7 oz. goods. The red is medicated. Always sold at 45c, special at 35c.

40c White Winter Waistings 25c

These come in heavy Marcellines, in broadened figures, heavy fleeced back. A splendid assortment. 40c grade at 25c the yard.

25c Cotton Plush 20c

These come in dark, rich shades in Persian, Japanese and Dresden designs. A heavy, warm and serviceable goods. 25c values at 20c.

\$1.35 Peau de Soie \$1.00 Yard

Black peau de soie, 23 inches wide, heavy double faced, all silk. Very soft and lustrous. Regular price \$1.35, special at \$1.00.

\$1.00 Fancy Silks 85c Yard

Fancy silks for shirt waist suits in mixtures, checks, and changeable fancy brocades, etc. All the new color combinations. The regular \$1.00 quality, special at 85c.

Colored Satines 20c Yd

Mercedized satines, almost every shade in the lot. A choice line. Price 20c the yard.

12c Outing Flannels 9c

A heavy grade, large assortment of patterns and colors. Come in pink and blue stripes and checks. Regular 12c grade at 9c.

12c Shaker Flannel 10c

These come in cream color. A heavy cotton goods with a long, firm double nap. 12c grade at 10c.

4c Notion Sale

A big list of necessary articles, all priced at 4c for Monday only.

Finishing braid, large Assortment of patterns, 4 yd. piece 4c.
Wire half pins, four assorted sizes, per box 4c.
Shell side combs, worth 15c at 4c per pair.
Hooks and eyes, black or white, per card 4c.
Snap socket fasteners, per doz. 4c.
Crochet cotton, 100 yd. spool 4c.
Silk finish luster cotton, 4c each.
Dutch linen tape, assorted sizes, 4c.
Cute pins, black, white or assorted, 100 pins 4c.
Buttons, pearl or cloth covers, assorted sizes, per doz. 4c.
Curving irons, 4c each.
Pin books, four assorted sizes, 4c each.
Large shell pins, 4c each.
Embroidery silk, all colors and styles, per skein, 4c.
Hair barrettes, worth 15c, special 4c each.
Kid curlers, glove stitched, per bunch, 4c.
Corset steels, white or drab, per pair 4c.

1000 Samples of

Women's Neckwear 15c

Just think, 1000 samples of women's neckwear. Values up to 50c and all marked 15c; some in silk, others in madras. Most of them have little touches of hand work that add so much to their desirability. Nearly every style you can imagine is included and hardly any two of them are alike. All new, fresh and pretty. While they last 15c each.

10c, 12c, 15c, 20c

Embroideries 9c

This lot includes ewes, cambric, and nainsook embroideries. Also insertions. All the patterns are new and dainty. Just the thing for trimming skirts, etc. They are odds and ends from our regular stock. Some of them are worth three times the price. You are sure to be delighted with any pattern in the lot.

10c and 15c Handkerchiefs 5c

This is a special lot of handkerchiefs in styles for men, women and children. Over 4000 handkerchiefs in the lot. Some of them have slight imperfections and others are a little soiled from display in the store. However, one washing makes them as good as new. Instead of 10c and 15c, your choice 5c.

Last and Biggest Week of Thanksgiving Linens

What a happy throng there will be about our linen department next week. home in Los Angeles should have a crisp, beautiful new table cloth to grace the Thanksgiving meal. Perhaps we have been carried away with the spirit of the season for we have priced linens so low that profit has been wiped out in many cases. Of course, we ourselves bought some of these linens at big reductions so in the long run we will not lose any money and everybody will be fairly delighted with the linen sale Los Angeles has ever had.

60c and 75c Damask 50c Yd

Extra heavy, full bleached damask, 63 inches wide. Comes in carnation, polonaise, clover, pansy, and fuchsia designs. Per yard 50c.

Satin Damask 75c Yd

All linen, satin damask 2 yards wide. Comes in scrolls, trails, and spots, full bleached. Per yard 75c. Napkins to match \$2.25 per dozen.

\$6.00 Table Sets \$4.95

Table cloths come in 86 inches. Come in shamrock, tulip, fuchsia, and other pretty designs. One dozen double damask napkins to match. Per set \$4.95. Others at \$7.00, \$8.00, to \$20.00 per set.

Napkins by the Half-Dozen

The busy linen sale has resulted in lots of broken sets in napkins. These will be closed out as follows:

\$3.50 napkins \$1.45 for half dozen

\$4.00 napkins \$1.75 for half dozen

\$5.00 napkins \$2.25 for half dozen

Odd Table Cloths.

We have also accumulated quite a stock of odd table cloths and odd table sets. They vary much in style and quality that it is impossible to enumerate them. We have reduced them on average of 25 per cent. Prices on odd tablecloths range as low as \$1.98. This is one of the best bargains of the sale and you should not fail to investigate it.

German Bleached Table Cloths

64 size, linen cloths, \$1.25.
10-4 size, linen cloths, \$1.50.

Lunch Cloths.

75c grade, 36 by 36, hemstitched, 45c.
60c grade, 36 by 36 inches, hemstitched, 35c.
\$1.00 grade, 36 by 36 inches, hemstitched, 65c.
50c linen dresser scarfs 55c.
50c linen tray cloths 45c.
30c plain tray cloths 25c.
15c doilies, 2 for 25c.

7c Full Bleached Muslin 3c

Every housekeeper knows that the price of cotton goods has been excessively high. This is the first big sale of muslins that has taken place in Los Angeles for over years. It comes in a good quality finish for family sewing, full bleached, and regularly at 7c the yard. Price, Monday, 3c. In order that everyone may have a chance to share we limit ten yards to a customer.

75c Double Warp Sheets 65c

This sheet is now used in many of the hotels throughout the Southwest. It is the best sheet on the market. Made expressly for the seven Hale stores. Size 81 by 90. Not over one customer. Prices cut to 65c.

Pillow Cases 10c

This is our regular 12c pillow case, also 42 by 36 inches. Special price per dozen \$1.10.

Seamless Sheets 55c

A good, seamless sheet, size 2 yards by 10 yards. Good wearing quality. Special 55c.

EXTRA SPECIAL ARABIAN LACE CURTAINS

These rich and beautiful lace curtains are now the most popular on the market. Have two big lots which will go Monday at a splendid reduction. No curtains such an air of refinement and beauty to a room. They are made with deep edge and insertion border. Measure 3 to 3 1/2 yards long.

\$2.50 Arabian curtains \$2.00 pr.

\$3.00 Arabian curtains \$2.25 pr.

\$3.50 Arabian curtains \$2.50 pr.

75c Table Covers 50c

These come in heavy ivory, white in all the new shades. 60 inches wide, 60 to 80 inches long. Come in 4-4 size. Heavy 17 oz. all around. The lot is valued at \$7.50. \$1.75 values at \$1.25. Central display covers, 4-4 size, silk damask. Worth worth \$1.01, special at \$1.50 each.

\$1.00 Door Panels 50c Each

These come in Arabian and white, both inches. Made of the best Arabian lace. In bathroom patterns. All the new Fall styles. \$1.00 value at 50c each.

45c Tapestry 35c Yd

This comes in rich oriental shades, in mercerized effects. Green, red, and old gold. 45c grade special at 35c the yard. 50 inch oriental and highly tapestry in all shades, eight styles to choose from. See quality at 35c.

Drapery Stuffs

45-inch bed imported Arabian net, extra heavy thread work. The grade at \$1.00 a yard. Heavy 17 oz. all around, good quality, 17 1/2 grade at 10c. Black Arabian net, No grade at 35c. Black dotted and white striped, extra, good quality, 17 1/2 grade at 10c. Black and white striped curtains, extra, all styles, worth 15c at 10c the yard. 36-inch silk damask, 10c grade, 10c.

Women's Fall Underwear

35c Cotton Underwear 25c.

Ladies' white fleeced ribbed cotton vests or pants.

50c Cotton Underwear 39c.

Ladies' cream or white fleeced cotton vests or pants, tailored garments, women's.

75c Cotton Underwear 59c.

Ladies' cream ribbed cotton vests or pants, with flannel.

10c Underwear 85c.

Ladies' fine ribbed white wool vests or pants silk flannel.

Union Suits \$1.25

Ladies' heavy ribbed white wool suits, high neck, long sleeves, white, black, silk flannel.

Women's Underwear \$1.00

Ladies' heavy mixed wool, flat goods, vests or pants, silk flannel.

Women's Underwear \$1.00

Ladies' scarlet all wool vests or pants, flat goods, silk flannel.

\$2.75 Wool Drawers \$1.50

Ladies' heavy ribbed grey all wool drawers, silk flannel.

\$2.25 Oneita Suits \$1.50

Ladies' Oneita suits, mixed wool, white or grey, silk flannel.

Big Sale of Sample Suits

This has been the most successful sale of women's sample garments that we have ever conducted. The reason, of course, is on account of the exceedingly high grade of the suits, their perfect style and good taste, and the exclusiveness of every style. All the suits remaining are of bewitching prettiness. You cannot fail to find just what you want among them. Prices are just about what stores ordinarily pay at wholesale for the same suits.

All \$10.00, \$12.50 and \$13.50

Sample Suits \$8.30

All \$15.00, \$17.50 and \$20.00

Sample Suits \$12.75

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All \$30.00, \$32.50 and \$35.00

Sample Suits \$21.50

All \$35.00, \$40.00, and \$45.00

Sample Suits \$24.50

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WANTED—

WANTED—BALSMEN, LOCAL OR TRAVELING, to sell Bee-grade safes to business men and farmers. Experience unnecessary. Good salary. My grade: ALPINE SAFE CO., Channahon, O.

WANTED—MAN TO DRIVE LAUNDRY wagon. Address X, box 1, TIMES OFFICE.

WANTED—EXCELLENT OPENING FOR
young man of energy and push. Call
between 4 and 5, Monday, 37-338 BKA
BLDG.

WANTED—YOUNG MAN WITH SOME VA
lue to learn plumbing, excellent condi
tion. Address K. C. box 24, TIMES O
FFICE.

in 30 days if satisfactory. Address E. in
P. TIMES OFFICE.

WANTED-LADIES, WE HAVE SPLENDID
opportunity for you to make money at home
or traveling. Call after 12 m. Monday
815 E. MAIN ST.

WANTED-GIRL, WHO CAN SPEAK
many preemaking and ladies' culture
thoroughly taught; wages given. Apply 2
W. SIXTH ST., room 4. B

(various mail box) 386 E. COLORADO; Home
 345 Pasadena Blvd. 302 9
 WANTED - WHITE (HIRE OR MIDDLE
 aged lady to assist light housework; small
 family; good home; wages \$11. Call today
 1317 INNES AVE. Take Hollywood road
 2nd at Innes ave. 28
 WANTED-A GOOD GIRL FOR GENERAL
 housework. Apply 1117 S. PEPPER ST.
 6

WANTED - SMART MIDDLE AGED UN-
married woman for chamber work. 64 &
SPRING ST. 2

WANTED - GOOD GIRL FOR GENERAL
housework. Call Monday 226 & BUNKER
HILL, phone 454 2

WANTED-FINISHERS AND BUTT-HOLE
makers on coats at once. 424 N. SPRING
ST., room 6. 6

WANTED—BY COMPETENT MAN WITH 25
years' experience in general store, station
position as manager of store in small city.
First-class salesmanship and stock handler; refer-
ences, and have developed in large store.
Chicago. Address V. box 56, TIMES OF-
FICE. 3

WANTED—SITUATION BY FIRST-CLASS
cook or porter, colored. 614 E. FOURTH ST.
2

WANTED-SITUATION BY A
downtown man as partner in
good reference. Address B. H.
OFFICE.

WANTED-POSITION BY M.
Living at home with parents,
preferred. GEORGE E. HUNTER
Alabama.

25
 OFFICE.
 25
 WESTERN
 like to
 or shirt
 AVE

WANTED—
To Purchase, Recycle

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DO LET—

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practically the Russian Empire was no longer in existence either international or other cooperation must be the way to solve the problems. The representatives would discuss this, and for this reason the Emperor is appointing national ministers. For the government could only ascertain that it contemplated the German interests. The President already is examining the pressing needs of the continent means to host forty

No Lessons From
Let this be seen to say the President has been in London since Monday night. Post leaves on Wednesday 21.

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Liners.

BUSINESS CHANCES

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BUSINESS CHANCES—

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BUSINESS CHANCES—

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BUSINESS CHANCES

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LIVESTOCK FOR SALE

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LIVE STOCK FOR SALE

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LIVE STOCK FOR SALE

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SUNDAY, NOVEMBER

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Liners.

LIVE STOCK FOR SALE—

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FOR SALE

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 1-BROOM OUTSTAGE
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 WAS TAKEN AND IS NOW
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 S. Broadway, Room
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 1-BROOM HOME.
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 MODERN
 AND RESIDENCE ON
 100 ft. at street. I put
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 my savings. M'DON-
 NELL
 DO YOU KNOW YOU AS

perfect, has been
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J. J. FIELLER, at
22

**COPYRIGHT OF A
BOOK.**—The
copyright in a
book, or in any
other literary or
artistic work, is
secured by the
author, or by the
owner of the
work, for a
term of years.
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The copyright
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INVESTMENTS CO.,
N. H. HANCOCK, Pres.,
22

IN HOUSE,
between 112
and 114, Park
avenue. Address
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ESCAP.—189 W. N.
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SALES.—CUMBER-
-better specimens of
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the best material;
quite generous.

R. BEALTY CO.,
N. H. HANCOCK, Pres.,
22

NEAR PEN: LOVE
this property. This property
W. HOLMES BROS.
W. Holmes Bldg.
RESIDENCE OF
this place of residence for immediate
REALLY CO.
W. Holmes Bldg.

INVESTIGATE THIS.
This property improved care
and built a house
on frontage, near
to the river, W. A.
HOLMES & CO.
29

SETTLE AN ESTATE
for a substantial law
firm (near Washington,
D. C.), with large
house and fur-
nishings.
FRANK LEBLANC
29

AS, BARGAIN.
modern large out-
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city and elegance
of the
GOODWIN & CO.

2-4400.
I have 1 make this
realty in a
large Weymouth shal-
low for a bargain, see
OFFICE W. C. 6212, 8.

SALE SACRIFICE
 the best of the
 this place cost
 about 10 years ago
 if you see the article
 in the Times
 14, TIMES SQUARE

BARBAIN - FRODO
 cottage on one of the
 street; corner lot the
 side, owner is moving
 today. Call at the
 office and terms. 20

11th ST. - A BEAR
 cottage, 100 ft. front
 lot, built of marble, bean oil
 kitchen, bath, from
 the owner; may term
 314 S. Broadway, 20

MODERN COTTAGE
 in back, 100 ft. long
 and front; paved,
 and has two bedrooms
 cash; commission 20

CORNER LOT, 60
 on Normandie ave.
 with much more; see
 me personally. A. C.
 100 N. Cape May

GREEN COTTAGE
 a nice bargain; runs
 on 10th and 11th Sts.
 call GRUFFIN &
 Broadway. Home 20

ROOM MODERN
 corner of 10th and 11th
 Sts. 20

ing, close to electric
car, convenient office, Q.
118 Broadway. 29

RENTING W. 2 ROOM
house, furnished, 10-12,
any terms, would ex-
change for house, W. 11th
Bl., owner. 18

MILLER ROOMS,
10th and 11th, named
the month; all for
10¢. If want this, call
10-11th. 19

ROOM HOUSE for
sh. making, best close
to car, water, electric
gas. If cash look
10-11th. 20

LODGING HOUSE of
10 rooms, all new, want
to block from new
car or terms. 21

ROOM OFFICE. 22

2 ROOM COTTAGE
furnished, rented at \$10
month, on investment,
suitable. CHAS. F. FAY
23 1/2 W. 12th St.

MOORELY.
See 2nd and 3.
24

COTTAGE AND 2
rooms, 10-11th, 25

ROOM HOUSE, 10-11th,
rent. 26

ROOM HOUSE 10-11th,
rent. 27

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
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Public Advertising

Notice of Sale of Property for Delinquent Assessment Levied to Pay Expenses for Widening of Gates Street, from Main Street to Harbor Street, in the City of Los Angeles.

OWNER.	DESCRIPTION OF PROPERTY.	AMOUNT DUE.	DATE OF SALE.
J. J. Clements.	The west 22.5 feet of the south 0.75 feet of lot 4, block 1, Termino Homestead Tract.	\$1.00	Nov. 20, 1904.
J. J. Clements.	The west 22.5 feet of the south 0.75 feet of lot 4, block 1, Termino Homestead Tract.	\$1.00	Nov. 20, 1904.
J. J. Clements.	The west 22.5 feet of the south 0.75 feet of lot 4, block 1, Termino Homestead Tract.	\$1.00	Nov. 20, 1904.

Notice of Public Work. The City of Los Angeles, California, by its Board of Public Works, has caused to be prepared a plan for the widening of Gates Street, from Main Street to Harbor Street, in the City of Los Angeles.

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VENICE OF AMERICA

THE SELECT HOME FOR SELECT PEOPLE



WINDWARD AVENUE, THE MAIN BUSINESS STREET OF VENICE

We have given you a brief idea of the attractions of Venice of America on both land and sea. All this will be carried out to the letter, as Mr. Abbot Kinney is behind the idea. We ask you to go down to Venice today and see for yourself the great work that is actually being done. Just think! Over \$300,000.00 worth of contracts already let for streets, gradings, canals and other work. Not a particle of misrepresentation here. You can satisfy yourself of this.

Only that which is clean, fresh and attractive permitted, the idea being to preserve an atmosphere of homelike comfort without intruding the objectionable.

LAND ATTRACTIONS

Venice of America lies fourteen miles due west from the heart of Los Angeles, and is the nearest beach property. It joins Ocean Park on the south and Playa del Rey on the north.

The tract which composes Venice of America consists of an ocean front of 750 feet, running back for a distance of 700 feet, and 120 acres of land lying below the sand level, in which will be constructed an elaborate system of canals and driveways.

A beautiful still water lake will be constructed between 500 and 600 feet back of the ocean front, connecting with the lagoons, forming one of the most perfect systems of artificial waterways in the United States. The lagoons and still water lake are refreshed twice daily by pure, clear, sea water. Bathing can be enjoyed at all times and miles of boating through the winding waterways. The canals will be lined with concrete, crowned with balustrade and edged with promenades, and back of these will be constructed artistically the French and Italian type, light in color and design, the whole being surrounded by beautiful lawns and flowers, presenting a most charming picture.

SEA ATTRACTIONS

It is claimed that the pleasure pier at Venice of America, which is about completed, is one of the finest of the Pacific Coast. At the entrance to this pier, and partly covering it, will be constructed a large pavilion, where people can gather by the sea. Seven hundred feet out from shore, along this pier and beyond the noise of the breakers, will be constructed the music auditorium, a large building, 125x175 feet, equipped with stage and dressing-rooms and furnishing accommodations for 3000 people. This auditorium will be surrounded by a promenade 25 feet wide, will be fitted with drop mesh and can be converted either into an open air pavilion or an enclosed auditorium at will, to meet the weather conditions that prevail.

Off from this pier will be situated the ship hotel, to be made one of the most unique and artistic places to dine in the world. Nautical ideas will prevail, the effect being carried out in every detail. In the commodious marine saloon well-cooked food will be served to the public. Awnings will be spread on deck and tables placed under them for those who prefer to dine in the open air.

R. A. ROWAN & CO.,

200 H. W. Hellman Building.

Fourth and Spring
Los Angeles, Cal.

MRS. GEO. SIBLEY,
Tract Agent at Venice.

ROBERT MARSH & CO.

302 H. W. Hellman Building.

Opened
Tomorrow

ALAMITOS

Opened
Tomorrow

PARK TRACT

We have just purchased 55 lots known as The Alamitos Park Tract, lying between Bonita Ave. and Alamitos Park, Ocean Park Ave. and Bishop St., traversed by First, Second and Appleton Streets, Long Beach.

Lots 50x150 feet, Cement Curbs, Cement Walks

All this property is but two blocks from the beach. Already 15 to 20 fine homes have recently been built on property adjoining, none of them costing less than \$1250.

Price of Lots \$1000 and up; one-third cash, balance 6 and 12 months

This property lies within 4 blocks of the new Commercial pier of The Interstate Stock & Pier Co., about to be completed. The Redondo Ave. Electric line runs through the tract on Railroad Ave., only four blocks from Salt Lake depot, in the center of the most rapidly growing part of Long Beach.

This property will be put on the market Monday morning at our Long Beach and Los Angeles offices.

MEMBER LOS ANGELES REALTY BOARD.

HENRY P. BARBOUR CO.

LONG BEACH, 129 EAST OCEAN AVE.

LOS ANGELES, Johnson Bldg., 4th and Broadway.

San Pedro, Beacon St., near 5th

Before buying anywhere see
"ROSE HILL" Lots
LOCATION UNEXCELED
We have a few specially improved holdings.
A - on lot from \$1000 up, with all improvements
and on easy terms. Take Possession NOW!
Like care to office on tract.
M. G. Chisholm,
Resident Agent.

Blaney's SHOWS Fit the Feet.
456 S. Broadway.

LAMB FRUIT & MARKET
EVERYTHING FOR THE TABLE
FRUIT VEGETABLES MEATS
POULTRY DELICACIES
PHONES: 398, 452 SO. BROADWAY
BRANCH: 218 W. 11th

Fine Furniture and Carpets
Lyon-McKinney-Smith Co.
222-224 W. 11th St., bet. Spring and Broadway

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA
Business College
AND GRADUATE SCHOOL OF SHORTHAND
305 S. BRADLEY ST.
LADKEY, HOOD & HOLLMAN.

Tape Worms
And other Parasitic Diseases
Dr. Smith & Arnold
206 S. Broadway

DOBINSON
SCHOOL OF EXPRESSION AND
DRAMATIC ART
1044 NORTH HOPE STREET
THE HARVARD SCHOOL (Military)
Ten acre campus. Head for illustrated catalogue.
Greenville C. Emery, Ltd., B. Principal, Lake
Master in the Boston Latin School.

THE HARVARD SCHOOL (Military)
Ten acre campus. Head for illustrated catalogue.
Greenville C. Emery, Ltd., B. Principal, Lake
Master in the Boston Latin School.

Los Angeles
Business College

212 W. 3d Street. Phone Home 2196; Sunset, Main 5576.

THE LEADER

40 National Diplomas, last year, in Penmanship
—Six more than any other school in the United
States. Every department equally maintained.
The school where thorough work is done. No
PLAY work. No "DRESS PARADE" work.
All time used in earnest preparation for honest
and efficient work. Call or write for circulars.

x x x

Only one Day

Vacation for Thanksgiving. A number of new students are scheduled for Thanksgiving week. These young people will not be disappointed. Thorough and hearty are all right, but so many satisfactory pleasure and equal the wholesome, stimulating and strengthening pleasure afforded by a course of study at the "New and Greater Woodbury."

This is our Fall record:
1. Over 300 students on the enrollment.
2. Over 200 NEW students enrolled since Sept. 1st.
3. September business this year 40 per cent. ahead of September last year.
4. October '24 over 100 per cent. gain over October '23.
5. The first half of this year's November equals entire last year's November.

Sure of a Position? No more sure is the sun of its position in the solar system than is the young person who will properly qualify, and who will develop the right mental attitude for getting and holding a position.
Gregg Shorthand is a winner—simple, logical, effective—no discouraged students, all graduates in good positions. NIGHT SCHOOL—Monday, Wednesday, Friday. Call, write or phone for new catalogue.

Woodbury
Business College

909 SOUTH HILL STREET E. H. ISAACS, President

BROWNSBERGER

(INCORPORATED.)

A Thorough Business College.
953 West Seventh Street

We claim the highest excellence in the standard of our work and the positions of our graduates.
25 new Remington typewriters just purchased—making 100 machines in use.
Beautiful home surroundings. INVESTIGATE.

CUMNOCK SCHOOL OF
EXPRESSION.

Education, English, Physical Culture, Dramatic, Art, Academic Work, Modern Languages, Children's Physical Culture and Reading.
Cumnock Hall, 1800 S. Figueroa St.

Westlake School for Girls.

825 S. Alvarado St., Los Angeles, Cal.
Boarding and day school; primary, intermediate and college preparatory; opens Sept. 22nd.
Principal: Frederick H. de Laguna, A. M.
Jennie Smith Vance, A. M.
In the Land of Sunshine. Los Angeles.

Schools and Colleges.

MARLBOROUGH

FOR GIRLS

865 West 3d St.

MRS. GEORGE A. CARR

Sixteenth year open house

Pleasant, refined home for

five girls. Advanced course

and Art History, and

travel. Certificate issued to

colleges. Gymnasium and

tennis courts. No pupils

under 14 with

Mrs. Carr will be at

Sept. 24. Circulars on

request.

Marlborough Preparatory

630 West Adams St.

Boarding and Day School

for 14 years old. The

California exclusively for

girls. Excellent advantages

and constant supervision of

board and redwood home

grounds retired from

schools. Boarding

any time. Second year

MISS IDA H. LINDLEY

Will mail catalogue on

request.

Paul Gerson School

Of San Francisco

The Largest School of

Shorthand and

Business Methods

Students may

attend day or

night school

and receive

diplomas

from the

University of

California

and the

San Francisco

State

of

California

and the

San Francisco

The Society Sheet.

MUSIC AND THE PLAYHOUSES.

THIRTY YEAR.

THEATRE—

...Modern

Week Commencing Monday,

The Show

Special

Here's the A

JOHN T. KELLY & CO., in "Beats

NAVAJO GIRLS, including "The

CARLETON, in "The Hoodoo

a Musical Flower Garden," H

Face Comedians; REED &

New Motion Pictures; LAST

WATSON, HUTCHINGS

Vaudeville Exchange."

From the Grand-10c, 25c, 50c.

ELASCO THEATRE—

TONIGHT—LAST

The Balcony Theater Stock

Company will present...

Commencing Tomorrow

Important Production of

THE CHR

AMELIA G

The most beautiful... A PRODUCTION OF SUPER

MATINEE THURSDAY—

With... and...

CASINO THEATRE—

Six Nights—Commencing

Matinee Thursday (Thanksgiving)

MR. W. E. GO

INTRODUCES

A Friend of the

Positively the Funniest

PEOPLE AWAY NIGHTLY

An Evening Full of Fun

and...

GRAND OPERAHOUSE—

THE FAMILY

WEEK COMMENCING SUNDAY

Special Matinee Th

LILLIAN J. CASTER'S

Two Little

A... in... The... and...

MATINEE

W. H. WEST BIG JUB

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WOMEN News of Soc

SINGLE SHOTS.

A plucky man armed with a fire hose was as convincing as "an army with battle-tested officers," according to one of 890 residents on the San Francisco waterfront from the other day.

"I don't know if it's a good or a bad idea, but I've taken a Remcoia hatch and by a sudden lurch of the wagon he has been able to get me out of here in a few minutes."

Also, that it came to pass so late in World War II, Judge Parker said, "What will I become a Christian," said C. Foster Ingelsoll, a short time before his death.

Mrs. Johanna Brown has been elected constable of Higo, Colo. Her first work will be to keep the peace in saloons in town. It is unnecessary to say she was not supported by the liquor men.

In New York the women have taken to announcing the breaking of engagements and divorces in the columns of the newspapers. For shame, girls! Isn't it enough to jilt a fellow without trumpeting it to the world?

After casting his vote at the latest election, Judge Parker had his teeth examined by a dentist.

Interesting to know if the dental surgeon found the hinges of the judge's jaw loose after the long campaign.

grater advances, many of
 who have been sight-
 ing the city from the
 shore, and already some
 charming entertainers
 arrived at home, and
 holiday season has
 all sorts. The num-
 ber of notable wed-
 dings, on Monday
 moved and the cele-
 bration before a large
 number, the service taking
 place at St. John's. The same
 day and Mrs. F. Frank-
 lins Twenty-eighth street
 party of young people
 party at the Orpheum and
 at St. John's. Bazaar was
 given at the Orpheum
 party music, and en-
 tering Mrs. E. H. Wolcott
 South Boston avenue
 of the Ladies' Social
 Club. Miss Gertrude
 at Twenty-sixth street
 of a picnic party
 of her birthday anni-
 versary was celebrated
 Tuesday was cele-
 brated by the
 C. Ward Traver, who
 is same here, and
 Mrs. Searles, daughter

A pet dog in Brooklyn who has been housed by his master went to his mistress and implored her aid.

A pet dog in Brooklyn who had been a member of the "Gott" gang, although mistress and Brooklyn her until she followed him to a lodging-house and an up-to-date of state, was found in the door of a room with which her husband was seated in loving conversation. The bloodstained dress was a witness to instinct and reason, how fine the hair is!

Capt. Admiral Coghlan has been ordered by one of the Kaiser's subjects. At a recent festival in Germany—where the Kaiser was present—he was "Gott!" On being asked why she not satulstine the Kaiser's name at the request of the Kaiser's subjects, she first, she was prosecuted for her insolence, and fined 10 marks.

McCarthy, a young Irishman, after giving his sweetheart a dose of the "Gott" gang, was found in the street. Prompt application of the stone and pump restored the pair to composure and spoiled the tragic romance.

ARMY AND NAVY MEN.

Lieut. Ulysses S. Grant, Third Engineer Corps, will be assigned to duty on the White Star.

Lieut. J. H. Dayton who has been serving on the staff of Rear-Admiral Schuyler, has been ordered to the battleship Iowa for duty.

Capt. William H. Clifford, Marine Corps, will be assigned to duty at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, St. Louis, has been ordered to command the Marine Guard on the Columbian.

Lieut. Colonel John S. Patton, a graduate of St. John's College at Jamaica, N. Y., has been recommended for promotion to the rank of major in the army to fill one of the existing vacancies.

The colonel of Maj. A. H. Keady, 6th Artillery, has been ordered to the battleship Iowa for duty.

Lieut. Commander George W. Keating, U. S. Navy, has been ordered to the battleship Kearsage, one of the officers who had typhoid fever at Trieste, is expected to get better recovery and he has been granted the month's leave.

Judge-Advocate-General Davis has received the opinion that the extradition of Col.-Gen. Thomas H. Barr, that colored men be enlisted in the army, although no hope of their execution without the specific authority of Congress.

Gov. C. C. Harrison, commander of the School of Submarine Defense Fort Totten, in a report to the Secretary of the Navy, has recommended that the school be closed.

[illegible]

required to place the submarine
enses of the country in an e

[illegible]

Handed
Tinsbury
A. H. W.

Informa-

Mrs. J.
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afternoon
Economy
Club, of
members
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Mrs. T.
James H.
Morris,
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valuable
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the
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piano be
his robes
The hostess
Mrs. Harry
Chapman
Others who
Dwight H.

GET W. B. C.

married a shower bou-
arrangements and ferns.
ble was made by Mrs.
Mrs. J. and Miss Marie
lin and piano. During
minies M. P. was softly
couple stood for the
a canopy of emulax
the center of which
of fluffy tulle. About
arrangements and apar-
nisms were arranged with
after the ceremony a
table in the dining-
room of the table a
decorations and ap-
parnisms was set, and
the food. Boxes of
the cloth. Boxes of
and caught to the corners
very were here and
with ribbons. The
to match. After a
to Mrs. M. and Mrs.
come at No. 1344 East
of the home of the
Mrs. Elsie a sweet
different home in church
his favorite in church
Both were a
of the High Grass
of the Home of the
in Los Angeles
was carefully
and only a few
were present at the

new of the Hotel Al-
on Saturday after-
entertained with a
the Morocco Theatre
Mama McConkey

CLUBS

— advances, no

Piano for Concerto
Mr. Adolf Frenkel, manager of the Club, has selected the piano for use in their elegant "Liner" with "the unique"

"Liner" Advertisement
After December 1, 1935, it is my firm belief that the advertisements in this column are destined to become obsolete. Their contents will be in complete agreement with the program who would not like to see "The Times" go on with the "Liner" than

with the Mrs. and Mr. Blue Grasses, who are now in Los Angeles and was a very few days present at the Hotel Al

on Saturday after noon, in connection with the American Theater

the Mrs. and Mr. Blue Grasses

DeWitt Talmage, J. H. Tomblin. R

10. NEW AND FORGOTTEN

A close-up photograph showing a vertical crack in a light-colored concrete or masonry surface. The crack is dark and runs through the material.



... 3. Spring

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[illegible]

PUT THE BAN ON KISSING.

Anti-Occultation League Formed by Women.

Ground Broken for Magnificent New Opera-house.

Judge Parker Defeated in a Straw Vote Contest.

Correspondence of THE TIMES

CITY OF MEXICO, Nov. 11.—A hit and button worn by some 200 la-

sons, old and young, married and in-

fernal, among the leading social

of this capital, marks a new de-

velopment, rather a new step in pro-

gress, in the wearing of electric cars, wire-

less telegraphy and air ships are as

nothing in importance. This little

red button signifies membership

in what is known as the Anti-

Occultation League. Members of the

league pledge not to kiss

each other, in public or private,

and on the ground that kissing

is dangerous, or rather the means of

spreading contagious diseases from

one lip to another.

There is nothing visible to the

eye in the constitution of this

league, other than the fact that

the members of the league are

mostly women, and that they are

mostly of the upper classes of

society, and that they are

mostly of the upper classes of

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mostly of the upper classes of

of the Midland line at Kansas City

and the Pacific Coast agent of the

Chicago and Great Western at San

Francisco.

DEVELOPMENT PROJECTS.

During the month of October the

exports of henequen or sisal fiber from

Yucatan through the Port of Progreso

amounted to 57,224 bales, invoiced at

\$3,018,000, as declared in the custom

house. The shipments were made in

two lots: For Havana, 128 bales; for

Liverpool, 250 bales; for New Orleans

and other United States ports, 55,687

bales.

Excavations have been commenced

this week for the foundation of the

new opera-house to be constructed at

the north end of the Alameda. The

sum appropriated for the construction

of this mammoth playhouse is \$5,500,

000. It will be one of the best, if not

the best, theater on the American con-

tinent. It is to be constructed entirely

of steel, stone, Carrara marble and

Puebla teal. There will be a num-

ber of marble and bronze statues.

Around the building a park is to be

constructed. The theater will have

accommodations for not less than

2000. It will occupy in construction

some three or four years' time. It

is anticipated in this connection that

after its completion the Mexican gov-

ernment will make regular annual sub-

ventions for the presentation of per-

formances by the best operatic and

dramatic talent in the world, much to

the advantage of the Mexican people.

IN THE COUNTRY.

After the close of the Coyoacan Cat-

tle Exposition last Sunday a meeting

was held under the presidency of Hon.

Fernandez Léal, Director of the Mint,

and president of the Exposition Asso-

ciation. It was decided to form

plans for the bettering of cattle and

this city and its surroundings and

some may then go on to California.

During nine months from January 1

to September 30, 1904, Mexico re-

ceived from the United States 134 lo-

comotives valued at \$1,537,750, gold,

as against sixty-two valued at \$793,

954, gold, during same period of last

year. The best three foreign cus-

tomers of the American Locomotive

Works are in order of precedence,

Mexico, British America and Japan.

Arrivals—C. R. Parker, C. E. Kas-

trurzen, San Francisco.

Departures—H. T. Logan and wife

and Mrs. Emma G. Kahman to San

Francisco and H. D. Gutierrez to Los

Angeles.

EDWARD C. BUTLER.

KISSING TAKES

TOO MUCH TIME.

LEAGUE FORMED TO RESTRAIN

MEXICAN LADIES.

Trolley Cars Would Make Better

Time if Female Passengers Did Not

Delay Them While They Kiss

Good-bys—Favorable Mention of

Senor Corra's Entertainment Here.

CRUZ DE MEXICO, Nov. 11.—

Por regia general los Mexicanos

simpliciter con los Japonenses en su

lucha excepcional con los rusos. Por

supuesto no se puede expresar de una

manera, sin embargo, que los mexicanos

son muy simpáticos a los rusos, y que

los mexicanos son muy simpáticos a

los rusos, y que los mexicanos son

muy simpáticos a los rusos, y que

los mexicanos son muy simpáticos a

los rusos, y que los mexicanos son

muy simpáticos a los rusos, y que

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los mexicanos son muy simpáticos a

los rusos, y que los mexicanos son

muy simpáticos a los rusos, y que

Quarter and

Half Acre Lots

\$175 to \$300

FREE

TICKETS

TODAY TO

\$25 Down

and only

\$10 a Month

Willowbrook

The Ideal Home Place for the Small Investor

Willowbrook is the choice suburban property of Los Angeles, lying only three miles outside the city limits, 17

minutes' ride, between and adjoining Compton avenue, the only direct road and automobile thoroughfare connect-

ing Los Angeles and Long Beach, and the Long Beach, San Pedro and Huntington Beach lines. The lots are

perfectly level and are divided by broad, well oiled and turnpiked streets. An inexhaustible supply of pure, cold

artesian water is piped to every lot through 6 and 4 inch mains. The soil is exceptionally fertile, containing a

rich, moist subsoil absolutely free from alkali. Two years ago alfalfa was planted, this year seven crops have

been cut and in two weeks the eighth crop will be ready to cut; this alfalfa has never been irrigated. The soil and

climate are particularly adapted to the profitable raising of all kinds of fruits, vegetables and berries.

All Taxes Paid and Water Furnished Free to Oct. 1, 1905

If you wish one of these select lots and do not feel like going to the expense of building now we will build your

house for you according to your specifications and allow you to pay for both lot and house in small monthly pay-

ments—the same as rent—surely you could not ask us to do more than this.

You Should Be Glad of the Opportunity to Secure a Home by Paying Rent

FREE TICKETS today from Harbert & Butterworth.

Office open all day. No sure and come out.

HARBERT & BUTTERWORTH

138 South Broadway

Home Phone 2146

F. W. FLINT, JR.

295 Johnson Bldg

Home Phone 723

Fourth and Broadway

J. V. BALDWIN

207 Conservative Life Bldg

Home Phone 57

Third and Hill Streets

Beautiful Climate,

Fertile Soil,

Pure Running Water,

Large Lots, Small Price,

Easy Terms

Willowbrook

Is on the Long Beach Line

Only 17 Minutes' Ride from

Sixth and Main Streets.

Outer Apparel

Most Attractively Priced

Hardly a day passes but what we hear

some such remarks from pleased patrons as:

"Oh! I didn't know you carried such ex-

quisite styles in Tailored Suits."

"How reasonable your prices are. I never

expected to find such values in Los

Angeles."

and the best of it is—this good news is

spreading, as is attested by our constantly

increasing business.

Tourist Coat Suits

At \$25, \$30 and \$32.50

The accompanying cut gives but a hint of

the "dresiness" of these handsome chev-

er and worsted Tailor Suits; three-quarter

length Tourist Coats; new pleated skirts

walking length; plain colors and fancy

mixes; coats lined with silk or satin-

black, pearl gray or the popular burnt

orange shade.

Coats

Short Jacket of fine cor-

don cloth, in 17 styles, in

shades, from \$10.00 to \$15.00

and \$15.00—exceptional

values.

Skirts

New pleated Skirts, in

all shades, from \$5.00 to \$10.00

and \$10.00—exceptional

values.

Callis & Cooper

523 S. Broadway

Ladies' Hatter

Our Hats are High Class

But not High Priced

There have been a number of entirely new

effects added to our Suit and Dress Hats

during the past week—many of them

"just right" for the coming Race Meet;

being counterparts of advance produc-

tions for the New York Horse Show.

High Class, but not High Priced.

Our entire stock is being sold at radi-

cal reductions—ranging from 10 to 33

cent. off marked prices



ON THE FARM

XXI—RUNNING DOWN THE DEFINITION.

When we drove through a certain field one afternoon and Mr. Joby pointed out that the grain was bearded barley, I grew interested. Here was one thing about farming not so familiar to me.

I knew what was signified by the ordinary beard. I was perfectly aware that it denoted the hair that grows on a fellow's chin as early as he can wheedle it into existence. But bearded barley was a puzzle.

I spoke to several barbers about it. They were unable to enlighten me; not one dabbled in that brand.

There was only one course to pursue. I sought Webster's Unabridged and scudged and gave orders that



The historical novel may have its place, but the price of wool is paramount.

no one was to be admitted except a certain book agent whom I was paying \$1 a month for eighty-seven months—I was anxious to own the set.

I delved into the depths of the learned work. Swiftly I glided through the dense growth of boards one finds in a dictionary.

Presently I found myself tangled up in a long bunch. It was indicated by the abbreviation: (Bot.) (I suppose it is Mr. Webster's style of trimming this particular beard.)

I was happy. I gazed my eyes to the page. I found that beard (Bot.) means the awn. But I did not stop. There was nothing the matter with awn, but I like to go to the bottom of things.

I turned to awn. I was not too late. I found that awn means the awn. It doesn't seem possible. In a second I had awn right under my thumb, and a simple thing it proved to be. It issues from the glume.

I was not over confident, but I was growing sanguine—who wouldn't? Of course, I looked up glume. It didn't mean much, but it was part of the programme. Glume means the part of a spikelet.

I didn't look upon this in the light of an achievement. Some would have gone right into ecstasies over a little discovery like that.

Not much more remained to be done. I intended to dally with these few remaining words just to round off my work. I like to see work well rounded off. It would be scarcely more than a formality, but it seemed not out of place.

Now a tract, as Webster correctly says, has an important relationship with a pedicel, and a pedicel means simply the ultimate division of a common peduncle.

Tears of joy came into my eyes. I decided to pursue my investigation a little further. These things stimulate one's mental powers, if nothing more, says the professor of psychology, and

Mr. Joby said: "Dunno."

of an achievement. Some would have gone right into ecstasies over a little discovery like that.

Not much more remained to be done. I intended to dally with these few remaining words just to round off my work. I like to see work well rounded off. It would be scarcely more than a formality, but it seemed not out of place.

Now a tract, as Webster correctly says, has an important relationship with a pedicel, and a pedicel means simply the ultimate division of a common peduncle.

help one the better to fight life's battle—let us try to believe it.

Everybody knows what a spikelet is. We all know it's nothing but a species of inflorescence. Now we are getting near the fountain head of our inquiry; the light is breaking.

And inflorescence? Like Thanaos, that oddity which is ever meditating death, yet is imperishable—

"She speaks a various language." There is the riddle, for instance, and that's not so slow. Then we have the fascicle, too. Some prefer the former to the latter; I am about equally divided between the two.

A really splendid example of inflorescence is the umbrellula, while for those who like one with more letters in it there is the capitulum.

Webster is great on inflorescence.

This time Mr. Joby slipped the Weekly Tribune down a trifle, not seeming to want it to show above the top of the book.

Looking over his glasses to see that we were ready and expectant, he began:

"In view of what we have said, even though very inadequately of the value of style, let us ask if it does not merit the most careful and assiduous cultivation?"

Here Mr. Joby looked up with a very self-satisfied smile. He had not been caught and no doubt considered himself quite another Alexander.

Clearing his throat with some importance and contracting his brow seriously, Alex continued:

"The power of the orator is mighty, but perishable. His words may be preserved, but—in June, 1882, cattle sold up to \$9.30 and it is expected that this figure will be reached before the present upward movement stops."

Mr. Joby also stopped; it looked like a desirable stopping place; it was ridiculous. Mr. Joby made light of it and tried to laugh it away, but it was plainly to be seen that he did not relish the situation—old man Alexander was sorely tried.

Mr. Joby said he would overcome the difficulty through will power, declaring that if he took no notice of any slight obstruction now and then he could run rough shod over the hygienic attraction of, as he forcefully expressed it, "any damned market report."

He gave us distinctly to understand that he would be oblivious of any incongruity; nothing should swerve him.

This time—another change was considered beneficial—it was to be an intelligent interpretation from "Pharaoh's Lives." Mr. Joby was something of a hero worshiper, and now he should be in his element.

Clothes came out and bowed. I looked at Mr. Joby intently—it was unsafe to let my gaze meet the eyes of any other.

Biting his teeth hard, and rigid with determination, and, it may be added, shifting the Ipecac molder of public opinion slightly toward the edge of the book, Alexander's double read as follows:

"After the battle of Pharsalia, between Caesar and Pompey, and after the flight of Pompey, Cato desired Cicero to take command of part of the fleet, but—hugs also advanced another peg, selling up to \$7.35—but he declined to have any further share in the war. Upon which young Pompey and his friends called him traitor—the general cattle market, however, was weak to lower—called him traitor, drew their swords, and would certainly have dispatched him had not the hog market opened steady and strong—had not Cato—had not Cato—had not Cato interposed and conveyed him out of camp. He then withdrew from public business, and—end—light bacon hogs sold at \$7.30 to \$7.60 for light to fancy—and—"

Then Mr. Joby said "obediently" and shut the book.

XXIII—WHAT TO DO TILL THE SEASON COMES.

Farmers in general seem to be imbued with the superstition that they must plow and plant at certain times of the year to secure certain results.

Mr. Joby has his time for wheat, for corn, for potatoes, for everything; and, perhaps, it is all in accordance with the signal service. That institution should now be abolished.

I find about the same weather conditions existing on the farm as elsewhere. In the spring they have "regular summer weather." In the fall they have "regular spring weather."

Whatever the time of the year, the weather invariably turns out what it is supposed to be at some other time of the year. And it is uniformly "regular."

at the opportunity of showing us just what the "Bard of Avon" was driving at.

Mr. Joby, like many others, has the habit, in reading, of deflecting his voice. The beginning is always bold, but a paragraph, especially where there is any break, usually ends in a gently descending tone, the final words being uttered almost in a whisper. This was made particularly patent on the night in question.

We did not fail to notice that Mr. Joby took up a newspaper—the Ipecac Weekly Tribune—with the book, and held it firmly against the back, perhaps to give us the impression that he did not wish to soil the volume. (I saw the first column; it was headed: "The Market.")

The beginning promised well. It was Mr. Joby's favorite selection from "Julius Caesar," and went something like this:

"The noble Brutus hath told you Caesar was ambitious: If it were so, it was a grievous fault; And—prime cattle sold up to \$8.40 in Chicago yesterday, raising the previous record of the year 15 cents. The—"

We laughed. It was the place to laugh. Mr. Joby seemed to think Shakespeare somewhat too deep and said a change would fix things. He decided to take a bit from William Mathews' "Literary Style," taking up the thread where he had dropped it some months previous—there was a blue satin book-mark with hand-painted pink forget-me-nots to show the place.

This time Mr. Joby slipped the Weekly Tribune down a trifle, not seeming to want it to show above the top of the book.

Looking over his glasses to see that we were ready and expectant, he began:

"In view of what we have said, even though very inadequately of the value of style, let us ask if it does not merit the most careful and assiduous cultivation?"

Here Mr. Joby looked up with a very self-satisfied smile. He had not been caught and no doubt considered himself quite another Alexander.

Clearing his throat with some importance and contracting his brow seriously, Alex continued:

"The power of the orator is mighty, but perishable. His words may be preserved, but—in June, 1882, cattle sold up to \$9.30 and it is expected that this figure will be reached before the present upward movement stops."

Mr. Joby also stopped; it looked like a desirable stopping place; it was ridiculous. Mr. Joby made light of it and tried to laugh it away, but it was plainly to be seen that he did not relish the situation—old man Alexander was sorely tried.

Mr. Joby said he would overcome the difficulty through will power, declaring that if he took no notice of any slight obstruction now and then he could run rough shod over the hygienic attraction of, as he forcefully expressed it, "any damned market report."

He gave us distinctly to understand that he would be oblivious of any incongruity; nothing should swerve him.

This time—another change was considered beneficial—it was to be an intelligent interpretation from "Pharaoh's Lives." Mr. Joby was something of a hero worshiper, and now he should be in his element.

Clothes came out and bowed. I looked at Mr. Joby intently—it was unsafe to let my gaze meet the eyes of any other.

Biting his teeth hard, and rigid with determination, and, it may be added, shifting the Ipecac molder of public opinion slightly toward the edge of the book, Alexander's double read as follows:

"After the battle of Pharsalia, between Caesar and Pompey, and after the flight of Pompey, Cato desired Cicero to take command of part of the fleet, but—hugs also advanced another peg, selling up to \$7.35—but he declined to have any further share in the war. Upon which young Pompey and his friends called him traitor—the general cattle market, however, was weak to lower—called him traitor, drew their swords, and would certainly have dispatched him had not the hog market opened steady and strong—had not Cato—had not Cato—had not Cato interposed and conveyed him out of camp. He then withdrew from public business, and—end—light bacon hogs sold at \$7.30 to \$7.60 for light to fancy—and—"

Then Mr. Joby said "obediently" and shut the book.

XXIII—WHAT TO DO TILL THE SEASON COMES.

Farmers in general seem to be imbued with the superstition that they must plow and plant at certain times of the year to secure certain results.

Mr. Joby has his time for wheat, for corn, for potatoes, for everything; and, perhaps, it is all in accordance with the signal service. That institution should now be abolished.

I find about the same weather conditions existing on the farm as elsewhere. In the spring they have "regular summer weather." In the fall they have "regular spring weather."

But while one little nap he snatched, it sped and shut. Ah! was he wise?

Mr. Joby gave a long, low bobwhite whistle, winked his eye and said he would consider the matter, and I thought, "Bully for Ipecac!"

The whole business is one which resolves itself simply into the question of procrastination, the interpretation of which, among the old fogies, was considered well put when some one said: "Procrastination is the thief of time." In these strenuous days a more modernized version would seem in order, and may be found in my notebook:

The American nation is the thief of time.

[To Be Continued.]

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THE AMERICAN NAVY.

Views of Rear-Admiral Melville on Recommendations of General Board.

[Philadelphia Press:] If the latest building programme of the General Board of the Navy is adopted the United States navy will rank third among those of the great nations, ahead of Germany and Russia and behind only England and France.

The programme is heartily approved by naval officers here as well as by officials of the Navy Department. The programme is heartily approved by naval officers here as well as by officials of the Navy Department.

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solely necessary that the battleship should be fast enough to overhaul and bring into action the fastest of the battleships of the enemy.

This has been strongly exemplified in the Far East. Had the Russian ships making the sortie from Port Arthur been speedy enough to have broken through the Japanese line, taking what punishment they might receive, they would have escaped and would have joined the Vladivostok fleet. This maneuver was frustrated on account of lack of speed in the Russian fleet, and the disablement of the Rurik, which delayed the remainder of the Vladivostok fleet, the other vessels trying to blanket her from the enemy's fire.

It will be a great mistake on the part of the American navy not to build ships of large tonnage, in order that they may carry heavy, defensive armor, heavy offensive batteries, coal enough to give them a wide range of action, and machinery that will insure the highest rate of speed of any ship in the world of the same tonnage and offensive and defensive qualities. In fact, this is the only reason why ships have grown in their dimensions from 700 to 10,000 to 12,000 to 14,500 tons, and why, finally, our designers, both at home and abroad, are projecting designs of 18,000 tons. Even 20,000 tons are being talked of.

In these high powered fast ships, I would strongly advocate the three-screw system, as applied in nearly every ship of more than 2000 tons in the navies of France, Germany and Russia. The reason of this is the economy of fuel in making long voyages.

When the Russian cruiser Rurik's rudder was shot away, she was lost because unable to maneuver. But in practically the same action one of the Russian battleships that managed to reach a neutral port also had her rudder shot away, but by means of her three screws could maneuver as readily without the rudder as with one.

Rear-Admiral George W. Melville, U.S.N., discussing the Naval Board's recommendations, said:

"The programme shows a very proper proportion. The probabilities are that this building schedule will keep us upon a par with Germany, or rather a little ahead. The Americans and German navies have been running on almost parallel lines as regards increase, but, judging from Germany's building layout, she would exceed us in naval strength in seven or ten years, unless we build faster than in the past."

Up to the beginning of the Russo-Japanese War, Russia was third in the list but we don't know how Russia's fleet stands as compared with that of Japan, because both nations have been using a great many ships that are not accounted for.

In the proposed programme there is no mention of high-powered, partially-armored or high-gunned cruisers. This may be a question of propriety. We already have quite a number of this class, and no doubt the fighting men of our navy are anxious to strengthen the battle line with battleships. But it is very necessary that we should have speedy armored cruisers that can overhaul and bring into action a fleet enemy.

It is all well enough to say that a battleship will live in the battle line and give and take blows, but it is a

SHARP ENOUGH.

Husband: Confound this razor! It's as good as dead.

Wife: That's queer. When I opened a box of sardines with it this morning I nearly cut my finger off.

THE HOUSE OF KUPPENHEIMER

THE term "guarantee" is used so generally and so flippantly that in most cases it loses its significance and is a meaningless trade term.

THE HOUSE OF KUPPENHEIMER uses it in its broadest sense and fully expects you to regard it as "a contract to deliver the goods." This was the first house in America to sew the guarantee in the pocket of the garment, and you'll find it there in every suit or overcoat you buy. It means precisely what it says.

Suits, \$15.00 to \$40.00; Overcoats, \$15.00 to \$50.00. Sold at the best store in your town.

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will ship to you upon receipt \$3.90 by express order or postoffice 4 full quarts of this famous white pay express charges. This is in a case which does not sh contents and positively secure fr eyes. If 4 quarts is more th want, get some friends to join y remember that we do not charge on less than 4 quarts is an honest effort to introduce quart of honest whisky, made from government distillery, whi save you from imposition and is a case to you.

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Angels Wine

Zinfandel or Claret

Muscadet Wine

Tokay Wine

Riesling Wine

Sauterne Wine

Madeira Wine

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HAND OF THE PRESIDENT.

ABOUT MR. GEORGE A. CORTELYOU.

Who Has Proved Faithful Trust and Indefatigable in Service of Every Duty. Campaign Management a Revolution in Old Politics.

Next to Roosevelt the man of national reputation increased by the outcome of the campaign is George A. Cortelyou. When the President's former secretary to manage all his campaign headquarters of the political said he was not posted on politics, that his selection was a mistake, and that, in short, it was a pity that he was not chosen rather than because of his utter misapprehension. How utterly wrong was Mr. Cortelyou, stopped by Edwin D. Murdoch, R. F. Jones, George Quay and Marcus A. Baker, with the exception of Carter, who was 33 when

of Labor.

RIKES HURT WORKINGMEN.

Suffer Most Severely from Labor Troubles.

ity of Strikes Fail to Gain Their Object.

Now Little Feared—Interesting Figures.

How the number and cost of strikes of recent years, their effects, and the present state of the business world, according to the Kansas City Journal, following interesting and significant figures:

From 1881 to 1900 there were in the United States 25,793 strikes, involving 1,000,000 men and 1,000,000 acres of land. The total loss to the country was \$125,731,121, and to the strikers \$125,731,121. The total loss to the country was \$125,731,121, and to the strikers \$125,731,121.

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Varieties A Little of This and a Little of That and a Little of the Other.

STUDY IN INTEREST.

ONE HUNDRED TRILLION CUP OF GOLD FOR ONE PENNY.

There are few people who are not interested in the study of the human mind, and the study of the human mind is the study of the human body. The human body is a complex machine, and the study of the human body is the study of the human mind.

TIPS A WAITER RECEIVED.

James of the Carlton Hotel, known as the "best head waiter in Europe," invited me up to his room at the top of the house, where he unlocked a small cabinet and displayed the finest collection of "tips" probably in the world.

CAUSE OF HIS DOWNFALL.

Archbishop Ryan told a story of a philanthropic man who used to make a practice of visiting the Eastern Penitentiary in Philadelphia, and becoming acquainted with prisoners about to be released so as to help them make a new life.

LAURIE'S STRONG PULL.

One might risk an old habit of story here, as illustrating the extraordinary hold of Laurie, the French-Canadian, upon the great French-Canadian province of Quebec.

WORDS FOR LONG HEADS.

There was a good deal about long heads in the form of long words, in the Huxley memorial lecture delivered last night before the Anthropological Institute by Dr. J. Deniker of Paris.

BY JUPITER, TAKE THIS.

The letter "R" at the head of all prescriptions is derived from the Latin word recipe, the imperative meaning "take." The little star over the "R" is the symbol of the power of Jupiter.

GOING TO A FIRE IN CHINA.

"I was in Peking," said an American tourist, "when a fire broke out in a few doors below the room in which I was lodging, and at the first alarm I rushed out and into the burning structure to see what could be saved."

QUESTION OF POLITENESS.

Representative Cooper of Texas tells a story about Gen. Sam Houston, who did not like the old general, being strenuously opposed to him politically. One day, after a heated discussion, the physician said:

MIGHT NOT WISH TO GO.

Rev. William J. McCaughan, pastor of the Third Presbyterian Church, Chicago, says that he is not a clergyman in Ireland, where service was disturbed by a crying baby.

THOSE UNUSUED WINGS.

Bishop Henry C. Potter tells a story of a clergyman who was asked to give a discourse at a Sunday-school class. After a short discourse he wound up by saying in a very paternal and condescending way:

ARTIFICIAL BUTTERFLIES.

The preparation of artificial butterflies mainly consists in spreading with a camel's hair brush very thin mullage or paste over the wings of ordinary butterflies, and then sprinkling over the certain delicate metallic powders of various colors.

SHELL WITH A TRACER.

The artillery forces at Fort Riley are experimenting with a new shell which is known as the "tracer shell." This shell is a small cylinder at the base of the shell, filled with a composition which is ignited by the discharge of the gun.

At the point of the fall the tracer

leaves the shell and shoots straight

up into the air about one hundred feet to the ground, and then, turning at an angle, shoots to the ground like a shooting star over the spot where the shell strikes.

ODD TALKS REVIVED.

Senator Depew's Gordon Ray story "off my own tree" was printed in the Worcester Press so long ago as 1878, a stranger having asked of the sexton "Who's dead?" and "What complaint?" the sexton replied: "There is no complaint; everybody is satisfied."

FAVORITE OF TWO POPES.

Cardinal Merry Del Val, the Pope's Secretary of State, who looms largely in the public eye at present, when he was a young man, was a favorite of both Pope Pius IX. and Pope Leo XIII.

THE SMALL BOY'S QUESTION.

The other day a little boy of five years old, entering the kitchen at the woman of the house: "Mrs. Pickett, let me look at your face a minute."

KISSING THE BLARNEY STONE.

Last year, while in the south of Ireland, I paid a visit to Blarney Castle and while there had the queer experience of kissing the Blarney Stone, famous in song and story.

ORIGIN OF FREE LUNCH.

A Scotch investigator has discovered the origin of the American free lunch. It is the old Scotch custom of serving a "speelidg," or dried salt haddock, with each drink of ale or whisky, which is practiced at the inns and public houses of Scotland.

What He Wanted.

"How's the oxtail soup, Sweet Marie?" asked the brisk young man in the last summer's outing suit as he drew in his chair and unfolded his paper napkin.

THE MULE THAT KICKED.

"You are an hour late this morning, Sam." "Yes, I know it, sah." "Well, what excuse have you?" "I was kicked by a mule on my way here, sah."

THE KIND ARCHBISHOP.

Archbishop Ryan and Cardinal Gibbons were walking down the beach at Cape May one day, prepared for their morning dip. The Cardinal, clad in his usual black and white, was leaning on the arm of his companion, who was helping him carefully over the hummocks of sand.

IRASCIBLE GOLFER'S COMPLAINT.

A. B. Stewart is an enthusiastic golfer, and he has a new golf story from Scotland, the home of golf. An irascible old Colonel, who used to play at golf, which is on the River Stour, had a habit, common with many of his kind, of blaming himself for his bad strokes.

ANTS OF VERSE.

In youth she dreamed of a coach and four. Now she is wed. And she dreams no more: Yet none is more happy Under the sun Than she with her baby carriage and her maid.

A BEAUTY HINT.

One night when the heavens were perfectly still And Maria had gone out for a spot, Miss Barth and Miss Venus, as dear girls will do, Sat down for a sisterly chat.

FEMININE FIGURES.

Arithmetic 'tis well to shun, Of puzzles it has plenty; For instance, I was twenty-one When Madge was sweet and twenty.

By brain is plunged in awful whirls

By mathematical rigors.

And who shall now maintain that girls Have no control of figures? —[Punch.]

THE RUNNERS.

For I run not alone. There run with me the silent Three, Through fields the dead have sown.

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desert list. I don't know what to order. No game, is there? Well, give me a plate of backbeens, a cup of iced coffee and a sweet smile."

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A. B. Stewart is an enthusiastic golfer, and he has a new golf story from Scotland, the home of golf. An irascible old Colonel, who used to play at golf, which is on the River Stour, had a habit, common with many of his kind, of blaming himself for his bad strokes.

ANTS OF VERSE.

In youth she dreamed of a coach and four. Now she is wed. And she dreams no more: Yet none is more happy Under the sun Than she with her baby carriage and her maid.

A BEAUTY HINT.

One night when the heavens were perfectly still And Maria had gone out for a spot, Miss Barth and Miss Venus, as dear girls will do, Sat down for a sisterly chat.

FEMININE FIGURES.

Arithmetic 'tis well to shun, Of puzzles it has plenty; For instance, I was twenty-one When Madge was sweet and twenty.

By brain is plunged in awful whirls

By mathematical rigors.

And who shall now maintain that girls Have no control of figures? —[Punch.]

THE RUNNERS.

For I run not alone. There run with me the silent Three, Through fields the dead have sown.

THE MULE THAT KICKED.

"You are an hour late this morning, Sam." "Yes, I know it, sah." "Well, what excuse have you?" "I was kicked by a mule on my way here, sah."

THE KIND ARCHBISHOP.

Archbishop Ryan and Cardinal Gibbons were walking down the beach at Cape May one day, prepared for their morning dip. The Cardinal, clad in his usual black and white, was leaning on the arm of his companion, who was helping him carefully over the hummocks of sand.

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A BEAUTY HINT.



New Tailor Made Suits—in coat styles, satin lined; colorings blue or brown also black; have walking length skirts and are correct in style, fit and finish.
Price.....**\$20.00**

Lamburger's

Stylish Toggery for the "Fair Sex"

There isn't any reason you should not be as well dressed for the L. A. "Races" as were your sisters for the recent "Horse Shows" in the East. We certainly have not spared expense in getting the best imported and domestic made garments—all by famous modistes. There is much elaborateness of trimming in all classes of garments; and a radical departure in styles. We are showing many styles so new as not to have yet been noted in the fashion plates.

\$65.00 Crepe de Chine Costumes \$35.00

Either Crepe de Chine or Taffeta silk costumes in shades of tan, brown, light blue or white; waists trimmed in lace, tucks and embroidered French knots. Skirts trimmed with tucks and folds and made over Taffeta silk drops. Regular \$60.00 to \$65.00
values on sale this week
at.....**\$35**

Crepe de Chine and French Voile Costumes—have bodice waists with lace yokes; shirred or tucked skirts. They are all silk lined and are in black, blue, brown, light blue, tan or white.
Priced this week at.....**\$49.00**

Imported Costumes—materials Crepe de Chine, Liberty satin, Chiffon satin, velvet and Pique de Cygne. They are both originals and copies from the best makers of Europe and in all the wanted colorings of brown, castor, green, champagne and white and prices range \$100.00, \$110.00, \$120.00, \$130.00 and.....**\$200.00**

Taffeta Silk Suits—shades of golden brown, blue or dark brown. The skirts are trimmed with shirring and velvet ribbon. They are all new
in style. Priced.....**\$25.00**

Taffeta Silk Suits—black, blue or brown; the waists made very full blouse style and the skirt is also full shirred at top and has ruffle around
hem. Priced.....**\$35.00**

Taffeta Silk Dresses—brown or black; full blouse style with large sleeve and have full plaited skirts. A special leader this week
at.....**\$54.50**

New Tailored Suits—wool Cheviot, black, blue or brown; have vesting front of contrasting color and jackets are all silk lined and have
unlined plaited skirts. Priced.....**\$29.00**

New Chiffon Cloth Costumes—shirred blouse style with fancy sleeves; trimmed with Persian bands and beads; have plaited and shirred skirts. They are all silk lined; are among the most stylish
of the new garments and priced at.....**\$49.00**

New Velvet Crush Blouses—black or brown with white vest and lining and plaited silk girdle. They are an ultra stylish garment for swell
dresses. Priced at.....**\$35.00**

HANDSOME APPAREL

EVERY woman and man with the attributes of human beauty, an indisputable fact that the "first day" is a society event, the attendance of both sexes will be large; and every woman will make elaborate preparations to supply all your wants in general.

Taffeta Silk Shirt Waist Suits at \$20.00

As silk suits are so extremely popular this season this particular offering at the price will certainly appeal to you. They are a new line of suits just received; all of them correct in style, fit and finish and are in colorings of blue or brown; also black and made with white Pique vests and full plaited skirts. Just the needed suit for the races.
Price.....**\$20**

Crush Velvet Coats—black or brown; also cloth coats in "cigaron brule" shades; either three quarter or half length; all lined with best quality satin Duchesse and have Persian trimming on collar and
front. A special leader at.....**\$50.00**

Handsome Velvet Coats—shades of mole and brown, also black; are in three quarter length; loose back; full sleeves; very newest and best of
style priced at.....**\$75.00**

Taffeta Silk or Shirred Vailing Waists—all in good style and in shades of blue, brown, gray or castor also black. They are nicely made and serviceable for street or evening wear. Specially
priced at.....**\$5.00**

Chiffon Taffeta Silk Waists—a new Taffeta weave at present very popular; are in plaited styles; plain colors of blue, brown or black also
plaid. Price.....**\$7.50**

New Glo



stores at \$2.50. Our price.....**\$1.50**

"La Cigale" Kid Gloves—black, brown, gray, red and green; made with Parisian style; all finger lengths and every pair
to \$1.25. A special leader at.....**\$1.25**

Newest Silk Gloves—black, brown, gray, red and green; made with Parisian style; all finger lengths and every pair
to \$1.25. A special leader at.....**\$1.25**

Ready-to-Use Linens for Thanksgiving Day

If you have been obliged to delay the matter of securing linens by the yard and making up in time for Thanksgiving dinner, let us now suggest that you purchase the ready-to-use table linens, especially when you can do so at such very attractive prices as offered in the following list:

\$6.50 For a \$9.00 Pattern Set Complete.

This set includes a 2 yard cloth and one dozen 24 inch napkins to match. They have chrysanthemum border and snowdrop centers; are of lustrous elegant linen; and each trip to the wash tub adds to their beautiful finish and decorative appearance. It is actually a set worth \$9.00 specially priced this week.

\$3.50 Irish Linen Napkins at, Per Dozen

Look where you will, compare with any offered or advertised and you will not find a better Irish linen napkin under \$3.50. They are satin finished, are of pure flax, size 20x20 inches and are in floral and dot patterns. For wearing quality and beautiful finish are unexcelled and are a special leader this week at, per dozen
\$2.59

72 inch Bleached Irish Linen Table Damask—full bleached; satin finish; free from dressing; patterns Grecian crosses, wreaths, and roses; very serviceable for general household uses. Price per yard.....**79c**

68 inch Bleached Table Damask—pure linen; finest grade; washes and wears well; is satin finished; patterns snow drops, carnations, orchids, stripes and Fleur de Lis. Price per yard.....**85c**

72-inch Irish Linen Table Damask—extra heavy weight; full bleached; for wear and washing unexcelled; is of standard quality and patterns are chrysanthemums, ferns and pansies. Price per yard.....**\$1.00**

66-inch Bleached Table Damask—extra heavy weight; closely woven; will stand hard service; always look well and the patterns are lion d'oe and assorted floral designs. Price per yard.....**89c**

Scotch Linen Damask Napkins—full bleached; 23x24 inch; heavy weight; satin finished; patterns snowdrops, holly and pansies and are priced for Thanksgiving
Sale at per dozen.....**\$4.25**

Fine Linen Damask Sets—of a high grade table Damask; satin finish; the cloth is 3 yards long and has 26 inch square napkins to match. They have pattern borders and are an old Irish linen set worth
\$22.50. Thanksgiving price.....**\$18.50**

Damask Table Set—24 x 24 yards; napkins 26 inches square. They are of finest grade Moravian Damask; full bleached and satin finished; one of the best sets for the money to be found in our entire stock and reasonably priced
at.....**\$30.00**

Irish Linen Damask Napkins—full bleached; satin finished; 23x24 inches; free from dressing; the patterns includes half fern and wild rose; also plain centers with border of poppies, dots, stripes and snow
drops. Price per dozen.....**\$4.75**

Irish Linen Damask Napkins—full bleached; 23x24-inch size; of heavy weight; strong and durable for general household uses; a large range of patterns to select from.
Priced at per dozen.....**\$3.89**

Irish Linen Damask Napkins—24 inches square; full bleached; satin finished; fine close weave; warranted to give thorough satisfaction in every respect.
Price per dozen.....**\$3.65**

Plain Linen and Linen Damask Scarving—table Damask; satin finish; the cloth is 3 yards long and has 26 inch square napkins to match. They have pattern borders and are an old Irish linen set worth
\$22.50. Thanksgiving price.....**\$18.50**

36 inch Handkerchief Linen per yard 50c, 60c, 70c, 80c, \$1.00 up to \$2.00.
Large Check Art Crash—red, green, blue or yellow; 18 inches wide, per yard.....**15c**

Plain Satin Damask—18 inch 50c, 24 inch 60c, 27 inch 70c, 36 inch 85c, 45 inch \$1.00, 54 inch \$1.25, 72 inch \$1.50.

All Linen for Fancy Work—in all the grades both German and Irish make in round sheer or heavy weaves. Priced as follows:
18 inch bleached art linen per yard 35c,
20 inch bleached art linen per yard 40c,
22 inch bleached art linen per yard 45c,
24 inch bleached art linen per yard 50c,
27 inch bleached art linen per yard 60c and 65c,
36 inch bleached art linen per yard 80c, 90c, 100c, 110c, 120c and \$1.00.
40 inch art linen at per yard 60c and 65c,
45 inch art linen at per yard 65c, \$1.00, \$1.25, and \$1.50,
54 inch art linen at per yard \$1.25.



Dinner Sets and

Every housewife desires to have dishes or other table appointments of a nicely appointed table as they are gathered together.

\$25 For Genuine Haviland China. This ware is made by Haviland in the very best French China decorations; stippled gold handles for twelve people and week's selling.

Dinner Sets—American semi-porcelain; fancy shapes; blue forget-me-not decorations; gold edges; is an open stock pattern: Complete set for 12 people at \$10.39 Complete set for 6 people at \$6.39

Dinner Sets—plain white semi-porcelain; fancy embossed patterns; sold in odd pieces or in sets and this week we offer the following: Complete set for 12 people at \$8.75 Complete set for 6 people at \$4.75

Dinner Sets—Haviland & Co.'s fine French China; all handles solid gold and have delicate pink and green spray decorations: Set complete for 12 people at \$30.75 Set complete for 6 people at \$26.95

Tri-Color Sheet

BUSTER BROWN'S PRANKS

XXIIIrd YEAR.



Newest Fiction and Rebound Copyrights

Two choice lines of books will be specially featured for this week:
New \$1.50 Fiction at \$1.18
The publisher's price is \$1.50 and they are sold at exclusive book stores at that price but with us
\$1.18
Partial list of the new titles follow:
The House of Fulfillment—Martin.
Xmas Eve on Lonesome—Fox.
Beverly of Grantville—McCutcheon.
The Masquerade—Thurston.
Singular Miss Smith—Kingsley.
The Man on the Box—McGrath.
Jewel's Story Book—Burnham.
Zelda Dancer—Kingsley.
The Law of the Land—Hough.
Virgilus—Bacheller.
\$1.50 Rebound Copyrights 58c
These books while not the latest are yet those that have been favorites in the past year or so and are known as rebound copyrights which we will sell at
58c
Partial list of titles follow:
Red Rock—Page.
Cardinal's Seal Box—Harland.
The Right of Way—Parker.
In the Palace of the King—Crawford.
Truth—Zola.
Two Horned Alexander—Stockton.
Dorothy Vernon—Major.
Barabbas—Corelli.

\$10.00 Imported French Corsets at \$5.00
The materials are embroidered silk Batiste, white or color; are in all sizes from 16 to 36 and are in models for all figures. None worth less than \$7.50 and many of them \$10. On sale Monday only.
SECOND FLOOR

What Your Eyes Need
Visit our new optical department and you will be told after a scientific test just what kind of lenses are needed. We straighten and adjust your old frames free of charge, no matter where purchased. We offer the best Periscopic reading lenses such as sold elsewhere at \$1.50 to \$2.00 per pair, 75c.
Rimless Riding Bow or Eye Glasses—with gold filled mountings and first quality reading lenses. Others' prices \$3.50 and \$4. Our price \$1.95.

\$10.00 Lacquered Tables at \$6.95.
They are in three different shades of fawn; are irregular in pattern; nicely decorated in gold and silver leaf; have turned legs and are very ornamental designs for parlor pieces. They are worth \$10.00. On special sale for Monday only.
FOURTH FLOOR

Japanese \$2.50 Cut Velvet Cushion Tops at \$1.95
There are about 300 in the lot; 24 x 24 inch size in landscape and animal patterns.

Japanese \$3.50 Satin Cushion Tops at \$2.95
Are hand embroidered in wisteria, chrysanthemum and Japanese figures; a large range of colorings to select from.

Japanese \$7.50 Satin Cushion Tops at \$5.95
These are extra fine quality all silk; are in a pretty design elaborately embroidered in Japanese flowers; also bird patterns. Were priced in our Japanese sale at \$7.50.

\$1.00 Satin Cushion Tops at 69c
Are of heavy quality all silk and are in a large assortment of colors and patterns. They are mostly floral designs.

75c Heavy Velour Cushion Tops at 50c
24x24 inch size; of fine quality; some in the same designs as the higher priced satins; a large range of patterns and colorings to select from.
THIRD FLOOR

New Dress Goods and Waistings

There are so many new weaves this season that it is almost impossible for any one store to have them all, but we have considered the interest of our public and have secured such weaves as are most in fashion and are not selling them any higher than the same grades are sold for in the largest stores of the East. We have a number of exceptional bargains in our dress goods lines for they were special lots purchased at price concessions that enable us to retail them at but a small fraction of their actual worth.

75c
50-inch Black Cheviot Serge—This is a special assortment of 25 pieces of excellent Serge with fine twill weave, thick nap, of good weight and thoroughly shoddy and clean. An actual \$1.00 value.

50-inch Imported Venetian Cloth—wanted colors; also black; twill face with smooth back; strictly pure wool. We will sponge them free of charge. Can not be matched elsewhere under \$1.50. Our price.....**\$1.00**

50-inch Mannish Wool Suitings—are in navy, red, green, brown and gray grounds with small broken checks, invisible broken plaids, fancy stripes, and small mixed effects. Price per yard.....**\$1.50**

44-inch All Wool Chiffon Voiles—in most of the new street shades, as also black and cream; are lustrous, soft Chiffon finish; open mesh weaves of light weight; pure wool and worth \$1.25 anywhere. We give them a showing this week per yard.....**\$1.00**

44-inch Silk and Wool Aeolians—also Crepe de Paris. The Aeolian is a fine cord weave; the Crepe de Paris a Crepe weave showing cord effect. Both are pure silk warp with wool filling and are in all the wanted shades, also black and cream. Worth \$1.50, but priced here, per yard.....**\$1.50**

27-inch Embroidered Wool Waistings—are in cream, red, cadet, navy, tan, russet, brown and other colorings; also black grounds with embroidered silk figures in Persian effect and are in granite and Panama weaves; pure wool; worth \$1.00. Priced at.....**75c**

Women's Winter Underwear and Hosiery
Comfortable undergarments of good quality; the hosiery in very latest patterns and colorings—both lines of merchandise in daily use and now offered at money saving prices.

Women's \$1.50 Wool Union Suits at \$1.00
They are Jersey ribbed; are in white and gray; made Oseita style; have high neck, long sleeve and are in ankle length. They are of good quality and are the kinds usually sold at \$1.50. A special leader for this week at, per suit.....**\$1.00**

Women's Lislethread Hose—plain gauge, 50 gauge or plain lisle with fancy embroidered ankles and embroidered lace ankles or fancy stripes in grays and tans. They are the novelties of the season; made double sock, heels and toes, and would not be overpriced at \$1.00. Our price, per pair.....**75c**

Women's Plain Black Silk Hose—made of pure thread silk; also fancy colored lisle hose; all of them with double soles, heels and toes. This is an exceptionally fine line of hosiery that cannot be duplicated elsewhere under \$1.50. You will find these a safe investment at our price, per pair.....**\$1.50**

\$10.00 Silk Petticoats at \$6.00

They are of good grade Taffeta in all the new colorings flounce trimmed with quilling and are absolutely matchless anywhere under \$10.00. On special sale Monday only, at.....
SECOND FLOOR

New Jewelry and Leather N

Select your Christmas presents while complete. If you would but take the stocks displayed you will have no trouble in something to meet your approval and are willing to pay. Naturally, the price is not to permit full descriptions in this you may judge all other values by them.

\$10 For Men's \$15.00 Gold watches are the new size watch in the line; case; Waltham or Elgin; jewel, gold filled and have a special leader.

Women's \$10.00 Gold Filled Watches—Hunting case; full jewel movement; new case; special.....**\$7.95**
"La Vallier" Necklaces—amber, blue, red and turquoise; seven stone setting; \$2.50 value Monday.....**\$1.45**
Diamonds—finger rings and screw earrings; 14 kt. gold mountings. A \$19.75 value at.....**\$10.00**
Cuff Links—14 kt. gold filled, special Monday \$1.95; 10 year gold filled, large assortment special Monday.....**\$1.45**
Sterling Scarf Pins—5 year gold filled; facsimile of \$15.00 patterns. Special Monday.....**95c**
10 year Gold Filled Brooches—bright and Roman designs; worth \$2.50.....**\$1.45**
New Vassar Guards—collar attachment and solid one tenth gold soldered links; worth \$7.50. Special.....**\$4.95**
Silk Brooches—figured Fall Opera Bags—handsome colorings. \$3.50 value. Monday.....**\$1.95**
New Leather Bags—long harness strap handle; sea lion, walrus, seal, Morocco and levant leathers. \$5.00 value.....**\$3.95**

Prunes 50-lb. box.....**\$2.50**
Raisins 48 lbs.....**\$2.50**

Women's Vega Silk Vests—Swiss ribbed, high neck, long sleeve; pure white; are nicely finished around neck and down front. They are form fitting and are nicely made and would not be overpriced at \$2.00. Our leader at.....**\$2.00**
Women's Pure Silk Vests—low neck, sleeveless style, Swiss ribbed; have heavy crocheted yokes and are in white, pink or blue. These are as good as sold in other stores at \$2.50 and will be a special offering this week here at.....**\$3.00**

New York Bags—washed, handsewnly fitted, special.....**\$1.50**
Boston Bags—"Duplex" sea lion grain leather; black or brown. \$3.50 value.....**\$1.50**
Philadelphia Bags—dark or black leather, with frame. \$3.00 value.....**\$1.50**
Washington Bags—woven handle; and are tan or brown. \$2.50 value.....**\$1.50**
Chicago Bags—black leather; handle; worth \$1.50.....**\$1.50**
Children's Strap Bags—leather; good value at special price.....**\$1.50**
Parisian Leather Bags—bottoms and buckles; white and black. \$2.50 value.....**\$1.50**
New Plaid Scotch Bags—combinations; others \$1.50. Our price.....**\$1.50**
Silk Bags—satin of pink and black. \$2 value at.....**\$1.50**
Art Leather Goods—priced at 45c, leather \$5c, and leather \$1.50.

\$2.50 The Hand

LONDON

FANCIES of the FAIR



INTERCHANGEABLE.
The Doves—Being a new woman
and a very lady at Christmas.
The Collector—How's that, my
boy?
The Doves—You can make your
own present of something you
like best.

(COPYRIGHT, 1904 BY THE NEW YORK HERALD CO.)

THE WISH TWIN'S AND ALADDIN'S LAMP



CITIZEN FIXIT DISAGREES WITH HIS TAILOR.

I am for the folks
it has suffered long.



THE GUY DOES NOT FIT. YOU
ORDERED IT AS WELL AS I DO.

IT WAS NOT FINISHED AT THE
TIME YOU PROMISED. TAKE IT.

BACK. I REFUSE TO PAY ONE
CENT. YOU ARE A SWINDLER.

I AM FOR THE PUBLIC; IT HAS
SUFFERED LONG.

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The Youths' Department — Our Boys and Girls



3 LITTLE DONKEYS

BY SOLON LAUER.

(Continued.)

TEDDY and Winkie had not gone to sleep, however, although they had kept their eyes closed. When they heard the moaning of the robber, they both sat up, and looked at him, to make sure that he was not shamming. Teddy nodded to Winkie.

"He's asleep, all right," he said, in a whisper.

Then the boys tried to free their hands from the ropes, but the robber had done his work well. They twisted and tugged until they had almost worn the skin off, but it was of no use.

Teddy had brought his crossbow, which he carried, thinking that it might be of some use in case they were pursued.

But the robber was still snoring beside the extinguished embers of the campfire, and the boys pushed forward without interruption. Presently the moon arose, and gave them some light on the trail, so that they were enabled to make better time. They traveled all night, and by daylight had put twelve or fifteen miles between them and their late captor. They were making for the place where they had left their cart and harness, intending to get out of the mountains as soon as possible.



AREN'T THE BOYS THAT CAPTURED THOSE ROBBERS AWHILE AGO?

The boys sat for some time gloomily meditating upon the situation. Then a thought struck Teddy. Turning his back to Winkie, he hitched along until he was close enough to touch him.

"Turn round, Winkie," he whispered. "Place your hands so I can reach them, and I'll try to untie you ropes."

Winkie did as desired, and Teddy worked patiently, trying to untie the knots on Winkie's wrists. But the robber had drawn them too tight. At last Teddy gave up in despair. With his own hands bound so tightly behind him, he could not accomplish it.

Then the boys sat very still for a long time, trying to think of some plan by which they might rid themselves of the cruel ropes which bound them. At last Teddy caught sight of the robber's knife, lying not far from the place where he had stretched himself out for sleep. He had used it at supper, and had carelessly left it lying on the ground. The campfire had died down, but the embers cast a faint glow around, and it was by this dim light that Teddy saw the knife. With a whispered word to Winkie, Teddy began to hitch himself along, very softly, so as not to arouse the robber, until he had reached the knife. Then, turning his back to it, he grasped it with his right hand, and slowly worked his way back to Winkie, his heart beating fast with hopes of release.

When he reached Winkie's side, he held the knife firmly and directed Winkie to place his own hands against the blade in such a way as to cut the ropes. Winkie maneuvered very carefully until he got the knife blade between his wrists so that the ropes were upon the sharp edge. Cautiously rubbing the ropes against the blade, he, at last, after a quarter of an hour of effort, succeeded in cutting them, and his hands were free. Then he quickly seized the knife and cut the ropes which bound Teddy's hands. In another minute they had cut the bonds from their ankles, and stood free once more.

With a quick glance at the robber, to make sure that he had not been awakened, the boys picked up what belonged to them, and made off down the creek bed, stumbling over the boulders in the darkness, and falling down in the water several times, in their eager haste to get away. Arriving at the place where Peggy had been left, they halted to look for her. They scarcely hoped to find her, especially as the night was so dark; and for some time their search was in vain. They were afraid, too, that if they should find her, she would greet them in her usual way, with a loud bawl, which would probably arouse the robber. But in this matter they were very fortunate. While they were cautiously peering about in the brush, Teddy dimly saw a dark body lying under a tree near the creek. Stealing forward, he became convinced that it was Peggy. In another moment the form arose, and with a sniff Peggy recognized her masters. She did not bawl, however, but came trotting quickly up to the boys, putting out her nose as if she wanted to be petted. Teddy stroked her, and spoke to her in low tones. Then the boys threw their sacks over her back, roped them with Winkie's lariats, and, with a rope around her neck, to lead her, they started down the trail in the darkness.

Soon after daylight they halted to start a camp fire, and proceeded to fry some flapjacks. They had stopped in a cañon, where there was a small stream of water. Peggy took a drink, and then fell to grazing. While the boys were eating their breakfast, their appetites sharpened by their hard travel, they heard the crunching of gravel on the trail, and a burro with a pack soon appeared, followed by a tall man with a black mustache. As he caught sight of the boys, he halted the burro, and accosted them.

"Aren't you the boys that captured those robbers awhile ago?" he asked.

"We are," replied Teddy.

"Well, I'm looking for you—or, rather, for the robber who has been trailing you. Have you seen anything of him?"

"We have just left him," replied Teddy, "though without his knowledge or consent."

"Just left him?" exclaimed the newcomer in surprise. "How is that?"

"Please explain," said the newcomer.

Teddy briefly related their recent experience, to which their visitor listened eagerly.

"Well!" exclaimed the latter, when Teddy had finished. "You boys certainly are plucky and clever, too. Now I must get that man. He escaped from jail a week ago. We suspected that he was the gase had a retreat somewhere up in here, and we were told by one of his partners that he was going to try and find you boys. We learned from a rancher back yonder that you had taken this trail, and I followed you. I was pretty sure that if I followed you far enough I should get on the track of my man. I am a deputy-sheriff, and I have a warrant for that fellow in my pocket. Now, if you boys will help me catch him, I will pay you ten dollars apiece. Will you do it?"

"Well," replied Teddy, slowly. "I don't know as we ought to put ourselves in danger again. Still, if we can aid the law in bringing him to justice, perhaps it is our duty."

"It certainly is," replied the stranger, eagerly. "And as for the danger, I'll see that you come to no harm. Just guide me to his retreat, and I'll do the rest."

"Well," said Teddy, looking at Winkie, "we've traveled all night without sleep, and I don't know as we would be able to go back with you now. We ought to have a little rest."

"Oh, well, if he does, we'll meet him on the trail, and it will save us that much travel," replied the deputy.

"Then we will turn in now, and get a little sleep. Be sure to call us by seven o'clock," said Teddy.

"And I'll have some dinner all ready for you when you get up," replied the deputy.

for you when you get up," replied the deputy.

So the boys stretched themselves out under the bushes, and were asleep almost as soon as their heads touched the ground.

[To be continued.]

(Copyright, 1934, by Solon Lauer.)

AN UNWELCOME VISITOR.

How a Family Relic Caused Terror Among the Inhabitants of the Yard.

(SPECIALLY CONTRIBUTED TO THE TIMES.)

There was great commotion among the birds on that beautiful spring day and the family were at a loss to know the reason for it. The birds were the delight of this family, and everything possible was done to induce them to come to their grounds and build their homes there.

One old mockingbird, who had long made his home with them, was particularly fearless, and scolded or sang as the mood moved him, drove from the yard such birds as had gained his displeasure—or that unwelcome chose to come when he was feeling unusually ugly—picked and chased any cat or dog who dared to venture within his domain, lorded it over all and gaining the admiration of the family by his very audacity. If this taking upon himself the police-manship of the yard had not been sufficient to assure his place in the family's regard, the glorious strains of melody that poured from his throat, permeating the air with their liquid notes, making a dull day more endurable and a sunny one more enchanted, giving to life itself a more rosy hue and making it seem more white—this very song which floated down to them, often from the highest pinnacle of the house, made the family forgive all his shortcomings and ever welcome him as their greatest acquisition.

It was the custom of the family to move about in the yard among their feathered guests, and so tame were the latter that no heed was given to these humans and love-making and housewifery went steadily on as though there was no family about. So this unusual, unheard-of commotion among the birds was very noticeable, and as they waited the anger of the mockingbird, the distress of the dainty goldfinches, the curiosity of the linnets, and the excitement of the unusually quiet towhees, their wondering grew. Finally it was decided that the cause of all this distress must be found, and a wise member of the family suggested that a search be made in the part of the house where the disturbance centered.

"You were cleaning in the attic, this morning; what did you throw out that was so disturbed the birds?" she said to another member, who indeed, had been rummaging among the cobwebs and dust of the topmost floor. A trip through a back porch in the second story revealed the cause of all this commotion. There, sitting unobtrusively on his perch in the hot sun—was a large stuffed owl which for many years had guarded the discarded treasures of the attic, and had today been brought out and thoughtlessly thrown upon the porch. No wonder that there was consternation among the birds. The owl, indeed, was a family relic, and the friends who had allowed this large, unfriendly bird to come into their domain and thus disturb their peaceful retreat.

The owl was taken down and placed upon the front porch, and the family retired within the house to watch developments and see what the birds would do. For awhile the birds chattered, scolding and filling the air with a discordant babel of notes. Finally the owl, indeed, a bird who had been the prime mover in all this commotion, boldly made a dive down at this big-eyed bird who sat so lazily upon his perch, and actually pulled a feather from his head, darting quickly back lest the owl should grab him. For a time after this, the scolding and distress was kept up, but gradually subsided, and one by one the birds went about their business, leaving the owl deserted. And well they might, for had not the mother owl said, "I don't want any of you boys, and you need not fear?"

After this the family, to test the bird, placed the owl in a tree; but they could not get the fool of a bird to climb, and he sat there, indeed, a bird who had been the prime mover in all this commotion, boldly made a dive down at this big-eyed bird who sat so lazily upon his perch, and actually pulled a feather from his head, darting quickly back lest the owl should grab him. For a time after this, the scolding and distress was kept up, but gradually subsided, and one by one the birds went about their business, leaving the owl deserted. And well they might, for had not the mother owl said, "I don't want any of you boys, and you need not fear?"

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JOHNNY'S COOKIES.

THE PART THEY PLAYED IN A THANKSGIVING.

(SPECIALLY CONTRIBUTED TO THE TIMES.)

It was the day before Thanksgiving and Johnny Ferguson had been set to work in the back yard to tie up bunches of eucalyptus for fuel. Only a few days preceding the edge of a sand storm had brushed the Ferguson ranch, near the foothills, and twisted and torn from the sensitive eucalyptus trees limbs and branches, which were strewn on the ground, the leaves of twisted, green, slender, and brown, making a carpet that in point of color could not have been rivalled by a Persian carpetmaker of skill.

It was slow work, gathering the leaves and twigs, and tying them together with the twigs, and Johnny was a little boy not quite ten, and his fingers got cold, oh! so cold, for it was yet early in the morning and the cold was scarcely out of his big blue eyes.

Just as he had a fine large bunch ready to tie, a friendly little gopher close by put his head out of his hole to see what was going on. Johnny stood perfectly still to watch him, for these queer little animals had a great fascination for the child, and he knew that gophers, like birds, don't mind form; it is motion that fills them with consternation. The gopher blinked at Johnny with his little bead eyes with some suspicion. He certainly looked very much like another little gopher that had thrown a stone at him one day when he was just emerging from his hole for a run across the lot.

But at this moment the kitchen window went up with a bang, the gopher disappeared, and Johnny simultaneously went on tying the twigs. If the gopher scented a red flag, so did Johnny, and his fears appeared to be well grounded, for, framed in the open window, stood the second Mrs. Ferguson, a hard-faced, red-handed woman, who until quite recently had borne the plain name of Mary McGuire.

"John Ferguson!" called the woman in the window, "John Ferguson!" when she said "John" in place of "Johnny" there was usually trouble ahead for Johnny—if you're too lazy to get me fuel to cook Thanksgiving dinner, why, you'll be too lazy to eat it, and mind, I'll speak to you again, not a bite'll you get."

The look of bright interest that had shown in Johnny's face died out instantly, and as he gathered together fresh branches of eucalyptus a picture came to his mind of the Thanksgiving two years before. He saw in his mental vision his own mother standing in that same window, he remembered all the good things she was making for him of cookies and little lamb, made with woolly with coconut, of buttered bread, and the lovely red of the heart; and then came back to him his mother's sweet face, her voice, so gentle, and he wondered to get me fuel to cook Thanksgiving dinner, why, you'll be too lazy to eat it, and mind, I'll speak to you again, not a bite'll you get."

"Not for two years," answered Mrs. Ferguson, with an attempt at cordiality, anxious to put her best foot forward in the presence of her husband's friend, but evidently embarrassed by the conclusion that her son had been a good boy, and she was not quite in style, but was tied very precisely under her chin; at her throat she wore an old-fashioned coral pin, the family bit of color at her throat was reproduced in her cheeks, and her face suggested that she was at peace with herself and could bring others to peace. She sweet child—Johnny's Johnny?

"Is this Mrs. Ferguson? I'm an old friend of your husband's and Johnny's," Mrs. Browning's name was Mrs. Ferguson, with an attempt at cordiality, anxious to put her best foot forward in the presence of her husband's friend, but evidently embarrassed by the conclusion that her son had been a good boy, and she was not quite in style, but was tied very precisely under her chin; at her throat she wore an old-fashioned coral pin, the family bit of color at her throat was reproduced in her cheeks, and her face suggested that she was at peace with herself and could bring others to peace. She sweet child—Johnny's Johnny?

"Come right in," Mrs. Ferguson said, with an attempt at cordiality, anxious to put her best foot forward in the presence of her husband's friend, but evidently embarrassed by the conclusion that her son had been a good boy, and she was not quite in style, but was tied very precisely under her chin; at her throat she wore an old-fashioned coral pin, the family bit of color at her throat was reproduced in her cheeks, and her face suggested that she was at peace with herself and could bring others to peace. She sweet child—Johnny's Johnny?

"Well, I believe everyone's here," added Mrs. Browning, consulting them all in each hand, and then he hugged and kissed and made to promise to come again, and went away happier than he had been for many a long day.

"Jane, Jane, will you look!" demanded Mrs. Ferguson excitedly.

"Yes, and I believe everyone's here," added Mrs. Browning, consulting them all in each hand, and then he hugged and kissed and made to promise to come again, and went away happier than he had been for many a long day.

"Jane, Jane, will you look!" demanded Mrs. Ferguson excitedly.

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mental photograph of the room. "You can usually tell a good deal about a bear by his den," she thought, to herself. "Don't look much like Martha's housekeeping. What gaudy wall paper! I remember Martha wanted papering done, just before she was taken sick, but she said poor John couldn't afford it. Queer how men change when there is a new wife. And no flowers in the door yard," she mentally observed, looking out into the yard.

Mrs. Ferguson came in, slamming the door behind her. "He ain't there; he's always running after squirrels and gophers and birds, trying to find out how they live and what they eat, and all the rest of that Lord's-blessed intended humans should know about."

Mrs. Browning got up and walked toward the door, without saying a word until her hand was on the knob. "I was so anxious to see Johnny," she said quietly. "When he comes home, please tell him that an old friend of his mother's is at the door and put her kind regards about just opposite me. I wish he could come up in the morning; we'll be out this afternoon. I can scarcely wait to see the child."

"I didn't," she said, frowning; somehow her heart closed involuntarily against the father and the woman he had chosen for a wife and mother to his child.

Mrs. Browning and Miss Travers were busy preparing their Thanksgiving dinner. Miss Travers had just given a batch of cookies out of the oven and Johnny little sat pounded hard on the front door.

"I'll go," said Mrs. Browning, anxious to be useful, and before opening the door she looked at the name of "Johnny" on the door.

Sure enough, there stood Martha Ferguson's boy. No one could mistake him for anybody else's child. There was his mother's sweet face, over again, and those pathetic blue eyes, with long lashes—Mrs. Browning saw this much before she opened the door and put her kind regards about just opposite me. I wish he could come up in the morning; we'll be out this afternoon. I can scarcely wait to see the child."

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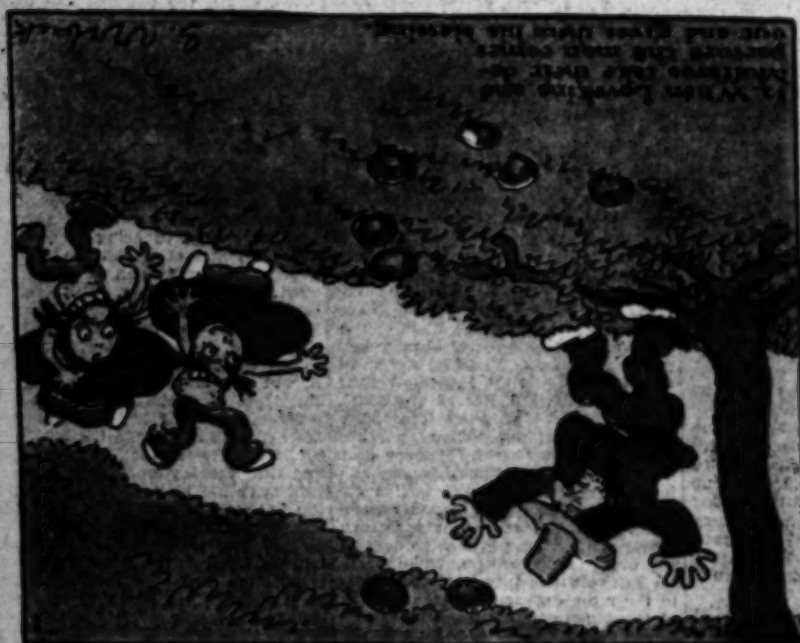
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UPSIDE-DOWNS OF LITTLE LADY LOVEKINS AND OLD MAN MUFFAROO

THE CLAM THE APPLES AND THE SNAKE.

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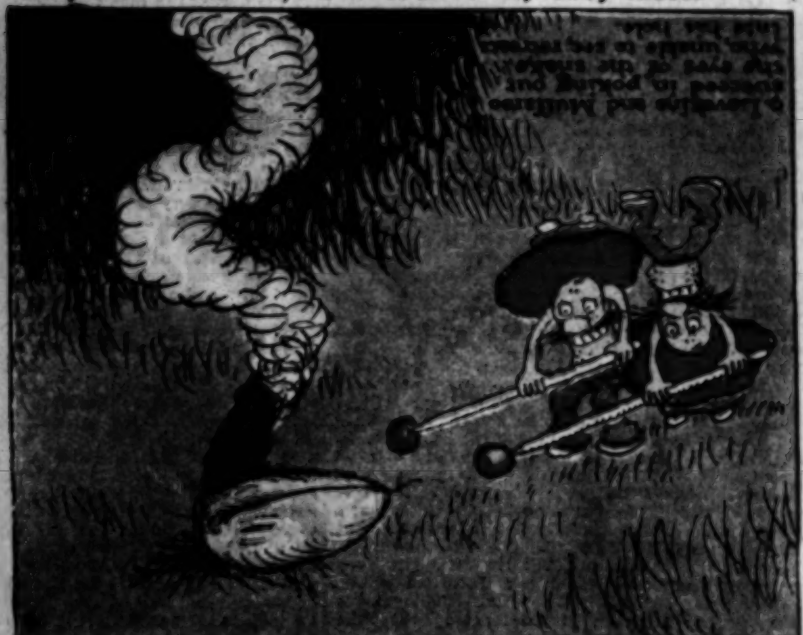
What is this? An old man falling out of an apple tree! Run fast, Lovekins and Muffaroo, pick the old man up and carry him to his bed, for he is hurt very badly indeed.



Now Lovekins and Muffaroo are going in search of some herbs that will cure the poor man of his injuries.



When they get hungry they make a fire of dry wood and cook their supper which consists of one huge clam and apples.



The smoke curls up, the clam smells good, and so do the apples which they poke into the fire.



The apples sizzle, and the clam pops open. They eat their frugal repast.



Then they look for herbs, but no herbs can they find. "It looks as though there might be snakes here," Lovekins says.

The Woolbeasts.



The coat of the Bair looks like snow, As he lives on tooth powder and dough. This seems curious fare to give to a Bair, But no other fodder will go.



To make himself slide the Obard Has to cover his flippers with lard. Lacking wholly in grace, he still keeps up the pace, But admits his amusements come hard.



When captive the muscular Naive Is, we fear, more or less of a slave. He is strong, we admit, and has wonderful grit, But he doesn't know how to behave.



The novel imported Itsold Was cast in a very queer mould. As their bristles of wire always drag in the mire, They're better to have than to hold.



The Jolk, on account of his size, Is equipped with unusual eyes. And is wonderfully clever. They say that he never Fails to do anything that he tries.



In the gorge where the Gobblers reside One can neither walk, crawl, jump or slide. So they grow very stout, and can only get out By stepping on those that have died.

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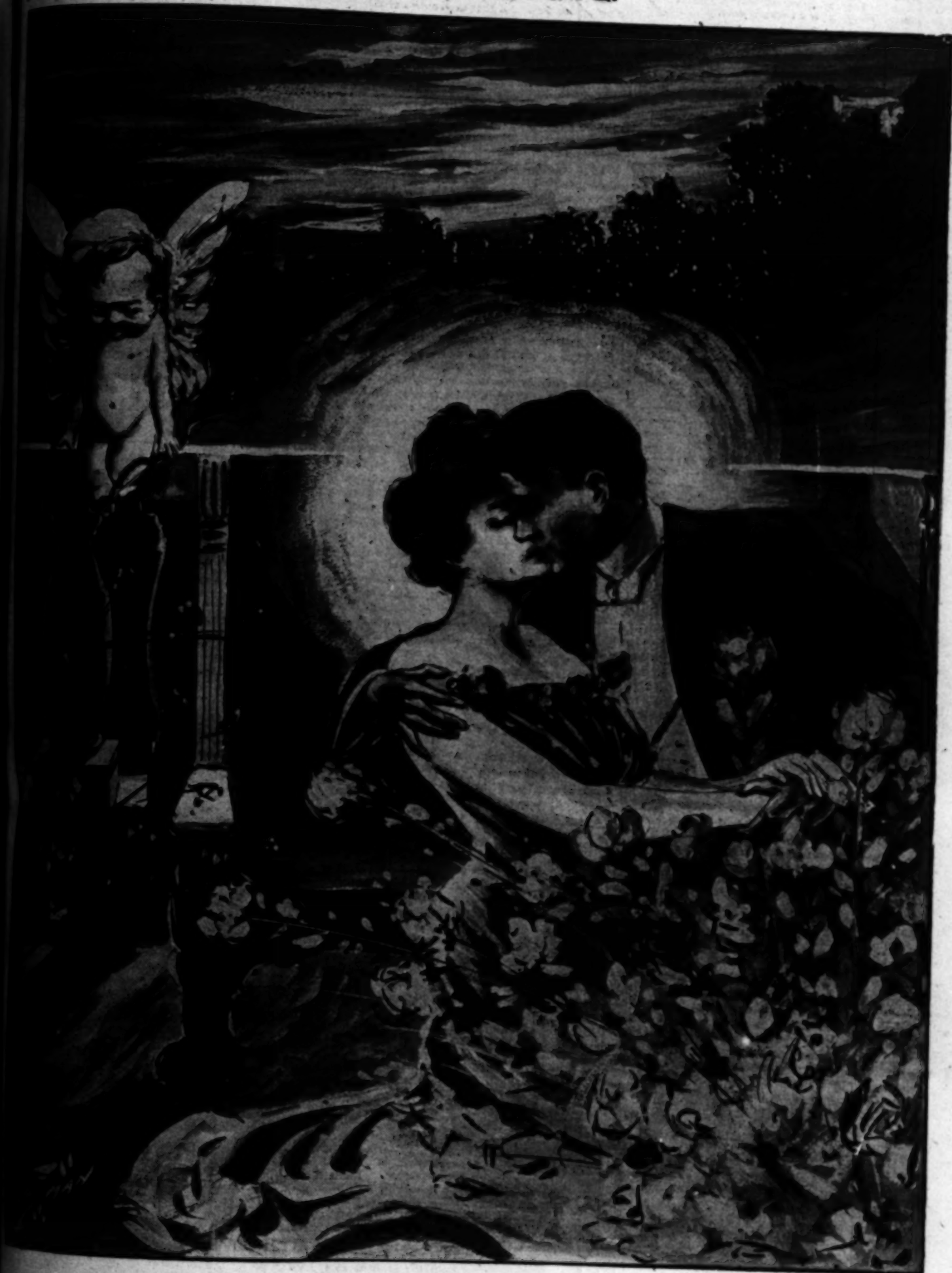
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DEO GRATIAS.

DURING the present week the people of the United States will celebrate a great holiday which is peculiar to us as a nation. It is called Thanksgiving Day. There is no other country in the world that has a custom of the kind, regularly observed every year. It is a custom that originated with the Puritan forefathers in the Colonial days of New England, and which, from year to year, grew in favor, spreading from section to section, until now it is not only nationally recognized, but is regularly observed as a holiday in all the States and Territories throughout Uncle Sam's entire domain, and even by Americans living or traveling abroad.

It is interesting to trace back the history of this annual feast of our great country, and to learn how it first came into vogue and afterward was permanently established among us. To begin with, it appears that the day was suggested to the New England Pilgrim Fathers by the Hebrew feast of tabernacles, or "feast of ingathering at the end of the year." After the first harvest of the colonists at Plymouth in 1621, Gov. Bradford sent four men out fowling, that they "might after a more special manner rejoice together." In July, 1623, a day of fasting and prayer was appointed on account of drouth. Rain came abundantly while they were praying, and the Governor appointed a day of thanksgiving, which was observed with religious services. From that time on days of thanksgiving became the custom throughout all the colonies whenever the people wished to acknowledge any special blessing that had been bestowed upon them by divine providence. These days were of frequent occurrence, but without any specific determination on the calendar. During the Revolutionary War, however, a day of thanksgiving was annually recommended by the Continental Congress. Afterward it was allowed to fall into disuse to a great extent for many years as a national institution, although Washington and succeeding Presidents occasionally issued special proclamations calling upon the people to make acknowledgment in a public manner to the Creator for some peculiar vouchsafement of His mercy.

However, it is known that, in the meantime, the observance was regularly kept up in New England where the Governors proclaimed such a day, regularly each year. It was not until the time of our Civil War that Thanksgiving Day became a national institution. During each one of those four memorable years, President Lincoln issued thanksgiving proclamations. Since that time such a proclamation has been issued annually by the President, as well as by the Governors of the States

and the Mayors of the principal cities; and custom has fixed the time for the last Thursday in November.

Thus it is seen that, while there is no Federal statute other than one declaring Thanksgiving Day, whenever appointed, to be a legal holiday, the custom has become so fixed upon the nation and all the people thereof that it is tantamount to a law and as binding upon us all as it could be made by statutory enactment. Each year we come to look for it. Each year our Presidents issue their stately proclamations admonishing the people to gather in their accustomed places of worship, there to render thanks to Almighty God for the blessings He has bestowed upon the dear country so beloved by all its sons and daughters. On that day families hold their happy reunions, the feast is spread, and joy and gladness reign supreme. It is also come to be a day full of happy and sacred memories to all who look back upon the past.

Now that Thanksgiving Day is again at hand, the fond hope is here expressed that the readers of this magazine and the people of our splendid country at large will find it a happy day. May the feast be spread in plenty and good digestion and good cheer wait upon all.

WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE?

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER owns a controlling interest in established business enterprises the total capitalization of which foots up to more than \$5,000,000,000. He controls railways, steamship lines, various kinds of mines and other things almost too numerous to mention. But the biggest single business in his possession is the Standard Oil Company. Out of his profits of that gigantic octopus Rockefeller has made the money which enabled him to buy into and to buy up the other concerns. It has been the most marvelous dividend payer of which there is any record. When Rockefeller first turned his attention to the oil market he was worth not more than \$5000. Now he is perhaps the richest man in the world.

On Tuesday last, however, when the Standard Oil Company declared its fourth dividend for the present year it was found that there had been a falling off in its earnings. The dividends since January 1 have amounted to but \$36 per share, and Rockefeller's personal profits during that period will not exceed \$18,000,000. This is less than he received last year. Furthermore, it is shown that his profits from Standard Oil have declined each year for four years past. It looks bad, and doubtless John D. is worried about it.

We are not striving to be facetious when we say that the probabilities are that John D. Rockefeller is anxiously concerned about the decline of the profits of his oil company. There can be no question about the fact that such a matter would worry him with exactly the same feeling that takes hold of another man who conducts a business that paid him a profit of \$3000 last year, and who finds that this year it will pay him only \$2500. If we but knew the truth we dare say that Rockefeller will put forth a very strenuous effort to check this falling off of profits. Not that he needs the money; not that a million less or a million more would make any difference to him, as far as he is personally concerned, but because the business from his point of view and also from the point of view of the business, must be kept up. That's the idea—it must be kept up. John D. Rockefeller is in the same position in relation to his \$5,000,000,000 concerns that a young man might be who fell heir to a throne. He might not want the kingdom, and personally would not care if somebody else had it, or most of it, anyhow. But it is on his hands and he will preserve its integrity at all hazards.

Now there will be those who will say that Rockefeller is a very foolish man to be bothering about this thing. If it be true that he is doing so. Yet he isn't a bit more foolish than that other man we mentioned whose \$3000 a year happened to drop down to \$2500. In the things that are worth having, one is as well off as the other and one no worse off than the other. Any man who worries about dollars, as long as he is able to pay his debts and keep the pot boiling, is a foolish man. Never should the loss of money worry him who has his two hands, his brain, his health, and the love of his family and friends. With those things in our possession, a few more rooms in the house, a little better carpet on the floor, or a little more sauce on the goose cuts no figure one way or the other. A log on the hearth, though the hearth be ever so humble, will warm a man as well as though he sat up against radiators made of beaten gold. If there's enough in the stomach, what's the difference whether it be plain fare or the dream of a French chef? The thing to strive for is peace and content—blessings which the wise man would not sell for \$5,000,000,000, or five billion times that.

REMARKS BY MEN OF THE TIMES.

Even the pessimists must now acknowledge that the world is growing gentler. Seven football matches have already been played and not a man killed.

The delights of the eastern winter now seem to be in full blast, not to mention the blast from the heating furnace in the cellar, which eats up good coal like a fiery dragon melting gold dollars in its mouth.

This seems to be a bad year for revolutionists in South America. Venezuela, Paraguay and Brazil have all downed the discontented inhabitants within their respective boundary lines, and the outlook is good for peace and prosperity from the Isthmus to the Horn. The cost of the ammunition that the Japanese ex-

pected on Port Arthur in one day alone is estimated at \$200,000. They also lost 1000 men, the cost of the men was no one has yet figured.

It is a real delight to note the friendship played at the Irrigation Congress between the sister republics of Mexico and the United States on the water question, especially since water is so scarce.

If that wonderful portion of the western land can once settle down to anything like normal things may confidently be expected from it. Its resources are unlimited and its possibilities incalculable.

LINES.

Upon the Passing of Mrs. Ellen A. W. And thou art dead! No more our hearts are joined The subtle music of thy golden lyre— Dear soul, no more! Yet, is it vain to think That thou art now with God's immortal choir?

Thou, who hast sung on earth His joyous praise Who traced His love in sorrow as in pain, Whose mind e'er learned the mercy of His grace And sought His soul in mountain, stream and plain.

Ah, is it vain to think that with thy God Thy life shall meet its triumph? Is it vain To paint thy spirit risen from the dead, Forever freed from longing, strife and pain?

Perchance the harp is broken? It may be That Death has hushed the ripples of thy life That from the silence which submerges thee No note of joy shall ever greet the breeze.

And yet the sweetness of thy lofty strain Shall find a deathless echo in our hearts, And to our lives—while we on earth remain— A wealth of tender rapture shall impart.

On Memory's lip the songs you sang shall live, On Memory's breath the wafted notes shall rise, And all thy songs their seal and joy shall give Till Death descends, and Memory is wise.

The harp is shattered, but not so the lyre, The lip—but not its language—cold is gone, When pen and parchment have been cut and torn, The Poet and the Poem shall be known.

T. STEINLEY

REST, DEAR HEART!

[Anonymous.]

Rest, dear heart, among the flowers, Loving hands have brought in tears; Glorified thy face, untouched by pain, Plucked like a flower in its prime to gaze on thy King.

Sleep on, brave heart! The measure of a life is not in years, Kind thoughts and deeds make up the years, How happy those who lived within the years, Much favored, those who only touched the years.

Now rest thy soul in peace, Whose nature was so sweet, yet strong, Broad-minded, still so true; Whose life, commenced on earth, has gone back to its own.

NIGHT.

Come, Night, upon thy raven wing Plumed with their rich imagination, To fill my dreams and charm my eyes, The din and clamor of the day.

Fling thy deep shadows over me Till by thy weird acromancy Thou hast dissolved this solid earth, And made it shapeless with the sea.

Come like some stealing shadow, From leafy branches overhanging In this oasis of the day, Where for a little while I stand.

Come with thy cup of dreams and pain, An angel ministering to me, As one who, weak from battling life, Unconquered, but too worn to fight.

The warrior, Day, has harried me, A foeman pitiless is he, Yet vanquished when, with plumed And palm of peace Thou comest.

Come with thy velvet darkness, Thy cloak of mail so soft and warm, Yet turning every missile sent From care as falls an arrow spent.

Come with thy wealth of twinkling stars, Like jewels set in diadems Of dreams, and on my bedded head Let me fall down, and wonder.

Come, Night, upon thy raven wing Plumed with their rich imagination, And through the gathered darkness The vigil of thy sister, Sleep.

—J. W. Foley, in New York

The Salmon Industry. By Frank G. Carpenter.

BIG FISH STORIES.

AN INDUSTRY OF THE NORTHWEST WHICH AMOUNTS TO MILLIONS.

From Our Own Correspondent.

CHICAGO, Nov. 7.—Would you like to hear big fish stories that are true stories? If so, open your ears and listen to James S. McMillin, the Duke of San Juan.

You may not have heard of him. Still he is the nabob of the most important of our Puget Sound islands, an island which once came near involving us in war with Great Britain. San Juan Island lies just under the boundary line between the United States and British Columbia. In our old treaties it was stated that the boundary was on the forty-ninth parallel to Puget Sound, and down along the marine channel through that sound into the sea. The San Juan archipelago lies on the west side of the channel, but the British decided to make the route further south and make these islands a part of their territory.

Heard by a Hog.

It was the cooking of grease that saved Rome. It was the raising of a hog that saved these islands and the salmon fishing industry, of which they are the center, to the United States. The hog belonged to a British resident of San Juan Island. It rooted out the potatoes of an American resident, and the American shot the hog. This brought up the question of the ownership of the island, which was involved in the question of jurisdiction. The Governor of British Columbia proposed to send troops to bring the American offender to Victoria by boat, and the American Governor of our territory sent Capt. James Pickett to prevent it. Pickett was the same man who afterward made that famous charge at Gettysburg. He took a company of troops to San Juan and warned the British on the gunboat, which was sent to settle the matter, that if they landed he would open them and there would be an international war. They did not land. The trouble continued, however, until Gen. Winfield Scott was sent out by the President to settle it. A temporary arrangement was made by which the British took the northern half and the Americans the southern half of the island, and later the set-

face of the ocean? I have done that again and again, not far from San Juan.

"What would you think of rivers so packed with salmon that they fill the streams from bank to bank—so thickly packed that were they not so slippery and the water not so deep—you could walk over them from one bank to the other. I have seen that."

"What would you think," continued the Duke, as he looked into my wide bulging eyes, "of great vats of salmon sixty feet long, forty feet wide and forty feet deep—vats so big that you could drop a four-story business block of forty feet front down into them—and all solid salmon? We have scores of such vats. We empty the fish into scows and carry them to our packing-houses, whence they are shipped to all parts of the world."

"Those are big stories, Mr. McMillin," said I.

"Yes, but if you will come to San Juan I will show you all that and more. Our salmon exports are now greater in value than our lumber exports, and they are growing year by year."

Blaine's Eighty-pound Chinook.

"Is this fishing business a new one?" I asked.

"Comparatively so with us. The big salmon fishing of the West was for a long time confined to the Columbia River, where the Chinook salmon come from. The Chinook was the first to be put upon the market, and it is

best known. It is one of the finest of the salmon and about the largest. I have seen Chinook fish weighing forty pounds apiece, and some are caught which weigh eighty. When James G. Blaine was at the height of his popularity his Oregon friends sent him an eighty-pound salmon. It arrived in Washington in good condition, was cooked by a famous chef and served whole at one of his dinners. When you remember that it takes a good chunk of a boy to weigh eighty pounds, you may get some idea of the size of that fish."

The Delicious Sock-eye and Tyee.

"What is the character of your Puget Sound fish, Mr. McMillin?"

"There are different varieties of salmon, you know, each of which has its own nature and habits as well as its particular home and spawning ground. The fish are all born at the headwaters of rivers. They swim down to the ocean as minnows and live there for four years, when they come back to the spot where they were born to lay the eggs for another generation. They come by the millions and tens of millions, in great hordes of many companies, each fish going back to the place of its nativity to lay its eggs and die."

"Among the best and most numerous of the Puget Sound salmon are the Sock-eyes, and an especial favorite is the Tyee or King salmon. The Sock-eye is smaller



The Puget Sound Salmon Trap

A Few Salmon

...being referred to old Kaiser Wilhelm, the grandfather of the present Kaiser, he decided that the island should lay north of San Juan. This made the island an American possession, and so it is to this day.

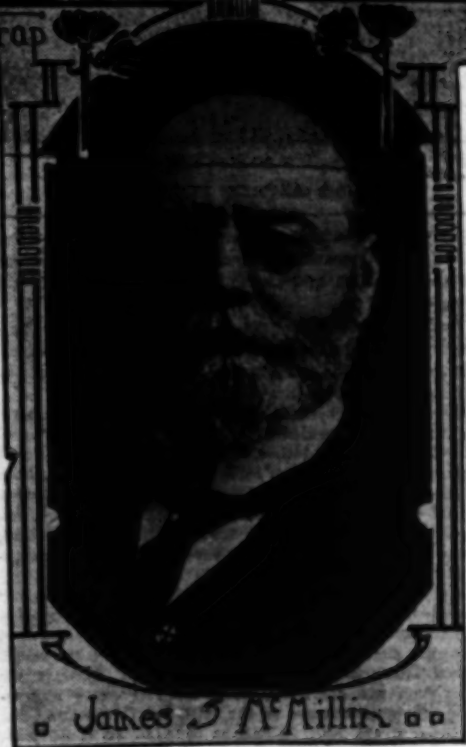
San Juan Island is the chief one of the San Juan archipelago. It is only five miles one way and fourteen miles the other, but it is the northwest corner-stone of the Puget Sound, and especially valuable because the greater part of it is pure stone. It is, in fact, a pure granite mesa, from which is made the most of the best granite of the Pacific slope. It has enormous factories and quarries for making lime, and James S. McMillin, who has been nicknamed the Duke of San Juan, is their owner.

Big Fish Stories.

San Juan Island is also right on the track of the millions of salmon which come in every year from the sea to spawn in the fresh-water rivers; and it was as to fish that I talked with the Duke of San Juan. Said Mr. McMillin:

"The salmon brings Uncle Sam more wealth than any other fish in his waters. The catch of Puget Sound is worth about \$5,000,000 a year, and in 1902 more than 100,000,000 pounds of such fish were caught in the Oregon Sound. Alaska salmon bring in several million dollars, and altogether a large proportion of our \$50,000,000 worth of fish products come from salmon."

"The people of the East know nothing about fish as they come in our western waters. How would you like to see a school of fish from three miles wide and so thick that it blankets the



James S. McMillin

than the Chinook. It weighs from five to seven pounds, according to the season. In some seasons we catch millions which average five pounds apiece, and in others the average is seven pounds or more. The Chinook makes directly for the rivers, and it is caught there only. The Sock-eyes sport about through Puget Sound on their way to the streams; and their course is such that we can catch them as they come in fresh from the ocean."

"I do not know that you are aware that the salmon does not feed at all after he starts on his long voyage from the salt water to the sources of the rivers. The journey takes weeks, and during this time he must live off his own fat. The result is that fish taken far up the rivers are lean, and they lack the flavor of those caught fresh from the sea. This is the advantage we have in the Sock-eyes. We catch it when it is fat and fresh. It is, I believe, the most delicious of fish meat."

Fish Trapping.

"How do you catch the fish, Mr. McMillin?" I asked.

"We are now using great fish traps. They are not like those of the Columbia River, which are made in the shape of wheels turned by the stream, so that they catch the fish as they go up and, carrying them aloft, empty them into the boat with which the wheels are connected. Our traps are a series of great heart-shaped enclosures walled with nets, so that the fish go into them and roam about from one to the other trying to get out until they finally come into a great vat-like net which will hold 20,000 or 40,000 at one time. I have seen such a trap with more than 100,000 big salmon in it."

"But how do you get the fish into the trap?" I asked.

"We take advantage of the habits and customs of the salmon. They have their own way of doing things, and they will do the same things over again the same way year after year. If coming to the fresh water to spawn, they go in a body, and will not allow anything to turn them from their course if they possibly can. We know just where the course is, and, where it lies along the shore of the island, we build out breakwaters with these heart-shaped traps at the end. The fish strike the breakwaters and swim into the traps, going on and on until they land in the great net."

"It must take a strong net to hold them?" said I.
"It does. We drive down piles about a hundred feet long and fasten the nets to them. When the final net is full, the fish are emptied by rolling them out into the scows. Indeed we haul fish much as you haul dirt in scows from the dredging boats. Steam tugs drag the scows to the canneries. In emptying the nets, we sometimes ladle out the fish with great dip nets which are worked by a steam engine just as a pile driver is worked."

The Death Journey of the Salmon.

"Do all salmon come from the salt water to the rivers to spawn?"

"Yes," replied Mr. McMillin. "And so far as we know in about the same way and at about the same age. Silver plates, bearing the date have been fastened to baby salmon going down the river, and those same salmon have been caught on their return. In all cases the time is four years, so that we know four years to be the age of the salmon."

"The salmon makes this last journey to die. The swan song is nothing to his death pilgrimage. He fights his way through salt water, and fresh, stemming the tide and seemingly going fastest where the waters are strongest. In the rivers he jumps the rapids and makes his way over stones and rubbish. He often bruises himself, tearing his skin, until at last he reaches the spot where the young salmon are to be born. There he stays to die."

"But Mr. McMillin, why do you speak of the salmon as 'he'? It is the female salmon who lays the eggs, is it not?"

"Yes, but I use the pronoun as indicating both sexes. The male and female salmon go together, and every female has her male follower, who will fight for his place near her as the bull seal fights for the cows on the seal islands. The two keep together until the female salmon drops her spawn. Soon after that they die. In some places the dead fish are piled one upon another in such masses that their stench pollutes the country around."

Salmon Not Playing Out.

"But where so many fish are caught, I should think it would result in the extinction of the race? Will not the salmon soon die out as the buffalo has done?"

"No. A single fish lays tens of thousands of eggs, and if only a small part of the eggs should hatch there would be plenty to keep up the supply. We are now protecting the salmon, and the government has established hatcheries at the head waters, where millions of minnows are produced every year. The State of Washington also maintains nineteen large hatcheries, which during the past season have turned into the streams about 28,000,000 spawn. Those millions are now fish starting out on their way to the sea, and they will come back at a stated time to enter our traps and be a part of the fish food of the world. It is a great scheme, isn't it, this being able to hatch a fish and start him out to his pasture lands in the ocean knowing that he will come back just four years later, fat and juicy and ready to eat."

"It is not alone man, however," continued Mr. McMillin, "that is the enemy of the salmon. One of its greatest pests is the ordinary brook trout. This fish follows the female salmon, swimming under it, so that it may eat the eggs as they drop. Indeed, it is almost impossible to get trout to bite while the salmon are running, they are so overfed with salmon eggs. The salmon knows this, and tries to prevent it. It often flirts its tail so as to dig out a hole in the sand, in which to drop its eggs, hoping the sand will cover them. I have often seen this in the shallow streams of Alaska."

"Is there much money invested in the fisheries in Washington?"

"The amount is something like \$6,000,000," replied Mr. McMillin. "At least that is what it was last season. It then gave employment to about 10,000 persons, whose earnings amounted to more than \$2,000,000."

"Is Washington the chief salmon supply point?"

"Yes; it surpasses Oregon or any other."

"How are times in your State, Mr. McMillin?" I asked.

"Washington is growing rapidly, both east and west," was the reply. "Seattle and the Puget Sound region have been greatly benefited by Alaska and the trans-Pacific trade. Seattle has now 150,000, and it is about the most business-like town of the West. Everyone is making money there."

"How about eastern Washington?"

"That part of the State is rapidly improving. We are redeeming much of it by irrigation. Land that we used to consider nothing but barren sand has been watered, and it is now the most fertile part of the country. Ten years ago it was not considered worth taking up on account of the taxes. Now it is valued at from \$200 to \$400 per acre, and several hundred thousand acres have been redeemed. We have some excellent wheat lands in the eastern part of the State. The soil is deep and rich, and it often brings from twenty-five to fifty bushels per acre as a first crop. We are doing a good deal of dairying, and are now making millions of pounds of butter and cheese. As to irrigation, when the ditches, which are now in course of construction and proposed are completed, we will have more than a million acres of that kind of land."

Uncle Sam's Lumber Yard.

"Are your timber lands not pretty well cut off?"

"No," replied the Washingtonian. "They have been

only nibbled around the edges. We have about the greatest lumber yard that Uncle Sam owns, and we have enough to last for a hundred years, with an annual cut of 2,000,000,000 feet. The geological survey estimates that we have now standing more than 195,000,000,000 feet of timber. You people have no idea of the extent of our forests, nor the size of the trees. A single Washington tree has yielded 80,000 feet of lumber. That would be enough to build, shingles and all, seven five-room cottages, and to leave sufficient wood from the slabs and limbs to heat the families living in those cottages for one year."

"What kind of woods have you?"

"A great many," was the reply. "The Washington fir is stronger than oak. It grows as straight as an arrow, and has no limbs for the first hundred feet. It is used as spars and masts by the shipping of the world and is valuable for railroad work and bridge building. Then we have the cedar, which makes the shingles which are shipped all over the East. Millions of you people sleep every night under Washington shingles. The spruce is a white wood, somewhat like pine, which is used for all kinds of boxes, wooden ware and furniture; and we have also pine and hemlock for the same purpose. We are doing a great deal of wood working now, and are shipping sash, doors, furniture, pails and boxes all over the West. We are annually paying out in wages \$25,000,000 through our mills and logging camps; and we have about \$27,000,000 now invested in the lumber industry. We are shipping lumber by rail all over the United States, and by steamboat to nearly every country on the Pacific and also to Europe."

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Prof. Alfred Trombetti.

NOTABLE RISE OF AN ITALIAN FROM OBSCURITY TO PROMINENCE.

By a Special Contributor.

THE entire world today is singing the praises of and congratulating Prof. Alfred Trombetti of Cuneo, Italy, who has overcome almost insurmountable obstacles and risen from obscurity to fame, having just had conferred on him by the Academia dei Lincei, of Rome, the royal prize of 10,000 francs, for a work on "Comparative Glottology." He is regarded the world over as the greatest of living philologists, and has become among learned men in all parts of the globe deservedly famous.

Until a month ago he was a humble teacher of Latin and Greek. Today he is recognized as the creator and



PROF. ALFRED TROMBETTI.

founder of an entirely new system of the utmost value in linguistic researches and discoveries, and is honored by an institution of learning that boasts "400 years' existence."

Prof. Trombetti has been offered a chair in the University of his native city, and King Victor Emmanuel has announced his intention to pay the expenses of the printing and publication of his books.

Trombetti's life reads like a chapter of a fantastic novel. He was born in 1868, in Bologna, of a family of poor laborers. His father, who made a bare living at rope making, died about 1873, leaving a wife and three children absolutely destitute. The two youngest were placed in a charitable institution, while the oldest, Alfred, who had just passed the primary public school, found employment as boy in a barber shop at the munificent salary of one franc weekly.

His greatest handicap was scarcity of means to buy books—even second hand. His mother often scolded him for spending in candles the few cents she gave him as pocket money. Many times the Trombetti household lacked funds to pay rent and buy shoes. Many times the supper was a meal in name only. Poverty was always staring these two in the face, but this seemed not to concern the boy, Alfred, so long as he could have

books to read and light to study by in the night, while others amused themselves or slept.

The incident which decided his future happened in 1882. One day while looking over a pile of newspapers and books displayed on the sidewalk in front of a book store kept by a good old man named Guidi, he discovered "Life of Abdel Hader," written in Arabic, and inside, book in hand, to ask its price.

"But, my dear boy, what do you understand of Arabic?" asked the astonished bookseller; but he only persisted in asking the price, until he received a reply, "Thirty cents."

"Alas! I have only five cents." These words which lurked a suspicion of tears and a great earnestness impressed the old gentleman that he presented the book to the boy, questioned him and ascertained his powers and ambitions, and invited him to call again.

The book store was a daily meeting place of the professors of the University of Bologna, among whom were Giosuè Carducci, the celebrated poet; Giuseppe Latini; Teodorico Landolfi, the Dantologist; Ottavio Nelli, the librarian of the City Library, etc. To the Signor Guidi related with great enthusiasm the history of the Arabic book, and they decided to put the boy through a kind of friendly examination and see themselves what he was and what he knew.

The examination took place in due time. In Italian, in French, in German, Latin, Greek, in Arabic and Hebrew the boy read, translated, expounded and explained with such knowledge and precision that the professors ceased questioning to listen and to applaud.

This fact was published in the local papers. The advice of the professors, the municipality of Bologna gave to young Trombetti a yearly scholarship in France, which was continued until 1891, in which year he took his L.L.D. degree at that famous university. From 1891 to June, 1904, he taught in the public schools of various cities in Italy, during which time he continued and completed his wonderful linguistic education. The result of this hard work and study is embodied in the book he wrote for the Lincei competition, that prize, as Prof. Hugh Schuchardt, of the Graz University, said, "the revelation of a genius."

The work consists of four large manuscripts. Its title is "Genealogical Relations Between Languages." More than 500 languages and dialects taken and compared, with the result that a new classification is given to Glottology, he having conceived a classification that rectifies the errors of the ordinary linguistic grouping, and corresponds to the natural science, has been accomplished through the recent studies upon the laws of derivation and mutation. He proves scientifically the unity of all languages (which until yesterday was considered the wildest hope of modern research) and shows unity through the comparison of groups of the converse and apparently dissimilar languages and the cycle which he successfully establishes between languages.

Thus he takes his languages of the Aryan (Indo-European, Indo-Germanic), of the Semitic, Hebrew, Phoenician, Assyrian, Syrian, Arabic, of the Hamatic, of the Monosyllabic or South-Asiatic, of the Ural-Altaic, of the Dravidian or Indian, of the Malay Polynesian, and, by analyzing, seeking, comparing, he succeeds in establishing a fitting genealogy of languages. In the contrary theories that have hitherto prevailed, traced the unity of origin of human speech, the shining indisputable proof of the unity of the human race.

Prof. Monaci, one of the judges of the Trombetti has pronounced him a new Mezzofanti, a man renovated and rejuvenated by the scientific discovery covered in the last half century. We may say superior to him, for while Cardinal Mezzofanti, native of Bologna, celebrated as a fluent conversant more than seventy languages and many dialects, produced nothing that has not perished with him, Trombetti has achieved fame with a work that has internationalized all existing theories on the subject of languages.

In very truth, "Bononia docet," for in Bologna and a century it has given to civilization language and Guglielmo Marconi, Giuseppe Mezzofanti and Trombetti.

MORGAN'S BENEFACTIONS.

Although J. Pierpont Morgan is credited to philanthropic enterprises which reach a year, his name does not appear on any of the buildings in the city which were built with his money. The greatest secrecy surrounds his charitable work, which is much more extensive than is generally supposed. A matter of fact, Mr. Morgan is well up in the ranks of the great givers of the world. One of his philanthropies is keeping boys off the street. At the St. George's Church, in Stuyvesant square, Manhattan, he has organized a club for this purpose. The club has grown the New York Trades as well as a smaller trade school connected with it. Mr. Morgan endowed the first club with \$100,000, the gifts of Mr. Morgan are \$1,000,000 to the Y.M.C.A., \$1,350,000 for a private hospital in the square, \$500,000 for the Cathedral of St. John the Evangelist, \$100,000 for the Y.M.C.A., \$500,000 for the Hospital for consumptives, \$100,000 for a hospital in the yoke, Mass., where his father was born; \$100,000 for serving the palliades, \$350,000 for a new church and rectory on Stuyvesant square, \$500,000 for the collection of porcelains and \$1,000,000 for the collection for the Metropolitan Museum.

Of all domesticated animals the sheep has, from time immemorial, been most closely associated with mankind. An erudite author sixty years ago, having laboriously collated an assortment of allusions to sheep made by sacred and profane writers, concluded that "the history of these animals is so interwoven with the history of man that they never existed in a wild state at all. Biblical history from the time of Abel is full of allusions to the flocks which formed the chief possessions of the Jewish people and their neighbors. The spoils of war and the tribute of vassal kings largely consisted of sheep. Thus we read that Mesha, King of Moab, was a sheep master, and rendered unto the King of Israel an hundred thousand lambs and an hundred thousand rams with the wool. Moses after his victory over the Midianites obtained as loot no less than 675,000 sheep, and long before the Christian era sheep were cultivated in western Europe. Spain and Italy possessed them from an unknown period, although long after Rome was founded the inhabitants had not learned to shear the fleeces; and, until the time of Pliny, the practice of plucking it from the skin was not wholly abandoned, so that the humble shepherds of Syria preceded, in their knowledge of necessary arts, the future conquerors of their country.—[R. Henry Rew, in *Outing*.]

Canada at Play. By Frederic J. Haskin.

DOMINION SPORTS.

WINTER IS WELCOMED RATHER THAN DREADED BY CANADIANS.

ALL RESIDENTS OF THE DOMINION BETWEEN THE AGES OF SIX AND SIXTY KNOW HOW TO SKATE-BLEND, GO DOWN THE TOBOGGAN SLIDE IN MONTREAL, A DISTANCE OF A MILE, IN LESS THAN A MINUTE-HOW TO MANAGE A PAIR OF SNOW SHOES-DIFFERENCES BETWEEN AMERICAN AND CANADIAN FOOTBALL.

From a Special Correspondent.

MONTREAL, Nov. 12.—Although Canada is known as a cold country, its inhabitants are noted for their devotion to outdoor sports. On account of the rigors of the climate one might expect to find a tribe of hot-house dwellers hibernating indoors during the greater portion of the year, but this notion is soon disproved. Instead of dreading the winter period the people welcome it, because the multitudinous character of healthful, invigorating outdoor sports and pastimes makes it a gala season for all. The bracing effect of northern air is shown in the rosy cheeks of the women and the active, robust types of men that are encountered on every hand.

Hockey is the great winter game of Canada, and the Dominion players are the finest in the world. It is played upon the ice and all participants wear skates, including the referee. The contests occur both in rinks and out of doors. There are seven men to the team, and all carry stout hickory clubs with curved ends, something like the old-fashioned shinny sticks of Ireland. At either end of the ice field, which must be at least fifty yards in length, there is a goal, consisting of a net strung on a frame work. A round, flat piece of solid rubber, called a puck, is put in motion, and the contesting sides struggle to land this lively missile in the opposition's goal. A hockey match is pronounced by all authorities to be one of the most exciting games played in any country. It is exceedingly fast, and from the spectator's point of view, uncommonly rough. It appears so on account of the high rate of speed which the players attain. They come together in their scrimmages with a momentum that shakes the onlooker's teeth. No one without plenty of grit has any business in a hockey



match, because there are always stars and sparks a-plenty while the game is yet young.

A Rough and Tumble Game.

Although the puck may be lifted from one end of the field to the other on the fly, it is generally advanced on the ice by short, swift passes from player to player, all maneuvering and shifting with lightning-like rapidity for position and advantage. While clever stick handling is of course necessary, the main essential of an expert hockey player is good skating, and these matches afford marvelous exhibitions of the art. The astonishing feature of the game, in the eyes of the novice, is the force of the collisions between the players, and the manner in which all seem to invite danger from this cause. A much higher rate of speed is attained by the contestants than is possible in any game played on foot, yet they come together with no seeming regard for the consequences. It is quite remarkable that serious accidents are so few in number. A hockey match is played in two thirty-minute halves, with an intermission of ten minutes. It is characteristic that almost all experts at this game are small of stature.

Members of Montreal Shamrocks Champion Lacrosse Team.

Lacrosse is not a winter game, yet it must always be mentioned in the same breath with hockey, because the principles of the two are similar, and both are native to Canada. Lacrosse is the national sport of the Dominion. More people can be mustered for a championship exhibition of this favorite game than could possibly be gotten together on any other occasion. It is always played outdoors. The goals are farther apart, and there are twelve men on a side instead of seven as in hockey. The missile is a solid, rubber ball about the size of the one used in tennis. A stick lighter than a hockey club is utilized, has a catgut mesh on one side reaching about half its length. This net is made a trifle baggy in order to hold the ball. Fast running and clever stick handling are the requisites of lacrosse. The most scientific method of advancing the ball is by short, low passes down the field, instead of high, long distance drives. It is a fast, exciting game, and is in every way deserving of its great and increasing popularity.

The Irish are Champions.

Whether it is because there is a stick to handle, or that it requires grit, cannot be explained, but it is conceded that lacrosse is an Irishman's game. The Shamrocks of Montreal have been the world's champions most of the time during the last fifteen years, and the list of players during that period shows more Murphys than any other name.

Lacrosse was originally an Indian game. It was played in the open country with an unlimited number of players upon each side. In the big games which were played on certain occasions, one entire tribe would be pitted against another. Later when contests were inaugurated between picked squads of Indians and whites,

the red men invariably won. But after it had been imposed, the hardy braves gradually grew to be as good as the whites, until now there is no Indian team to its own against the white players.

From Six to Sixty.

Skating is the universal winter pastime of the Dominion, and is not unusual for the Canuck to learn the art of skating at a very early age, and to keep in practice until old age. Her Excellency, the Countess of Minto, the Governor-General whose term has just expired, was a splendid skater. Her "winter at home" at the government house in Ottawa, where bonfires to provide light and heat for the skaters, have been very enjoyable affairs. In this form of recreation being so popular, it follows that there is a demand for skates of style and quality. The expert will have only the finest tempered steel. All those who take to sports, such as hockey and racing, and who skate for pleasure, use runners which are to a special pair of strong boots that last for the ankles for support.

In the scrimmages which occur during the winter games it frequently happens that some of the players have their runners broken, and on account of accidents of this kind all those who have finely sharpened duplicate pairs in their rooms. Lockers are provided at both public and private rinks where those who indulge in the sport keep their skating paraphernalia under lock and key. The record for the fastest mile on skates is 2:12.5. In comparison to this the record for a bicycle over a circular track is 2:15. The champion runner made his mile in 2:12.5.

It passes through a regenerator with granulated caustic potash, which absorbs all the carbonic acid. A fireman, provided with this apparatus, went down into the cellar in which piles of damp straw had been lighted, and although there was suffocating smoke from this, he remained in it for nearly three-quarters of an hour without being at all inconvenienced by it.—[World's Work]

Japanese Music.

INSTRUMENTS EXHIBITED IN THE
SHUJI IZAWA COLLECTION.

From a Special Correspondent.

BOSTON, Nov. 14.—Japanese music has only very slightly influenced the occidental musical world, although Japanese art has powerfully affected the whole breed of painters and their followers from James McNeill Whistler down. Every little artist surrounds himself in his studio with Japanese prints and textiles; art teachers everywhere are nowadays basing their instruction in design upon principles exemplified by such craftsmen as Hokusai and Hiroshige. But American composers seem not as yet to have discovered very much that is of more than general interest in the epic chants, short lyrics and instrumental music of the Nipponese kingdom.

A study of Japanese musical instruments as they appear in the Shuji Izawa collection at the New England Conservatory of Music—which was presented to this music school by the Mikado and is said to be the best collection of its kind in the United States and probably in the world—leads one readily to understand why the music of the little Oriental kingdom can hardly have had a great effect in an age when "color" has been the prevailing aim of the composer's art; and it may be suspected that only in case there is a reaction from the present vogue of complex chromatic effects, will the comparatively primitive forms of music prevailing in the Far East be found to contain valuable suggestions for our students and composers. At any rate there the



JAPANESE MUSICAL INSTRUMENT.

From the Shuji collection at the New England Conservatory of Music.—The instruments beginning at the left are the samisen, shamisen, with twelve pipes; shaku-hachi, or primitive flute; koto; biwa; fute; tengu; tokin; koto.

music is and, though European popular songs and airs are becoming known in the cities of the islands, it is unlikely that the older forms will be neglected for a long time to come. It may be true that the gamins of Yokohama and Yeddo have all summer been whistling "Bedelia" and "Blue Bell" as earnestly as the small boys of New York or San Francisco; yet the sentiment of the people for the art which the Emperor Jimmu is fabled to have invented out of love for the beautiful maid Isuzu still continues very strong. For that reason such collections of instruments from the land of the Mikado as the Conservatory possesses will always have genuine human interest, calling up pictures of exquisite tea rooms shaded with cherry trees and thronged with delicately-gowned singing girls.

That the best gathering of Japanese musical instruments in the United States should be found in a New England institution is perhaps not unfitting since it was through an invitation extended to Dr. Eben Tourjee, founder of the New England Conservatory, that a Boston musician, Luther Whiting Mason—the same who first placed music in the curriculum of the public schools of this city—was singularly honored by being called to Japan to accomplish for the Mikado's capital what he had done for his own home town. The three years which Dr. Mason spent in building up in Tokio a course of instruction according to European standards, if it had no other results, at least led to the first real understanding by occidentals of Japanese music. In recognition of the musician's services the government at Tokio some time since forwarded to the Conservatory the original charts which were first used in teaching Japanese students in accordance with European methods.

In the Conservatory collection one finds of course abundance of examples of that most common of Japanese instruments—the one with which Mr. Mason first investigated the Japanese scale—the samisen. Everywhere in Japan one notes the singing girl and her samisen. The instrument is made of hardwood with the usual sounding board, or belly, of drum-head stuff and strings of silk. On it are played the popular songs of the nation which, though different enough in musical quality, are said to be strikingly like our own in sentiment, consisting generally of love songs and comic efforts. On the samisen, for example, the singing girls play the music of that

popular ditty "Harosami" or "Spring Rain," which may perhaps be taken as an Oriental counterpart of "The Good Old Summer Time." It tells something about a bird which in a storm takes refuge on a plum tree and longs for its nest far away. Rendering such melodies on the samisen the singing girl, or gheko, never lacks for audiences, and even European travelers stop to listen while she thrums her three-stringed instrument with the little plectrum, or horn, of hardwood. The tone is said to be not unlike that of the banjo, although it is sweeter in timbre.

Another instrument, which appears in the collection is the biwa, resembling the lute of mediæval Europe, except that it is played with a plectrum. It is said to have been named after Lake Biwa, which it resembles in shape. This is the favorite musical implement of the so-called Society of the Feki-Blind. Feki, it should be said, was a Japanese prince of many years ago who went to



THE KOTO.

war with Joritomo, a war god who captured him and sought to attach him to his service. Patriotism, always so strong in the Japanese, led Feki to refuse consistently to serve in the courts of an enemy, but he so appreciated his captor's magnanimity that he plucked out his own eyes rather than to continue to look him in the face. Feki later became a famous musician and founded the order which goes by his name. It is a sort of a Masonic organization, the members of which refuse charity, but earn their living by playing on the biwa at weddings, banquets, funerals and other social functions.

Perhaps the most aristocratic of Japanese instruments is the koto, adopted from the Chinese kin. Its music has religious significance and it is used on solemn occasions. The perfect koto has seven strings, but there are all sorts of variations, running from the summa-koto, a one-stringed affair, up to a great unwieldy structure carrying from twenty-five to fifty strings. The most popular form of the koto is called the sone with thirteen strings, played with a set of diminutive plectra and having a set of movable bridges, by adjustment of which the instrument is tuned. Every variety of the koto shows a sounding board which rests on the floor in front of the performer who plucks the strings with little ivory picks which are attached to his fingers. The oldest form of the instrument is recorded as having been nine feet in breadth and having had strings six feet long.

The other stringed instrument which deserves particular mention is the kokyu. This has the usual primitive body of hardwood and skin. It might easily be confounded with the samisen, save that it is smaller and has four strings. The strands of its bow are tightened by winding the loose ends around the finger of the right hand. The kokyu is played with the body resting on the player's lap. It is tuned in fifths and it gives out tones that are very sonorous. Together with the samisen and the koto it makes a good combination for a trio. There is also an instrument like the banjo called the gekkin and another, of the same general shape but having no frets, known as the shigen.

One of the favorite Japanese wind instruments is the fute, made of a bamboo stick wound about with thread, except at the points where it is pierced and lacquered. It is not a very perfect instrument, though it is superior to the one which was probably its progenitor, called the shaku-hachi. The last named is a mere rough tube with four holes on one side for the fingers and one opposite which is stopped by the thumb. This is not a traverse flute; it is blown through the end, as boys blow peas or pop guns.

The other leading form of wind instrument is the hichi-riki, resembling the oboe in structure, and played from the end like a flageolet. Travelers say that its tone as extracted by skillful players is astonishingly shrill and piercing; there have even been cases in which Europeans have been laid up by being obliged to listen to it.

Of instruments of percussion the Japanese are addicted principally to the barbaric drum. They have all sorts of drums, big and little, and of various shapes; some with two heads like two cones fastened at the apex; sacred drums, classical drums, popular drums, metal gongs and others. The snare drum is quite unknown. With a single exception there are no orchestras in Japan. In the theatrical bands one finds generally a flute, a couple of samisens and two or three drums.

The singing with which players accompany their efforts at parties in the tea houses or elsewhere is not high from the occidental point of view. The singers nearly all use the falsetto voice. The Japanese care very little for harmony and probably would not be especially interested in orchestral works built up on their national tunes.

Just as Japanese music has little to offer to the European composer, so up to this time western music has made comparatively little progress in Japan, though the Imperial Orchestra at Tokio, led first by Eckert and more lately by the Viennese violinist, Dubrowsky, has done some educational work. The music which this orchestra plays is done in our manner of notation, but the Japanese public still clings to its own style of notation with the characters printed in vertical rows. A few musicians have come to America or Europe to study. One of these, Mr. T. Togi, is at present studying at the Conservatory, which usually has one or two representatives of the Nipponese kingdom in its list of pupils. A few years ago there was registered as a student a prince

of the royal family whose identity, for some reason, was kept carefully hidden until after the school.

The usefulness of the Japanese instrument collection at Shuji Izawa gave to the New England Conservatory the name of the Imperial government at Tokyo. It is perhaps less apparent now than it will be later, with closer relationship established between the United States and Japan, every feature of the life of the Pacific will be studied even more intensively than now.

COLORING FLOWERS.

HOW NATURE IS SOMETIMES IMPOSED UPON BY HUMANITY.

[Cosmos:] We know that horticulturists are most at will flowers of varied colors by means of culture, artificial selection and hybridization, thereby obtaining a very extended scale of colors. In any case, the color of the flower, although it is said to give birth to millions of varieties, can only be fixed within certain limits. With reference to the colors of flowers have been divided into two categories, the xanthic series—yellow, yellow-orange, orange, red—and the cyanic series—blue, indigo. Never has a flower of the first series passed into the second, nor has the reverse taken place; never, however, no matter how clever he may be, has man obtained blue roses.

The florists, however, obtain this color. The secret of the florists is that classic one which has been employed on the case of violets, for example, when green with ammonia, white with vegetable acid, etc. In this case, however, it is the matter of the flower itself which is modified, and the production of green carnations the same. It is that of artificially introducing coloring matter into the tissues of the plant, the coloring matter being incorporated into the petals.

When the first green carnations appeared in the city was seized with astonishment, and was willingly paid as much as two francs apiece for them. The municipal authorities instituted an investigation and soon discovered how the flowers were made. It appeared that a young girl accidentally poured the water of a vase containing white carnations into a matter with which she was painting a rose. What was her astonishment to see the carnations turn their white color and assume a beautiful green. From this to the regular manufacture of the flowers was only a step.

All plants, however, do not lend themselves to equal manner to these vagaries. The carnation, the cinth, orange flower, gilly flower, iris, daisy and camellia are the most easily colored, and in respect it is amusing to experiment with them. That can be obtained. It is only necessary to use a coloring solution, then cut the stem of the plant and place it in the solution. The plant draws up the coloring matter and the coloring matter is distributed throughout the plant's tissues. A common example is placed in a solution of light green aniline dye, transformed, at the end of twenty minutes, the parts being blue, the yellows green and the reds blue. Many other effects may be produced in the same manner.

BALLADE OF THE CITADEL.

Her heart is a high citadel.
A bristling rampart her diadem.
The imperial years alone may tell
The number of besiegers slain.
Who, braving all, with might and main
Assaulted this akropolis.
But Love alone shall entrance gain,
When he shall storm the fortalice.

From the thick lashes' auburn shade
Two brightest sentinels peep out,
Serene, content and undismayed,
O'er castle, turret and redoubt.
And many these have put to rout
By their own might alone, I wot!
But Love alone will entrance gain,
When Love shall storm the fortalice.

Some day a gallant knight will ride,
True lord of this high citadel,
His glistening armor by his side,
And in a moment break the spell.
Yet not with cold steel will he fight
The garrison but with a kiss,
For that sweet weapon answers best
When Love doth storm a fortalice.

LENEVOI.

O prince and pauper, man and maid,
If ye do love, remember this;
Sound the assault, the escalade,
If true Love storm the fortalice!

—[New Orleans Times.]

JAPANESE HUMOR.

Here is a typical Japanese humorous doctor, who has prescribed the wrong medicine for a certain family, with the result that the parents determined to have the doctor in a court of law.

The affair was eventually patched up, but the bereaved parents his own son in return he had killed. Not long after this the doctor was knocking at his door one night. The door he was informed that the wife of the doctor was dangerously ill and that his presence was required at once. Turning to his wife, he inquired consideration, my dear. There is but that it may end in their taking [Chicago News.]

Birds and Their Ways.

STUDIES AMONG FEATHERED FOLK
OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

By Elizabeth Grinnell.

VII.—THE AUDUBON WARBLER.

HUMAN pilgrims are not the only worshippers who pay their annual visits to Southern California, this winter of all the world.

Just as the eastern tourist, from long accustomed habit, betinks himself to pack his trunks and hie away on his journey to which all travelers return, so also the birds of passage set sail, or wings, for the self-same port. Not along the same route, surely, as yet, though the time is not far distant when, in upper air,



AUDUBON WARBLER.

and the aeronaut will greet each other on the way to paradise. Till then, the birds who winter here among the southern tourists and waken their limited powers to greet them.

The winter tourist birds are not here for the express purpose of singing. They sing best when love is on, just before or during the nesting season, wherever that may be. They are here presumably "to see the country." They have change of scene and also change of diet. But they do not suppose that any birds do cross the ocean. These individuals observed by visitors are not "old friends" of the snow land. They resemble other closely, but our birds wander only up and down the coast from Alaska to Mexico.

Among our best and brightest just now are the Audubon warblers. They are the largest of our warblers, four and one-half inches in length. Above, they are brownish gray or streaked dusty, pale gray beneath. There is a bright yellow spot on each wing, on the outer edge of each side of the breast and one on the tail. These separate spots may not be always visible for the bird has a way of depressing its feathers to hide them. But observe an individual on the ground in flight or in the act of darting along the ground in loose corners, and you catch sight of the yellow streak on the gray, especially on the males.

The song of this warbler while with us is sweet but not so noticeable for its cheer than for its voice. It comes suddenly. One morning when you are breakfasting you hear a thud against the window pane and someone cries, "Oh, there's a bird trying to get in!" It is only after yesterday's flies that went to the warm window just before sunset and are now killed by the night which, in our November is not cold enough to serve the warbler's purposes. As the bird takes the flies it flits to the orange trees and then to the scale. Then to the house gutters, and then to the eaves of the porch, where insects are in abundance that same cold night. Then it hunts the house over for little stray beings that cuddle between the boards for the night's shelter, and before you know it it is, eating a late persimmon or an apple to high for ordinary reach.

These warblers are fond of a mixed diet, from the honey in the middle of a warm afternoon to the richest preserves the housewife condescends to set out of doors in a saucer. I have seen a warbler rob the pepper tree of myriads of berries in one morning's work of the warblers. They must see them eat it to enjoy the honey. Last spring during a rainstorm, when I was especially scarce, I took from the bee house several frames of solid drone comb and set them on the garden table, where birds of all sorts are fond of feeding.

Under an umbrella a few feet from the spot I watched a warbler. Never had they partaken of such a repast. They pulled the white larvae from their cells and ate them by wholesale with notes of satisfaction. They sipped honey from the bee comb of unknown that always surrounds the bee comb, and the rule poured down and off from their gray

warblers are always so intent upon the one thing of "grub" that they do not observe the onlooker. On the ground they may sit still and have them come to one's very nose. In the shrub in which one is resting. The fact is, as with most other birds, it is movement. That frightens them. These birds make their nests in our schoolhouses searching for insects in cracks between the siding. If there be a nest near by where last season's weed seeds har-

bor tiny scale and the little "cheeses," the mallow, which birds as well as children like to hunt and discuss, there is no trouble in being intimate with the warblers. Let any child hide himself in a shrub and push his hand up into sight with a spoonful of preserves for inducement, and he will feel the joy of personal acquaintance with our winter visitors. Of course, he will have to wait until the birds discover the preserves, but the moment will come. It is good training, this learning to "wait" for what one covets.

The warblers nest in the high Sierras, where they sing more sweetly than with us, and where their feathers are far more bright.

We seldom see these birds in flocks, or even in small companies of more than two or three. If a couple of them meet by accident at the same point in the garden there is apt to be a duel. I have seen two warblers close in with deadly intent, though neither was disabled at the end. They do the best act in midair with beak and claws and spreading wings, falling at last to the ground upon their backs, where they lie for a moment looking at each other sideways. Then they rise suddenly and return to their search for insects exactly where they left off.

It is partly on account of these warblers that it is considered wrong to spray fruit trees with any poisonous fluids. Farmers would not poison the food of birds so valuable as these warblers are known to be in destroying injurious insects.

A Thanksgiving Surprise.

THE UNIQUE ENTERTAINMENT OF
AN INGENIOUS WOMAN.

By a Special Contributor.

GLADYS NORTON felt decidedly homesick. "Four thousand miles from home and only three days until Thanksgiving. California may be grand in the winter time, but I'd give anything to be at home again."

"Did you say something to me, deary?" A little old lady with a bright, sweet face was sitting on the porch near Gladys and happened to overhear her remarks.

"I did not realize that anyone heard me. I do feel rather lonely, out here among strangers. I can just see mother's long row of pines and all the other good things she always makes. All my uncles, aunts, brothers and sisters will be there, but me."

Gladys turned her head to prevent the tears which had arisen to her eyes from being seen. The little lady, in order to give Gladys a moment to control her emotion, smoothed back her soft white hair, rearranged the lavender tie and then began, in her slow, precise way:

"Well, I cannot help but feel lonely, too. My home is near Boston, and we also have family reunions on Thanksgiving days; but I am not going to feel sorry for myself one bit."

"The funniest thing has happened, or is going to, that I have been hardly able to keep a secret; but I have had no one to tell it to. Would you like to know what it is?" she asked.

"Oh, do tell me," said Gladys, enthusiastically, drawing her chair nearer to the old lady's rocker.

"Today I received a letter from my son, and what do you think he has sent me?"

"What is it? I never could guess."

"A turkey!" the dear little woman exclaimed merrily. "What I am going to do with the bird at this boarding-house is more than I can tell. He would not cook well over the gas jet in my room, I am sure. If I could only cook him, now, what a feast we would have."

Gladys impulsively leaned over and whispered, with sparkling eyes: "I have a scheme. What do you think about getting up a Thanksgiving dinner of our own? I know several who will be homesick, too, and be glad to come."

"There is Mabel Kennedy, who clerks at Vaughn's. Joe Bigham, who works at the newspaper office; the young nurse, Frances Steadman, who teaches music; the little sewing woman, and Merle Hinman, who keeps books in a grocery store. With you and me that will make eight."

"If we could manage to invite each one without the rest finding it out, what a surprise it would be for them." Mrs. Brown, her newly-found friend, entered heartily into the plan.

"But where can we have it, and who is going to cook our turkey?" she questioned anxiously.

"That can be easily managed. We will hire the cook, here, to roast the turkey and make the coffee. The table can be set under the trees, in true picnic style."

"We shall secretly invite each one to come and bring a knife, fork, plate, glass and one dish of something to eat. We can suggest to them what would be desirable, so that all will not bring the same thing."

"They will be glad enough to do it, for the boys eat at the restaurant and the girls do 'light housekeeping.'"

When Joe Bigham was asked by Gladys what he was going to do on Thanksgiving Day he remarked, with a wry face, "Munch at the same old place, I suppose."

"How would you like to take dinner with Mrs. Brown and myself?"

"Honestly? Well, I guess I would like it."

"Would you like it so well if I asked you to bring some ice cream with you?" laughed Gladys.

"I'll bring a gallon!" Gladys held up a warning finger to keep him quiet.

"Don't tell anyone."

"Oh, it's a secret, is it? All right."

"I would be only too glad to bring a quart of cranberry sauce," the little seamstress said, upon receiving her invitation. "I will keep quiet about it," she promised.

When Mrs. Brown invited the white-capped nurse,

she exclaimed: "How lovely! Yes, I understand, you cannot cook much over a gas jet. What would you like to have me bring?"

"A pound of butter will be easy for you to get, and no work. Could you bring that?"

"Why, certainly; you must be fond of butter," she laughingly remarked. "A pound for three will cause dyspepsia. Thank you so much for your kind invitation."

Frances Steadman said that she could easily bring mashed potatoes if they would only tell her how many to prepare.

"I should cook a dozen great big ones at least," advised Mrs. Brown. Frances thought such a quantity an awful amount, but did not say anything about it for fear of appearing mean and stingy.

Mrs. Brown and Gladys were busily engaged in putting the finishing decorations to the table on the morning of the eventful day, when the expressman announced "a box for Miss Gladys Norton."

A few minutes later a voice called: "Mrs. Brown, do come quickly!" She found Gladys kneeling beside a large box, balancing a huge fruit cake on her hand.

"The folks sent it all the way from home. They said they were sure it would taste good to me, and perhaps I could share it with someone. Isn't it grand?"

"The very thing we most needed, my dear. That will add the finishing touch and make it a real Thanksgiving dinner."

The jams, preserves, jellies, nuts and candies were hardly arranged on the table before the guests began to arrive.

When the young women came downstairs and gave Gladys their dishes she got them out of sight as skillfully as possible, but when Joe Bigham came up with the confectioner and helped him to carry in a bucket of cream, the secret was out. They all rushed out and nearly overwhelmed the astonished boy by offering to taste it.

The merry party made their way out on the lawn to the table, which was spread under the trees. Mid laughter and jesting they found their places at the table, where Mrs. Brown and Gladys gracefully presided.

"Who roasted the turkey?"

"What splendid cranberry sauce!"

"Who mashed these delicious potatoes?"

"This bread fairly melts in your mouth," said Merle Hinman. They all laughed, for it came from the same bread basket which he handled every day in the year.

When the ice cream, candy and nuts had at last disappeared, Joe Bigham rose to his feet.

"Ladies, will some of you please tell me who is to thank for this idea?" he asked.

"Gladys! Gladys!" they all cried.

"Mrs. Brown did just as much as I did to plan for the dinner."

"You have arranged for our entertainment so delightfully for the first part of the day, perhaps you have an idea for the afternoon. If you have, please let us know." All eyes turned to where Gladys was sitting.

"I had thought that perhaps you would enjoy the college football game."

"The very thing! Ladies, Merle and I should be happy to have you accompany us to the game. We will take nothing but you for an answer." The various members of the party started away to get ready and don the college colors, all but Mrs. Brown.

"Oh, no, no! I could not think of it. How silly it would look for an old lady to go to a football game; and then, I know nothing about it."

"Not when she goes with a young man who wants her very much," said Joe, gallantly.

Interested spectators could not help but notice and admire the manly youth who so carefully escorted and explained the game to the sweet-faced old lady.

They came home and decided to eat "scraps" for the evening meal, and spent the rest of the time in games and story telling. When they disbanded they proclaimed it one of the best Thanksgiving days which they had ever spent.

MYRTLE HILL WILLIAMSON.

TYPHOID FEVER AND OYSTERS.

In the discussion of the oyster as a means of communicating the germs of typhoid fever in Europe and in the United States, many inaccurate statements have been put in circulation, so that the government has deemed it necessary to have the matter investigated by an expert commission in order to avoid any possible damage to the oyster industry. The report of this body states that under normal conditions the oyster is not unwholesome at any time during the year, and that its peculiar microbial diseases, which are exceedingly rare, are not transmissible to man. "Wild" oysters, although not always fit for food, are free from contamination, and do not endanger public health, while those raised or fattened in beds are usually free from suspicion. The transmission of typhoid by oysters is possible, yet well-authenticated cases of such action are rare and involve a series of exceptional circumstances. The chief sources of danger are in the beds where the oysters are kept before transportation, the caring for them during transportation, and finally the shops of the retail dealers. It is believed that the connection between typhoid fever and the eating of oyster is due largely to the fact that indulgence in this form of shell fish begins at the time when there is a maximum number of typhoid cases, and the matter is one of coincidence rather than cause and effect.—[Harper's Weekly.]

SCARING BURGLARS.

"I was away from home for three days last week. One night my wife heard burglars—the same burglars that she has been hearing ever since we were married. 'I'll make them think there's a man in the house,' she decided. So she put on a pair of my shoes and tramped about on the hardwood floors for an hour to scare them away. My wife is a diplomat."

Royal Peacemakers.

HOW QUEEN AND EMPRESS PREVENTED A WAR.

By a Special Contributor.

NO more touching example of filial affection of children for their parents has ever been shown the world over, than in a recent case of royalty, where two sisters, present queens, succeeded in saving the life of their aged father, King Christian of Denmark, through skillful diplomatic negotiations in preventing a threatened war between England and Russia, which the venerable King declared would kill him if it ever took place.

Now that the perilous North Sea controversy, which so nearly plunged England and Russia into war, has reached a peaceful settlement, a hitherto unpublished story of the negotiations between these two powerful nations has just come to light, and it is one which shows that in all probability the peace of Europe was saved not so much by the great wisdom of statesmen, as by the able, combined efforts of two brave women, undertaken in order to save the life of their father—a king.

The two women are Queen Alexandra of England and Dowager Empress Dagmar of Russia, mother of the Czar, and it was for the sake of King Christian of Denmark that they interfered. They won their point, but with widely different results for themselves, for, whereas Queen Alexandra greatly enhanced her influence in the British court, her sister, the Russian Dowager, was obliged to promise that if her wishes were followed, in this matter she would never again seek to interfere in the affairs of the imperial government.

According to the story told by the attachés of the Danish court, King Christian, who is 86 years old, and whose chief delight is in the affection of his children, declared when he heard of the North Sea trouble and its perils, that if England and Russia went to war, the blow would kill him.

Telegrams were at once sent to his two loyal daughters, Alexandra and Dagmar, telling them that the aged sovereign's life depended on the maintenance of peace. The two sisters met and discussed the affair, after hundreds of dispatches had passed between them, and they each faithfully promised to do all in their power to prevent the impending war.

Following this pledge, Queen Alexandra commanded that Lord Lansdowne, the British Foreign Minister, attend her without fail. To him she communicated what

when she went to her son, the Czar, to plead her cause, her reception is said to have been rather cool.

The Czar has resented many of her bitter remarks regarding his wife, and also her evident efforts in the past to win popular favor for his brother, Grand Duke Michael. In the end, it is said, the Dowager Empress was obliged to promise that if she were granted the boon she asked she would never again take part in any political affair.

The royal sisters, however, won their point. The position of M. Delcassé that the matter should be submitted to an international commission had lain on the desks of the Czar and of Lord Lansdowne for two days unacted upon, but subsequently identical messages passed from London to St. Petersburg and from St. Petersburg to

WOULD WELCOME BURGERS.

An American lady, who has not been long in Mexico, thinks that the funniest thing about the country is the fact that all the doors on houses are locked and the keyholes are turned upside down.

"Instead of having the key work with the door up," she says, "it is the reverse. The key is turned to get into my rooms weigh about two pounds, and there are three of them. There is first an outside door, which has to be opened by inserting the key and turning it upward and making three complete revolutions with it, when the door opens. After I have entered a flight of stairs I have to unlock another door, which I do by inserting my key upside down, making a revolution and a half with it. If I make a mistake and then stop, I must begin the process of unlocking the door all over again, as the revolution must be made continuously. When I finally reach my door, after my patience has been nearly exhausted going through the other two, I have to produce a



she had done, and practically demanded that war be prevented. He told her of the progress of the negotiations and mentioned that M. Delcassé, the French Foreign Minister, had suggested that the matter be referred to The Hague. At first Lord Lansdowne, being much influenced by the heat of the British popular temper, did not feel kindly toward this course, and was disposed to insist upon the unconditional acceptance by Russia of the British demand that Admiral Rojestvensky should be punished.

The Queen, however, was insistent, and in the end Lord Lansdowne reluctantly promised that England would submit a proposition to Russia based on the lines of the French suggestion. He also promised that he would urge the Queen's views upon the Cabinet meeting the following day.

The Empress of Russia had a much harder task, owing to her loss of prestige in the imperial court since the birth of the Czarévitch. Prior to that event she, as mother not only of the Emperor, but of the heir presumptive, was far more powerful in court circles than the Czarina, but since the latter is now mother of the heir to the throne, the dowager's influence and prestige have greatly waned, and she, resenting this, has during the past few months been maintaining a separate establishment from that of the royal family. Therefore,

London, offering to submit the matter to an international commission, and later on Ambassador Benckendorf telegraphed the Russian government that England had agreed to the proposition. Instead of answering the English proposition, therefore, the Czar directed Count Lansdowne simply to announce that the proposition had the imperial sanction.

The telegram embodying the Czar's proposition for a settlement, sent to Ambassador Benckendorf from the Emperor's palace, was as follows:

"In a desire to bring everything that occurred in the North Sea into the clearest light possible, our monarch considers it beneficial to submit the affair to an international commission of inquiry, on the basis of The Hague Convention, for thorough investigation. Your Excellency is directed by imperial command to propose this means of settlement of the question to the British government."

To this Count Benckendorf replied:

"I have communicated Your Excellency's telegram to Lord Lansdowne. The British government accepts the proposal to submit the North Sea incident, in all its extent, to examination by an international commission, as provided for by The Hague Convention."

Thus it was, in this most romantic and diplomatic manner, that two royal sisters, persistent and tactful, battled stubbornly with hard-headed, shrewd and keen statesmen of two leading nations of the world, in preventing war in Europe and accomplishing their great purpose, that of saving their dear father's life.

There is at present great rejoicing among the members of the royal household of Denmark, and King Christian, venerable and beloved, is lauding the praises of his two faithful and loving daughters—Queen Alexandra and Dowager Empress Dagmar.

G. F. S.

key. The moment I insert the key in the lock, I kick the bottom of the door with all my might, and the door will open. I have been in my present position for three months, and I have worn out three pairs of shoes in that door. When I have at last come home, I feel that I have earned the right to rest a few words, as the operation must have taken at least half an hour.

"If there is any burglar in the City of Mexico, the patience to go through these three doors to rob me, I will tell him right now that he is welcome to whatever I may have."—[Mexican Herald.]

BLACK FOREST COBBLERS.

The Black Forest of Germany, a region of centuries, is hundreds of years behind the methods of living and conducting business. This fact is strikingly exemplified in the fact that the natives follow in making leather and shoes a farmer kills his beef he takes the hide to the shoemaker, who will keep it for two years before he fits for the shoemaker. When the hide is fit for the shoemaker, the shoemaker is informed of the fact.

Then some morning the shoemaker comes to the house with his kit of tools, and he begins to make shoes. Every Kaitira, who is one of the family, is marched before him and measured for making shoes for the family. In a month, more or less, but he sticks to his job, one is properly shod, when he is away from home needing his service.—[Shoe Review.]

Impressions of Honolulu.

POI AND RAW FISH, THE DAY AND NIGHT SHIFT MOSQUITO.

By a Special Contributor.

MY first impression of Honolulu from the boat was a glowing one. I think even a desert child with Robinson Crusoe prospects would have looked upon me after 3000 miles of sea sickness, but what I particularly beautiful in my sight was the view of the hills after leaving sun-burned California.

I had read everything I could find about Hawaii before starting, and made a study of the illustrations. One picture often seen is that of brown lithe boys in nature's garb, pure and simple, shining up coconut trees for coconuts; another, the fisherman in exceedingly brief attire standing at the water's edge spearing fish; still another, the hula (dancer) with grass skirt to the knee and a few wreaths of flowers in her hair; other pictures showed the evening around grass huts or feasting on the beach.

At all this I might be pardoned for expecting to find the rank and file of the Hawaiian population arrayed in a style of exceeding brevity and primitiveness. What was my consternation, on looking on the crowded docks and into the many small boats in the harbor, to find that the Hawaiian actually wore a shirt. "The mother used to make," either, but a real shirt. We are all in danger of losing our ideals when brought face to face with stern reality—one of the first crumbling to the deck of the Sierra.

At least I should see the grass hut in profusion. My collection of Hawaiian illustrations contained pictures many times, and surely there must be a grass hut here, just as there is a "Chinatown" or any other collection of people of like nationality in a large city. I was in Honolulu two weeks and walked or rode some miles of the time, sightseeing, but the only grass hut I saw was one twelve inches square in a cucumber window. I have been told by reputable persons, however, that there really is a grass hut occupied by natives in the suburbs of Honolulu, and that this style of architecture is occasionally encountered in the interior of some of the less populous islands.

I hardly know what to speak of first. Everything is new and interesting. The population, composed of many different nationalities, the customs of the people—all were new to me. It was a perfect feast. When the Hawaiian came in for his share of notice, it was at a point of physical appearance he loomed up familiarly.

His women often weigh over 200, and carry it without seeming inconvenience. The native dress, introduced by the missionaries less than 100 years ago, is a simple, near relative of the mother Hubbard of many years, but more graceful in appearance. It is a loose front and back, is semi-fitted under the arms and has a slight train. As the Hawaiian woman wears the headgear of the corset, the wise foresight of the founders of the holokus becomes apparent.

I had come to get some idea of their language, so I went to the cathedral at a service when a Hawaiian woman was given. If you will take a bundle of k's, h's, and p's for variety, and l's for lubricating, you will have the native language as it comes to me. I have since learned that the alphabet consists of twelve letters only—the five vowels and the consonants h, k, l, m, n, p and w.

My good fortune the first Sunday after my arrival (Monday) to see a native funeral, that of F. W. King, the noted politician and home-rule leader, whom they buried with almost royal honors. The streets were packed. It was circus day and the people had rallied into one. The services were held in the cathedral (he was not given a state funeral,) and the people going, but on seeing the mass of people the authorities concluded that a seat on the ledge of the cathedral window was more desirable and the people were much better.

The ladies were present in great numbers—in fact, many ladies turn a corner in Honolulu without bumping into a lady. Since the fall of the monarchy they have been surprisingly, as no one treats the matter seriously, anyhow; whereas, in the old days, the authorities of the presuming were more closely inquired into, and the laws deciding the exact shade of blue and the vogue more stringent.

The procession was on foot with the exception of royal cars. There was the marshal of the day, the police, and the usual society of representative citizens, who kept step with much the same precision and elegance that the unskilled exhibit on Labor Day. I was indiscreet enough to inquire the name of the society, and learned that the honored members of the Hui Hookehona Owi Hana were passing before the Home Rule party. These were followed by a society of Hawaiian matrons to the number of 100, and a number of maidens in white. Such an epidemic of holokus I never expect to see again.

The most imposing part of the procession was the police, or longshoremen, dressed in black blouse and white duck hat and trousers, who drew the bears of a long black cable—though I should not have made honorable mention of the policemen, who were quite fetching in their blue coats, helmets and hats.

The horse was festooned with leis (native wreaths,) and the national color of yellow predominating. After the carriage came the carriages of the princes and princesses, and chiefs and chiefesses, among the last being High

Chiefess Kekaonianokalani. Let us hope that the vehicle supporting this name, and incidentally its owner, was made of goodly timbers and best workmanship.

The procession was followed to the grave by the motliest crowd I ever saw. There were Jap men and Jap women with Jap babies strapped to their backs; and Chinese men and Chinese babies, but no Chinese women (Chinese women do not appear in public;) there were Portuguese and Porto Ricans, and Manchurians and Koreans and Russians, and one negro; and white people (whether English, Scotch or Americans,) and "half-whites," and any other fraction you'd wish to mention. There were the barefooted, the wooden-shoed, the pig-tailed, with every variety of complexion and every color and fashion of dress, and all this followed Wilcox to his last resting place.

A quaint custom of the Hawaiian, and one to which the white people take kindly, is the wearing of the lei (lay.) The lei is made by stringing the blossoms of a flower on a long piece of fiber, and when complete resembles a huge flowery caterpillar. It is used as a decoration on festive occasions, or presented to friends as a special token of regard. The Hawaiian's toilet is not complete without a lei around his hat, and the departing guest staggers up the gang plank of the steamer loaded down with leis from admiring friends. A local paper, commenting on the recent departure of a man whom the city was well rid of, said: "He wore no leis." This expressed the climax of disapproval.

Leis are made by native flower girls who come downtown every morning with their wares and sit in rows on the sidewalks, with their backs up against the buildings, and every outgoing and incoming boat finds them down at the wharf. Often one of the "flower girls" is a big, fat, barefooted Hawaiian, or a wrinkled old dame, but all seem to have the same love for flowers.

The native feast is called a luau (loo'ow,) and the menu consists of poi, roast pig, roast dog and raw fish in many varieties. Most Hawaiians live on poi and raw fish. A fisherman will pick up a live fish, bite off its head and eat it before it stops kicking. This is not exaggerated a particle.

Poi, the national dish, is made from the root of the taro plant, which looks not unlike a faded purplish potato when boiled. They pound this boiled root on a board, adding a little water until it is of the consistency of a thick and sticky batter, and looks as much like a linseed poultice as anything I can think of. This is eaten from wooden bowls called calabashes, by dipping in two fingers and licking them off. A large calabash holds several quarts, and as many people may dip in as are within dipping distance. I thought this was pretty bad until it was explained to me that the poi is so sticky that whatever touches the fingers adheres to them and is removed from the bowl in consequence, but at its best it can hardly be considered dainty.

The pig is wrapped in large leaves and cooked on hot stones, the whole being covered with earth, and Fido is prepared in the same way. I am sorry to be obliged to say that this last named delicacy is fast going out of fashion, and is perhaps now scarcely ever indulged in. When he was in vogue, his dogship was no ordinary cur, but one pampered and fed on poi for the special purpose of being in turn fed upon. Leis made of dog teeth are highly prized, and are supposed to keep off evil spirits. Sometimes the dancing girls wear leis of dog teeth around their ankles.

Raw fish is eaten in many forms; sometimes it is dried, sometimes salt and sometimes fresh. A choice variety is the squid, a species of devil fish which may be seen any day at the large fish market. It is a disgusting-looking thing, but I have been told, even by white people, that the tentacles are quite appetizing when dried.

There is a law in Honolulu forbidding the sale of fish not caught the same day, aimed to prevent the consumption of fish at all tainted, which is considered by many authorities to be one of the fruitful sources of leprosy.

There are so many evidences that the Hawaiian has not reached the highest type of civilization that it is almost discouraging. The saloons are closed on Sunday—no side door, either. They fail to take up the usual collection at church services—this is serious. They arise with alacrity when a lady enters a crowded street car; and always observe the printed formula which says "No smoking in this car." Still, with abundant example to the contrary they cannot but improve, and may in time learn to emulate their Anglo-Saxon brethren in turned-up trousers and cigarette, "don't you know."

The principal feature about Honolulu which impresses the visitor is the wealth of tropical vegetation and the spacious grounds about the residences. There are not the thousands of roses seen in California, for the destroying beetle prevents this, but there is a luxuriance of beautiful and many-tinted foliage and an abundance of tropical plants of every description. Many of the comparatively unpretentious homes are almost hidden from view in grounds covering a whole block, and what I like about these grounds is that they are not gotten up in a keep-off-the-grass style, with everything in rows, as if it just had a fresh hair cut. The trees grow naturally, and if they take a notion to bulge out on one side more than another, they bulge out, and do not look around to see what the other trees are doing.

To give an idea of the climate, the following clipping from the "want" column of a January publication is quoted. It speaks volumes: "For Rent: Nice cool room, mosquito proof." It may be hard to imagine mosquitoes in January, but like the poor they are always with us, and every bed has the tell-tale netting suspended from the ceiling, which is gracefully festooned (the netting, not the ceiling,) over the head of the bed by day and envelopes the whole structure by night.

The Hawaiian mosquito believes in organized labor and divides his forces into a day and a night shift. The day mosquito wears a striped uniform, with the stripes running around, like a convict's. He is not ro-

bust, and his voice is so faint that he fails to give proper notice of his approach—like the Jap, he neglects to make formal declaration of war before he starts in.

A good deal is being done by the Mosquito Campaign Committee to abate the mosquito nuisance in Honolulu by draining marshy lands, using oil on the waters, etc.

The climate is rather enervating, owing to the humidity of the atmosphere. Women wear white muslins and summer hats all the year, and the men are partial to white duck. Rains are frequent, but generally short and harmless—I say generally, because it occasionally comes down in quite a businesslike way. A peculiar thing is that it seldom rains in all parts of the city at the same time, and Jim Dumps may be walking along one street carrying an umbrella, while Sunny Jim walks in the next block without.

There are no wild animals in Hawaii, no snakes, neither poisonous reptile or plant, no flies (the deficiency is supplied by the presence of a minute ant who is always in it, no matter what "it" happens to be,) no tramps, no dust, no hurry.

SARAH E. LEWIS.

THE LONDON CABBY.

There are in London 2711 cab proprietors and of these 2244 own fewer than five vehicles. As you see, it is a poor man's industry. There is only one large company—the London Improved Cab Company, which owns 509 cabs; the Earl of Shrewsbury and Talbot, who was once a large owner, went out of business. In the main then the small proprietor—the "Mush"—who owns a few cabs and drives one himself controls the trade. The average price for hiring a cab is twelve and threepence a day. In addition the cabman has to pay the yard fees. He gets two horses a day and is usually fourteen hours on the box. His license costs him five shillings a year. The tax of £2 on the cab and the fifteen-shilling wheel duty are paid by the owner. Taking it day in and day out the cabby makes about five shillings a day. In the season he may take in more money, but as the hire is raised on him, it comes to the same thing. If he is not content—and there is no reason why he should be—he does not grumble unduly. Every day in London 120,000 people ride in cabs. Of course there is friction and there is a deal of noisy quarrelling over fares, but, so far as my experience goes, the cabby is usually right in his estimate of the distance he has traveled and the money that is due him. The cab horses are a good lot. They are worked six hours a day on an average. About three years in a hansom, however, will do up the best of them. Then they drift down to the four-wheelers. A melancholy vehicle, that. You remember, do you not, "Gergers" in Ibsen's "Wild Duck," whose unhappy destiny it was to be always thirteenth at table? It is the gloomy function of the four-wheeler to "follow with the luggage." At best it never rises higher than the function of freighting home roysterers and bad husbands, night-wasters and cordial, ignoble girls. A melancholy destiny. The driver of a four-wheeler pays less cab rent—six or seven shillings a day—but his earning power is less than that of the aristocrat of the craft, he is in the dickey. Usually he is a weedy, old man, who has looked out on life, through red-lidded eyelids, so long and has come to know it so well, that the milk of human kindness in him is mere curds and whey. He is essentially a creature of the fog and night. Mankind, as he knows it, is either coming away from a railway station with too much luggage or going home—sadden or riotous with too much drink. Why should he have confidence in his fellow men? He and not Edgar Saltus should have written the Philosophy of the Disenchantment. His melancholy destiny it is to go through life trying to detect pewter half-crowns.—[Vance Thompson, in Outing]

FALLING A MILE.

It is perfectly indescribable, that fall (it is nothing else,) or my sensations at the time. We seem to start as if shot from a gun. I have a moment of the terrible sinking pain one gets in a swift elevator, and then the motion and the madness and the wildness of it all gets into my head, and I find myself yelling and exulting in the swift motion, in the delight of flying. Down we go, gathering speed with every jump, past hillocks of snow I ordinarily would recognize as containing a buried cache of goods, but which are now simply white, menacing apparitions, which appear and disappear like a flash. On we go, over bumps and little hollows, holding on for grim life, my steering forgotten—on, on, with the speed of an express train. I see Jack's shoulders stiffen, and looking ahead I see a black line—a crevice! Now we leave the crust and are traveling through the air—actually flying; bump, we are across. "Thirty feet if 'twas an inch," I think. I look below; the tents grow larger and larger as if by magic. I hear a roaring sound—is it Jack yelling, or the wind? As I wonder, we get another jolt; we have struck a hillock and shoot up in the air; will the crust hold us when we come down? No time to wonder; we are down with another bump, and the keen, stinging rush of air in my face tells me our speed is greater rather than less. "The tents are almost up with us," I think. (I mean we are almost to the tents.) As I think it, we pass them, "way to the left—Jack has kept wide to the right. "Good boy, Jack; has his nerve with him." I have a momentary glimpse of a dancing, screaming crowd of men and then Jack raises his hand; I see his stick go whirling away—mine follows. I give a hard pull at the rope I find still in my hand and roll to the left; Jack falls to the right, and then I am dimly conscious that it does not hurt, but that I am being fearfully shaken and jolted, that I am rolling over and over. I feel a stinging pain in my ankle and on my face and arm and head, and then a mountain seems to fall on me and I sink deep down in the water—I wonder how I get in the water, but I am very tired and—I lose consciousness.—[C. H. Claudy, in Outing]

El Moko.

THE STORY OF A BURRO OF THE MEXICAN SIERRAS.

From Longman's Magazine.

HE was a burro from the Mexican Sierras. Juan was the unpretentious name that belonged to him by right of baptism, El Moko the title of nobility into which he came during our brief association.

The new appellation had for us a flavor of agreeable reminiscence. For the only member of the donkey tribe with whom we had ever before been on terms even of nodding acquaintance was the "moke" of London town—the patient little quadruped, who, six days of every week, draws a costermonger's barrow laden with cabbages and cauliflowers around residential suburbs, on Sundays and bank holidays shares with his master the rural delights of Kent or Surrey, and on the annual carnival of Derby Day disputes with my lord and his coach-and-four the right of the road to Epsom Downs.

Then El Moko!—so felicitously appropriate was the title that the royal coat of heralds at Madrid might have accepted responsibility for its selection. Not merely did the sonorous syllables have the true Spanish ring, but they also served to convey just the proper suggestion of ancient and noble lineage. For with his grave dignity of countenance and solemn deliberation of pace, our burro surely looked the astute Hidalgo, every inch of him, from hoof point to ear tip. "Juan" was commonplace and of today, "El Moko" carried the imagination back to the age of knight errantry.

The old name, to be sure, was retained for familiar and affectionate use. The new one was reserved for occasions of ceremonious address or half-apologetic expostulation. And its sub-acid touch of irony even the beast came to appreciate, for he would cock his ears and whisk his tail at each reminder of his blue-blooded Castilian ancestry.

When Juan joined our family circle we were sojourners on the southern edge of the Colorado Desert—veritable habitants of the wilderness, for the nearest settlement, a store and a possible dozen of wooden shanties, was full two miles distant from our place of abode. This was a cottage niched in the mouth of a ravine and overhung by lofty mountains. It was certainly "a picturesque and desirable residence," as the enterprising land agent had assured us; but his "pure water flowing past the door" proved to be a delusion and a snare. The big smooth boulders in a dried-up arroyo did indeed give proof that a stream had been here in bygone seasons, while a miniature cascade far up the cañon afforded reasonable promise that there might be running water again when the present winter trickle would be augmented by the summer-melted snows. But, meantime, this same cascade was our nearest domestic supply, and the problem of transporting the requisite number of daily gallons became a pressing one. On the advice of the local pundits we resolved to buy a burro.

The storekeeper of the village was accordingly commissioned to keep a watchful eye on prospectors passing to and from the mountains, and to make reasonable offer for any suitable animal with whose services they might be willing to dispense. Only two days had elapsed when up came word to our cañon chalet that a mining man was below with a burro for sale. Hastening down, I found the whole settlement inspecting and appraising.

By general consent Juan was pronounced to be sound of hoof and limb, his dentition flawless, his integument without a galled spot. In my presence he was subjected to the crucial test of downward pressure by vigorous hands across the small of the back, such as might have brought a camel to his knees, but left this burro immovable as a rock. He had a stolid face and a placid eye, and bore every impertinence of fingers thrust between ribs with tranquil indifference. For an animal of such points the price demanded seemed ridiculously inadequate; so without any attempt at chaffering seven dollars were promptly transferred from my pocket to the miner's. In triumph, and amid a buzz of congratulation, I led away my purchase by means of a halter borrowed from my friend the storekeeper.

Like a lamb, Juan followed me home. The excitement of my three boys—will it ever fade from memory? A saddle was scorned; before I had time even to estimate the extra cost of this equipment, the youngsters unanimously elected for barebacked equestrianism. My wife looked a little timid and doubtful. But the economy of the arrangement appealed to me, so I piled the trio up on the ample length of shaggy hide. "Houpla!" cried the foremost lad, the halter firmly gripped in both hands; and at a gait that was duly reverential, Juan moved off with his precious and wildly hurrying burden. A change from inanimate four sacks, I reflected. But Juan never winked an eye; he just plodded on—willingly, steadily, patiently.

Our little house mother surveyed the scene with an expanding smile of satisfaction. Her momentary fears were dissipated.

"El Moko is a treasure!" she declared.

And there and then Juan came to his title.

During several hours nothing befell to disturb our equanimity. If ever donkey was blessed with a tolerant and imperturbable soul, Juan showed himself to be so endowed. The liberties those little rascals took, the ignominies that burro complacently endured! In front of the house was an apricot orchard, and up and down the avenues El Moko was paraded. For considerable periods all three boys would be atop, but at intervals there were experiments in vaulting on from behind, in standing erect, in lying crosswise, like captives or wounded men, in lassoing with a clothes line, in charging with cavalry on an imaginary foe, and amid a truly infernal din of beaten tin cans. We watched the performance from afar, but did not seek to interfere.

No house pet could have proved a more good-natured playmate than this burro of the wild.

"Yes, El Moko is indeed a treasure." Having endorsed my wife's encomium, I proceeded to enlarge on the qualities of our acquisition with pardonable pride. "I saw it at the first glance. Judge a horse by its eye. Poor Richard or some other authority says. Now, just look at that donkey's eyes. They are soft and gentle as your own, my—"

But sentiment was cut short by a vigorous box on my ears.

"Changed days, sir, when you dare to compare my eyes to a donkey's!"

With chastened feelings I could but reflect that matrimonial responsibilities and mellowing age sadly impair one's powers of turning a compliment. But my wife's attention had suddenly been diverted to other things; she clatched wildly at my arm.

"Good heavens! what is happening now?"

Following her frightened gaze, I beheld El Moko's nose pivoted on a sandy spot of ground, and, even as we watched, down he went on his knees, then he rolled on his back, upraising his four sturdy legs into mid-air. With thankfulness we saw that the children, after ricocheting like India-rubber balls to a safe distance, had scrambled to their feet to study this extraordinary display of assine agility. The burro was kicking out vigorously, occasionally rocking from side to side, then resuming the absurd inverted position, like an overturned tea table.

At a bound I was down the veranda steps and speeding across the orchard, my wife hastening behind.

But as we came up it was clear that Juan was still in excellent good temper; he was simply reveling in his hand bath, while the youngsters, entering into the fun of the situation, were laughing and screeching with approving glee.

One quick yank at the halter and I had the animal again on his proper understandings.

Meeting my stern eye, he did indeed look a trifle shamefaced. Yet withal, standing stock still there before us, he seemed mild and innocent as before. The boys were for mounting once more, but the anxious mother had gathered her brood closely around her. A wave of her hand toward the hitching post in front of the house told us that all riding exercises were over for the day. I led the offender away.

I had been informed, by divers authorities in the village that a burro requires no special provender—that he can pick up a sumptuous living from the sage brush and kindred shrubs. These grew in abundance all around. So, improvising the clothes line as a tethering rope, I soon had Juan tied, an ample circle of the suitable herbage within his easy reach. The sun was setting. Our supper was ready. We left the burro to his.

Through the windows the boys, while they ate, kept their eyes fastened on the new and already dearly-loved friend. I myself cast an occasional and unobtrusive glance in the same direction. The sage was certainly dry and uninviting; without prompting, I could see that the animal was not nibbling a leaf—that he was regarding the closed door forlornly and reproachfully. But soon came attempts to rouse me to compassion.

"Father," began our ten-year-old Philosopher, "how can a donkey possibly live on such dried-up sticks as these? He needs a jolly good feed of hay."

"Nonsense, my son," I explained. "What mining prospector carries hay into the wilderness? The desert is the burro's natural home, and he is accustomed to desert fare."

"Won't you let me give him my piece of pie?" pleaded out Mischief of eight.

"Or my cocoa?—donkeys loves cocoa," proposed the ungrammatical youngling of the trio.

But my heart was obdurate. Juan had thirty feet of rope and a virgin patch of heaven's own appointed pasture. And what burro could wish for more?

I watched the last morsels of the apple pie reluctantly consumed; with pointed significance I tipped the dregs of the cocoa pitcher into my own cup.

"Where is he to sleep tonight?" asked the Philosopher.

"Where he is tethered, of course," I replied.

But the answer was met by a chorus of protesting "Ohs!"

"Oh, father, it's so cold at night!" "Oh, can't we have him inside?" "Oh, dear dada, he can have my beddie, and I'll sleep with oo"—such were the remarks with which I was assailed, and which gave me my first ominous foreboding that with the coming of El Moko there was trouble in the home.

Explanations were powerless to convince; the cheerful philosophy I attempted conjured up no responsive smile.

"Think of the burro's thick, rough coat, boys; it is better than a dozen blankets. Why, Juan has slept in the brush every night of his life." "Who ever heard of a donkey in a bed, little man?"

"The three bears had beds," interjected Master Mischief, his face momentarily lighted up by the consciousness that he had found a weak spot in my argument.

"Tut-tut! It is past your bed time now."

So, to put a stop to controversy, the whole crowd were swept off to their respective cribs.

It was some hours before the last sleepy voice died away, and the ever-recurring refrain of the whispered conversation stealing into the adjoining parlor had been: "Poor, poor Juan; no supper, and out in the cold; poor, poor Juan." I was beginning to feel like some callous monster refusing bread to a walling, starving multitude.

Nor could I fail to observe that my wife by this time was affected with a certain tender-heartedness for El Moko. To correct this mood I led her forth into the moonlight. It was the month of January, but in that favored desert climate the crisp, dry cold of the night was delightful—we ourselves could have slept in the open without discomfort. Juan ate a crust of bread from

our hands, accepted a pat on the neck, and, with a look of his tall back as a contented good night, he disappeared.

At sunrise we were awakened by an eager wailing. Philosopher was standing by our bedside, his countenance of disaster on his trembling lips.

"Juan is gone!"

Yes, the burro had broken his rope right under the door, and was nowhere to be seen.

Two hours later, when we had ascended the mountain brush in vain quest for the wanderer, and were sitting in family council the necessity of sending for a keeper, who, unseen, had led Juan up through the orchard. The man was irate; the burro a patient subject misery.

"Look here, boys, that burro of yours has been at my store all night, and ate up two gallons of molasses!"

Such was the indictment that fell upon our ears. Now was Juan's disreputable reputation plain—his nose like a fly-paper, all about him sticks and straws and such.

A more detailed account of what had happened showed that the criminal had got into the yard behind the store, and, overturning a bag of molasses that had been standing with its lid off, had gorged himself on the sweet stuff. He certainly looked bluish and unwarily-fermenting.

"But how did he get into the yard?" I inquired.

"No, sirree," came the decisive rejoinder. "The habit of leavin' open gates down our way— with a withering side glance at the side of the fence lying scattered on the ground. 'But how did this one, he is'."

And with this crowning, if somewhat circumstantial, accusation, a pointed finger was extended toward the guilty quadruped, who was standing with downcast eyes and drooping ears, too utterly dejected even to shake off the myriad flies buzzing round his cicly proboscis.

"He's a burro, no doubt," I smilingly replied, "that doesn't explain how he got through the gate of your bag of molasses."

"Oh, he's a burro," reiterated the disbeliever, "the words were full and sufficient explanation of the deradest cunningest burro I've spotted in my time. He don't need no gate—he breaks down and gets under 'em. I caught him wriggling under a corral like a bismarck rattlesnake."

Lower and lower hung El Moko's head, and I knew that the words of angry rebuke rebounded on no midnight carouser hauled up before a justice, disturbing the peace ever looked more utterly ashamed himself. Then that debris-incrusted monster—a big bumble-bee settling on it now! For the first time I could not restrain my laughter.

But meanwhile, also, I had reflected. Poor poor brute had been really hungry. If there was provision at home he might not have gone to a burglarious foray.

"Look here, my friend, I'll make it all right for the molasses. And you can bring me up a bit of this morning."

The aggrieved man began to show signs of relief.

"I guess he'll need a stouter rope, too, this piece of packing thread."

He had touched the fragment of frayed cord from the burro's neck, and I could see my wife wince at the contemptuous reference to the clothes line, that had borne the burden of many a cherished dream basket across ocean and cañon.

"All right," I cheerfully assented. "A stout rope is always useful."

At this denouement the boys looked toward me. They had been standing by, silently and listening, not even daring to laugh at the begone and ridiculous appearance. I had seen the fear on their faces—the penalty they had been now they led him off, jubilant—but discerned no least too open rejoicing over the repentant prodigal lead to the revocation of my forgiveness.

Until dinner time they were busy behind the scraping Juan's nose and restoring the animal to a balance of respectability. His moral rehabilitation aided by a bucket of potato peelings and molasses, which he ate with obvious relish, and a sickly debauch. During the afternoon the masters had him out at the far end of the cañon were putting him through all the old games of the new ones. He was again the sedate and cheerfully-enduring El Moko. When he fell at fall of evening he manifested a desire to be identical sand patch of the previous day, and trick was known now, and so involved that no one was allowed to indulge his humor, again resounded. The boys could have had donkeys—Juan and me.

Meanwhile the bale of hay had arrived and dumped on the side porch, which, in the any stable, I deemed to be a suitable storage. While we were enjoying our supper, munching contentedly at a liberal armful deposited by the side of the hitching post, Juan was securely tethered by the new rope. The youngsters were satisfied, and even I, a slave of him who has dealt forgivingly with a ser.

In the small hours I was disturbed by a terrible dream. I had heard in my sleep the horses' jaws innumerable. I was awake, and gods, the strange noise continued. Had a United States cavalry arrived during the night, couched in our cañon? With some such thought in my mind I jumped out of bed and opened

that led onto the veranda. What a sight it was, in the full flood of moonlight, met my astounded gaze.

Around the side porch seemed to be gathered all the mules, horses, Indian cayuses and burros of the district; in their midst was Juan, the hitching post dragged from the ground and trailing at the end of his long tether; all over the place were scattered fragments of the big bale of hay that was to have lasted this miserable man for over a fortnight. My presence on the stage was not yet discovered, and I could see that Juan was peering anxiously over his impromptu supper party. While I was yet lost in silent contemplation, a pair of big black mules came scampering up; El Moko stepped forward a few yards, and with quite admirable courtesy conducted the newcomers to the place of honor beside the tumbled bundle of feed still remaining on the porch. Then, reinforced, the champ, champ, champ of industrious jaws continued.

I had recognized these mules—they belonged to my friend the storekeeper. Retreating into the house I softly closed the window and returned to bed. The mischief was done; to attempt to save the mere crumbs of the feast would have been absurd; Juan and his guests might as well enjoy their good time undisturbed. Besides, I had my plan.

With the dawn I was astir and had dispatched my eldest boy for the storekeeper, whom I knew to be, like myself, an early riser. While my messenger was gone I kept an eye on the equine herd, now scattered to distant distances, nosing for the last wind-blown straw, or extracting the scene of midnight revelry with obvious reluctance to tear themselves away from a haunt of such delightful memories. Juan, with his long tether rope and its incumbering stake, was safely entangled in a mesquite bush.

The storekeeper came. Without a word I led him to the end of the front veranda and there pointed to the last-rumpled quarter-acre littered with scraps of fodder, and to the figures of the thieves half-concealed among the brushwood.

"Cricket!" exclaimed my visitor; and he took off his hat and scratched his head to aid him toward a fuller understanding of the situation.

"The last pound of my hay gone," I mildly suggested. "Tey, a pretty tidy clean-up, ain't it?"

"Do you recognize those black mules over yonder?"

"Oh—whittaker! Them cusses in the push, too?"

"They are yours, aren't they? I thought that corral was never left open down your way."

The storekeeper clasped his hat on his head and, dipping his thigh, faced me.

"Guns, boss, that just about squares the mortgages."

So the mortgages were squared—morally, for my good friend the storekeeper and I understood each other, and our difference, as both knew, had never really been one that mere dimes or quarters could have adjusted. But in my own personal reckoning of debit and credit I was still a bale of hay to the bad—aggravatingly, for this time I could not blame our hospitable El Moko so much as my own carelessness, or rather my ignorance of the devouring hunger that ever abides with desert denizens, in their half-wild Indian ponies scrubbing for a living, or mules reduced by dearth of jack-rabbit meat to bee-diet.

In my conscientious desire to cure Juan of any lingering longing for stolen sweets, to implant in his mind the love of home and its simple but satisfying life, I ordered another bale of hay. This I deposited in a sort of cellar, or lumber closet, that ran the length of the house under the veranda. In the absence of naps I secured the door by means of a goodly-staked net. The hitching post was again driven, firm and true. At night Juan was once more bountifully fed, and so retired to rest feeling confident that there could be no further trouble.

As I lay down I felt the shock distinctly—the very bed rising beneath me. I was sitting up in a cold perspiration of terror when the second shock came—bump! The whole floor trembled. Bump!—bump!—bump!—three, four, five upheavals all in quick succession. What, in Juan's name, was happening, or going to happen? What dawned upon me that the seismic disturbance issued from the basement of the adjacent veranda.

El Moko! Juan was there, tugging at the bale of hay.

I was on my feet now, and could feel the broad beam of light from the planking. He had heard me, and below grew suddenly still. But there came from the hush a soft whinnying right under my window.

At last the night I stole, clothed in a dressing gown and armed with a stout cudgel. The moon had set behind the mountain peaks and the cañon was in darkness. By the starlight I could distinguish the dusky forms of horses and mules congregated around the cellar door. I advanced cautiously along the veranda. There was a wild scurrying of hoofs, the rattle of scattered grass, the tattoo of the stampede. But I had got to one good blow.

That it was our own El Moko I had smitten, right on the nose that he had protruded inquiringly from the cellar door beneath the veranda.

Not, after all, well had he merited the punishment.

I procured a lantern and led him forth, the villain. He then did I discover that his tethering rope reached right to the cellar door. He, or his accomplices, had rolled away the rock, and the incorrigible prodigal, who was small enough, or daring enough, to enter through the doorway, had been in the act of pulling out wads of hay for his hungry comrades.

Next day a chain and padlock were procured, and Juan's fodder was dispensed only in regulated rations—to be eaten in the daylight while there was no disruptive cayuses around to lead El Moko into dissuading habits of conviviality.

Through the coming weeks Juan's early escapades were to be fully expiated by his patient and continuous attendance. Every day he carried water for us—twenty

or forty gallons, in empty kerosene tins slung on a rough pack saddle. He taught the children how to ride, for they might roll onto him, and off him, and over him, just as they pleased, without ever a show of teeth or a raising of hoofs. Yet he could never cross that one particular patch of sand without his nose going down, were his load boys or water cans. But tumbling performances at inconvenient times were averted by avoidance of the spot, and when occasion served Juan was allowed to roll on his back to his heart's content. The youngsters, indeed, never seemed to tire of the diverting spectacle.

These were days of unaccustomed domestic hardship. Bread had to be baked at home, and my wife's initial experience in the art was acquired from a careful perusal of the directions on a box of yeast cakes! That first batch of bread was heavy—very heavy. The Philosopher and I bore one big loaf to the table, carrying it between us as if it had been a log of mahogany, and gravely asking the patiently-smiling house mother whether we should saw it or split it open with an ax. Juan consumed that loaf and all its fellows. He ate not merely with zest, but to advantage, for next morning Master Mischief declared that the animal was "a foot more all around in thickness."

His head thrust through the open kitchen window, Juan, with smug satisfaction, watched the preparations for another baking. This time the bread would certainly not be heavy; after a family consultation an extra cake of yeast was decided on. We were on our feet half the night scooping up the dough that rose like a succession of white pillows from the dish containing it, until every available vessel in the house had been filled. And when at last tired nature asserted itself, and we had to yield to sleep, the pails and basins ranged in a row were still visibly swelling. Next morning the oven was not heated. Juan breakfasted royally on pain soufflé, uncooked, but apparently much to his liking, for he cleaned up the whole abortive batch and at the finish hee-hawed for more.

But this was his last feast of the kind, for at the third time of trying our clever and undaunted little baker turned us out loaves that might have made a Parisian boulangerie envious. Yet, on every bread-making day that followed, she had a laughable—perhaps a profitable—reminder of early failures. With the first patting of the dough in would come El Moko's head through the window. He earned his reward; for just as soon as the new batch proved right, he had a modest munch over the remainder crumbs of the old one.

By this time we all loved Juan well and held him in high esteem. His rough, unkempt coat had been groomed to the smoothness and sheen of satin. His well-fed, rotund form would have imparted an aspect of benevolence to a municipal grafter or a trust magnate. He no longer roamed by night, putting self-respect to the peril of syrupy temptation; he brought home no more cayuses of questionable character for riotous supper parties. Yet at all times he enjoyed perfect liberty—the hitching post was pensioned, the lariat hung upon the wall.

Noble blood had told, ancestry had triumphed over environment. El Moko had become a personage of importance in the household. He was consulted in all our daily plans, deferred to in many ways. Of a truth I was often painfully made conscious that, in the eyes of the children at all events, I was no longer the supreme head of our limited monarchy. But I owed the ass no grudge; he was a mild "bureaucracy."

At last the hour for parting had come round. In five days we would be leaving the desert—regretfully moving from our cabin home—for the month was April, and the thermometer far up in the nineties. A surveying party passed by, an offer was made for Juan, and, since he could not come with us, we were glad to find for him kindly new masters. So El Moko, his halter held by a stranger's hands, was led down the orchard and away beyond the cottonwood trees that had marked the limit of the children's domain.

For long hours after Juan's departure the three boys sat weeping on the veranda—they were broken-hearted and inconsolable; even the Philosopher sobbed like any one of the little girls he so often professed to despise.

It was the eve of our departure and we were seated on our packing cases watching for the last time the sun setting over the noble sierra, whose lofty saw-toothed edge was our western sky line. Up through the orchard came the figure of a man. Who could it be? Most of our desert friends had already fled toward the coast belt; to the few remaining we had bidden adieu.

Our visitor proved to be the chief of the survey party. He shook hands, a comical smile on his face, and then dived into the tale he had come to tell.

"Say, gov'nor, the storekeeper thinks you'd like to know 'bout that burro of yours. We were two days out, and at night, when the whole camp was asleep, he started in our stores. Ate a ham, a side of bacon, a sack of flour, another of sugar; opened up a case of crackers and swallowed the lot; and I'll be thumped if he didn't chew flat every can of meat we had and suck out the contents clean as a boy blows a blackbird's egg. I've had to come back twenty miles for fresh supplies."

We all laughed loud and long.

"Will you sell us Juan back again?" I asked, when the hilarity had subsided; for upon my word I was figuring out in my mind the cost of El Moko's transport to the seacoast.

"Sell him? Not for gold. He's a burro, he is."

And that I now knew was eulogy indeed. El Moko, my friend, shall we ever see your dusty coat again?

EDMUND MITCHELL.

Critic: Pardon me for saying so, but in this autumn landscape your colors do not seem to harmonize.

Artist: They don't? Why, those colors are copied with absolute fidelity from nature.

Critic: Well—er—you know nature can take liberties of that sort that are not allowed to the rest of us.—[Chicago Tribune.]

ROSALIE'S ROMANCE.

A BEAUTIFUL WASHERWOMAN WHO MARRIED AN ITALIAN PREMIER.

[London Mirror:] One of the most interesting and typical Italian characters is dying in Rome.

This is no other than Crispi's second wife, Rosalie Montmasson. Although of humble birth, thirty-odd years ago she played an important part in Italian politics.

Crispi's first introduction to this woman was in 1853, when, after the failure of the battle of Novara, he was languishing in prison at Turin. One day a beautiful creature came to him in his cell and asked to be allowed to do his washing. The impulsive revolutionary fell in love with his washerwoman, and for a time could think of nothing else.

When he was released and took refuge in Malta Rosalie followed him. But Malta was not safe for him. Before leaving, he did tardy justice to the girl, and married her, the ceremony being performed by a wandering Jesuit, who merely placed the ring on the girl's finger and gave the young couple his benediction.

Crispi went to England on a tramp steamer, but his wife worked her way across the continent and rejoined him in London. Here she was of inestimable value in smuggling the correspondence between her husband and Mazzini.

She used to carry the letters in her market basket and hand them over to the emissaries of Mazzini amid the turmoil of Covent Garden.

At night she washed and ironed her husband's only white waistcoat, shirt, and collar while he slept.

In 1859 Crispi returned to Sicily, and started planning another revolution, and in the following year took part in the campaign of Garibaldi's "Thousand of Marsala." Through this weary time Rosalie accompanied him everywhere, taking an equal share in the hardships of campaigning.

When the Cross of Valor was awarded to the Thousand her comrades demanded that she should be given a cross of diamonds.

Crispi was now at the top of the tree, but Rosalie could not accommodate herself to his position. She developed an inordinate love for animals and extravagant taste in dress.

One day Crispi returned home to find six new suits ruined by the hordes of dogs, cats, and white mice that crowded his dwelling. He left the house never to return again.

In 1878 he married for the third time, and his enemies brought a charge of bigamy against him. The court, however, decided that his second marriage had been illegal. He made Rosalie a handsome allowance, which is still paid to her.

Occasionally visitors to Rome might see a little old woman, eccentrically dressed, with a diamond Cross of Valor suspended round her neck, and followed by a legion of dogs, walking in the streets. This was Rosalie Montmasson.

DOG'S RIGHTS UPHELD.

John Hadcock, the owner of the Lenox apartments at 116 East Seventy-first street, brought suit in the Yorkville Municipal Court yesterday against W. Grant Duff, a former tenant, for \$50, being the rental of apartments for the month of August. The plaintiff set forth that the defendant's lease did not expire until Sept. 7, but that he moved out August 7.

"The plaintiff objected to the presence of Mrs. Duff's pet sky terrier on the premises, and so my client had to get out," said defendant's counsel.

"A landlord is justified in objecting to the presence of dogs in his house," rejoined the other counsel.

Mr. Duff produced a copy of the lease and his lawyer read from it: "These premises to be occupied by two adults and a dog."

"This dog had all the rights and privileges of a co-tenant, according to the lease, and the landlord could not object to its presence," declared Justice Herman Joseph.

The defendant said that he had moved because the landlord had not supplied all of the necessary articles as set down in the lease. There were only two spoons in the apartments.

"Do you mean to say that the dog was entitled to a spoon, too?" the court asked.

The case was left to the jury, who promptly brought in a verdict for the defendant.—[New York Sun.]

WHERE TORPEDOES FAIL.

A remarkable fact about this ingenious and now most accurate weapon is that down to the present war there had been no instance of a ship under way being struck by a torpedo. All its victims had been caught at anchor or were otherwise stationary. And, from the best information available, the same thing has happened between Russia and Japan. Now the question arises: If the torpedo boat, which has power to catch the hare, cannot cook him, how is the cooking to be done by the submarine, which can neither see him nor catch him? The design certainly is to use the submarine against ships under way to replace the torpedo boat, which cannot act in daylight. And it is an open question, which experience alone can decide, whether it will be easier for a submarine to catch the hare by day than it has hitherto proved for the torpedo boat to catch him by night. Certainly enthusiasts will be by no means satisfied if the submarine proves capable merely of attack on ships at anchor.—[London Review.]

COMMON SENSE.

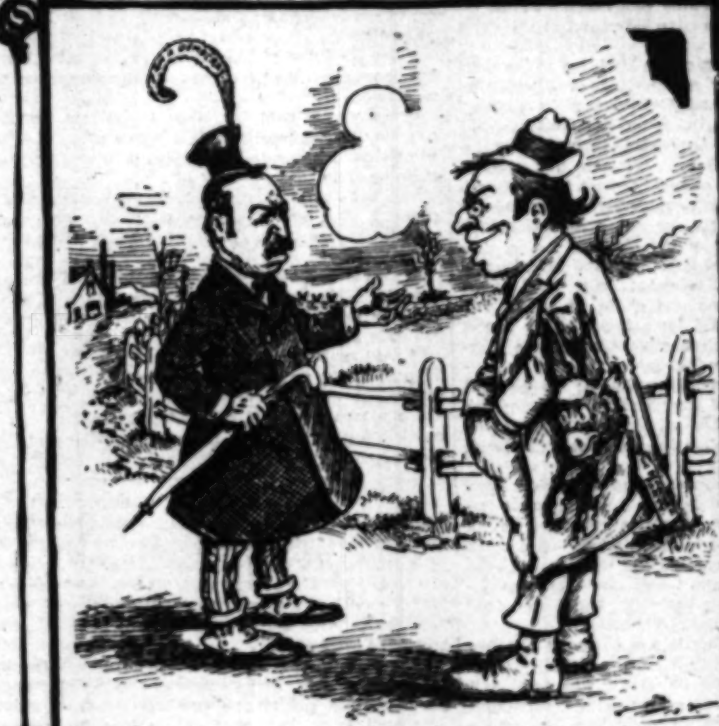
"Stand up straight, don't look at the boys, and keep your shoes tied," is the advice given by a dean of a big college for girl students. Nothing about spiritual ideas or higher life in it, and sounds almost too sensible to be true.—[Mount Morris Index.]

LEADING CARTOONS.



THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER.

Bryan—Clear up, now! I'm going to recognize you.
PITTSBURGH DISPATCH



IN BRYAN'S POCKET.

Brer Dave Hill—Hahn's seen a stray donkey, hab yet?
Brer Bill Bryan—Do you call it a donkey? I picked up what 'peared to me a mired rabbit.
MINNEAPOLIS JOURNAL



"DEE-LIGHT-ED!"



Aren't you going to take me along?

PHILADELPHIA RECORD



ESOPUS

WASHINGTON STAR

Blood of Kings.

IN THE VEINS OF THESE WELL-KNOWN AMERICANS.

By a Special Contributor.

HERE are scores of American families which boast of having kings roosting in their family trees, and among these are men and women whose names are brought continually before the public eye, not by the noisy notoriety alone, but by the daily chronicles of industry and achievement.

The dyed-in-the-wool American of the old school would perhaps regard a drop of royal blood in his veins as a stain of which he should be purged; yet there is a notable host of our countrymen who have risen to glory in spite of their kingly antecedents. Among these are Presidents—the two Adames, Buchanan and Benjamin Harrison—also such factors in our history as Patrick Henry, Charles Carroll of Carrollton, Aaron Burr and Robert E. Lee.

and Vanderbilts.

Mr. and Mrs. John Jacob Astor are both descended from Hugh Capet, King of France from 987 to 996. Mr. Astor's descent falls through Robert the Pious, William the Conqueror, and the following Kings of England: Henry I and II, John, Henry III and Edward I. The pedigree of Mrs. Astor, who was Miss Ava Lowie Willing of Philadelphia, reaches back to Hugh Capet through Robert the Pious, Henry I, Philip I, Louis VI and VII, Philip Augustus, Louis VIII, St. Louis, Philip III—all kings of France and Edward I of England. Mr. Astor does not inherit his royal blood through the Astors, but through his mother, Caroline Webster Schermerhorn, who married William Astor in 1853. John Jacob Astor's sisters, Mrs. George Haig and Mrs. George Wilson. His nieces and nephews, Miss Alice, James Laurens Van Alen, Mrs. Robert J. Roosevelt, Henry Coleman Drayton, William B. Drayton and Misses Caroline and Alida Drayton, all come in for their share of the royal blood; but William Waldorf Astor—as much as he would prize such lineage—does not come in for a share, so far as genealogical records disclose thus far.

There are also some royal Vanderbilts. The father of Cornelius Vanderbilt and his wife, Alice Gwynne, descend on the maternal side, through the Claypoles, to Edmund Ironside, King of England, born 987; Henry II of Germany; Malcolm Canmore, King of Scotland; William the Conqueror, and Edward I of England. This royal blood, therefore, flows in the veins of Cornelius Vanderbilt, the industrious money lender who was cut off with "only a million" when he married Miss Grace Wilson, but whose brother and sister made good his share of the fortune; of his son, J. P. Morgan, Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt, and Miss Gladys Vanderbilt. No Vanderbilt, not even the Duchess of Marlborough, has lost of royal pedigree.

and with Royal Blood.

Francis Adams, the distinguished historical writer of Boston, and his brother, Brooks Adams, the economist, are not only descendants of two Presidents of the United States, but of Charles Martel, Pepin le Bref, Charlemagne, Louis I of France, Charles the Bald and Edward I of England. The entire family producing the Presidents Adams—perhaps the most remarkable family in America—reaches to royalty through Sir John, Lord of Adam, who married the daughter of the Lord of Adam. Mrs. Charles Francis Adams is also of royal descent, her pedigree extending back to Hugh Capet.

Children and grandchildren of President Benjamin Harrison are descended through his grandmother—the Countess of Harrington ("Old Tippecanoe")—to the Great (871-901) and Queen Elswitha, as was Col. Aaron Burr. President Buchanan, through his mother, was descended from both Robert II of Scotland and Fergallus, 156th monarch of all Ireland. The Irish monarch's great grandson Anselan was killed in 718 A. D. by King Moroch of Ireland. The Irish monarch's great grandson Anselan was also called himself "O'Booninan," which was translated to "Buchanan." The same royal pedigree is shared by Mrs. A. J. Cassatt, wife of the president of the Pennsylvania Railroad, who was Louise Buchanan, sister of President Buchanan.

and Penrose.

Edmund Lee traces his ancestry back to William the Conqueror, Robert Bruce and Robert II of Scotland. Robert E. Lee and his wife were both descendants of the Conqueror, as are also all progeny of the Conqueror's mother, Anne Carter of Shirley. Robert E. Lee (Mary Randolph Custis) traced back to royalty through Lord Baltimore, who descended from six kings of England.

John Penrose of Pennsylvania, through his mother, is descended from Llewelyn-John of Wales, who was Prince of North Wales until the latter's second wife, Lady Joan Plantagenet, daughter of King John of England. The Penroses are descended also from Henry III and Edward I of England.

John B. Blaine, third, the grandson of the great John B. Blaine, is through his mother, Mary Nevins Blaine, descended from James I of Scotland and Edward III of England.

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lia, on Christmas eve, 1833, and when only nineteen years old, married in Baltimore, Elizabeth, daughter of William Patterson, a beauty of eighteen. William Patterson emigrated from Ulster to America when a mere lad, and by pushing his own way became the owner of a fleet of clipper ships. Next to Charles Carroll of Carrollton, he grew to be the wealthiest man in Maryland.

Capt. Jerome Bonaparte, then of the French navy, was introduced to Miss Patterson at a ball at the house of Samuel Chase, a signer of the Declaration of Independence. Jerome was fascinated from the first, but William Patterson forbade the courtship, and sent his daughter to Virginia, that she might not again meet the young brother of the first consul of France. The lovers carried on a secret correspondence, and Jerome procured a marriage license. A few months later, when Jerome became nineteen, they were married, the vice-consul of France, the Mayor of Baltimore and many other dignitaries witnessing the ceremony, solemnized by Archbishop Carroll. The match displeased Napoleon, who warned his brother that the youthful bride should neither put foot on French soil nor bear his family name. Despite this warning, the young couple sailed for France in one of Mr. Patterson's ships. They found a French frigate waiting to prevent the landing of the beautiful Elizabeth. Jerome left her on the ship and proceeded to Paris to plead with Napoleon, she meanwhile finding asylum in England. A few days after her landing her son, Jerome Napoleon, was born. Her imperial brother-in-law forced a divorce, refused by the Pope, but granted under duress by the imperial council of France. As a reward for deserting his innocent wife Jerome was made a prince of the empire, admiral and afterward general. Four years after his marriage to Miss Patterson he was crowned King of Westphalia, and took for his second wife the Princess of Wurtemberg. After suffering many indignities at the hands of the Bonapartes, Elizabeth, through the death of her father, became a millonairess and lived to the age of 94.

The Carrolls, Palmes and Others.

The Maryland Carrolls, descended from Charles Carroll of Carrollton, claim descent, through that signer of the Declaration from Alfred the Great and seven later kings of England and Scotland. Their line of descent passes through the O'Carrolls, O'Dyrons, O'Neils, Campbells and Bruces. Robert Treat Paine of Boston and all other descendants of the signer of the same name are of royal descent through that first Robert Treat Paine himself, from Alfred the Great and through the signer's wife from William I of England, as well as seven later kings. Another Bostonian of royal descent is Thomas Jefferson Coolidge, ex-Minister to France and member of the joint high commission to adjust our disputes with Canada. He springs from William the Conqueror, as does also Mrs. Coolidge.

To Hengst, King of the Saxons, in 434, Justice Roger A. Pryor of the New York Supreme Court traces his ancestry, while Mrs. Pryor counts among her forbears Kings Ingald, Ound, Yagvar, Rysteia and Adels the Great of Sweden.

Other Royal Knickerbocker Stock.

The New York Van Rensselaers trace their descent from William of Nassau, Henry the Fowler (Emperor of Germany in the tenth century), Louis IV of France and Alfred the Great of England, who reigned over 1000 years ago. The Van Cortlandts go back to James I of Scotland and Edward III of England; the Livingstons to John, Henry III and Edward I of England, James I and Robert Bruce of Scotland, the Duers to Edmund II of England.

The daughters of Joseph W. Drexel, New York, claim through the Whartons, their mother's family, descent from Henry I of France, William the Conqueror, Anne of Russia, Henry I and II of England, Empress Maude of Germany, Alphonse VIII of Castile, Louis VIII, St. Louis, and Philip III of France; also Edward I of England. Two of these daughters married Dahlgrens.

Royal Philadelphians.

Philadelphia abounds with families of royal descent, but the greater number include names never seen in the public prints. Dr. Charles Evert Cadwalader, head of the aristocratic family of that name, traces his ancestry back to Alfred of England through nine other kings. The wife of his brother, John Cadwalader, is also a descendant of Alfred through three kings of England and five kings of France. The Cadwaladers fall heir to their royal blood through Gen. John Cadwalader, three generations back, who was in command of the Pennsylvania militia during the revolution. The Philadelphia Copes trace back to Edward V of England.

Miss Elsie Whelen, who lately married young Golet, is descended from Fedhlimidh Rachtmar, 108th monarch of all Ireland, as are all descendants of James Stephenson Whelen, the first to assume the surname, who came to America in the seventeenth century and married Sarah E. Dennis. He was the son of Malachi O'Fealan, lord of North Decies, Munster. These Philadelphia Whelens claim descent also from "Milesius, founder of the Irish race."

Royal Virginians.

The Virginia Fairfaxes are trebly descended from Edward III. Patrick Henry traced his ancestry back to James II and Edward I of England, as well as James I of Scotland, while his second wife, Dorothea Dandridge, claimed descent from Henry III of England and Louis VIII of France. The Robertsons and Bollings of Virginia claim to be of royal descent in that they spring from "King" Powhatan through "Princess" Pocahontas and her husband, John Rolfe. It may be remembered that when Rolfe presented his Indian bride to King James he was taken to task for not gaining the royal consent before venturing to marry "the daughter of an emperor." Powhatan had been brought a gilded crown from England shortly before and, at the ceremony of coronation, had been dubbed "Emperor of the Indies." The Kentucky Breckenridges are also of royal descent.

Clifton R., ex-Minister to Russia, traces his pedigree back to Robert II and James II of Scotland. All of Us Probably Royal Descendants.

As a matter of fact, a very large fraction—if not all—of us could in all probability find some royal forbears, were our genealogical records complete. This smacks of rashness, no doubt, but stop to consider the fact that if you could assemble in one place all of your ancestors, gathered from only twenty generations back, they would constitute a city of 2,097,151 population—one greater than Chicago. In that twentieth generation back you have over a million grandparents, each with eighteen "greats" to his or her name, and all bearing to you the same degree of relationship, exactly. As you proceed further back, you double the number of your forbears at each successive generation. Hence it would seem that you must reach a point when you have more ancestors than there were people on earth. There are said to be less than a billion and a half of people in this world today. No doubt you find the same ancestor in many different twigs of the same family tree. But when your ancestry gets to the billion and a half mark for a single generation, the chances are that you must surely strike somewhere a king, or surely a person of royal descent! (Copyright, 1904, by John F. Watkins.)

EATEN BY OLD OCEAN.

CHANGES GOING ON EVERYWHERE ALONG THE LINE OF THE SEA COAST.

[New York Sun.] M. Cheval, secretary of the Tour Geographical Society, said the other day in an address to the society that the latest surveys of the French coasts had shown that within the last few years the republic had lost about five square miles of territory, which had been torn to pieces and washed into the sea by the ocean storms.

The loss of land would have been considerably greater if it had not been that the destructive waves had carried part of the debris into bays like that of Mont Saint Michel and into estuaries like that of the Somme and piled it up along the shores, extending the land a little further out into the sea.

So the geographers still have work to do. If they have no new lands to explore in Europe they must at least keep track of the changes that the ocean in its fury makes in the land.

These changes are going on everywhere. A few years ago, the Germans thought they were going to lose their island of Heligoland, whose coasts, rising precipitously from the sea, look as though they could withstand any onslaught of the waves. But these waves slowly undermine the base of the wall, and the cliffs have kept falling into the sea until Heligoland has been reduced to a mere rock of variegated sandstone shaped by the weather into fantastic forms.

There was such an outcry over the impending fate of the island that the present Emperor took it upon himself personally to supervise the plans for safeguarding what is left of the rock. So many homes and hamlets were engulfed that about 1000 persons, one-third of the population, left the island within twelve years.

The British estimate that the erosion constantly in progress along their coasts is just about made good by the debris swept up along the lower parts of the shores, forming new land. England is so densely populated that it cannot afford to lose territory. It manages to keep just about the same amount of standing room.

Some countries are gaining territory at the expense of their neighbors, and without any excuse for kicking up an international row. This is the case with Tonkin, whose great rivers rise among the highlands of western China and descend into the low Tonkin plain with so swift a current that they bring a part of China with them and spread it over the big French colony.

Tonkin is pushing out into the sea at the rate of nearly fifty feet a year. Its capital, Hanoi, stood on the edge of the sea twelve centuries ago, but is now far inland.

When Admiral Chester was hydrographic inspector of our Coast Survey he said there was hardly any part of the Atlantic seaboard not surveyed since the Civil War that was not in need of entire resurvey. Six years earlier Commander Bartlett, chief of the Hydrographic Office, testified that he had many complaints from merchantmen and coasting vessels concerning the inaccuracy of the soundings shown on the government charts. He asserted that these charts when made were perfectly accurate, but they became worthless unless frequently revised.

The changes along our eastern shores are largely the result of the rivers pouring their detritus into the sea, for there is no coast in the world so well defended from the violence of ocean storms as the eastern shores of this country are by the long banks of sand that stretch like a line of earthworks in front of the mainland. Still, many men in the government service have to be kept constantly engaged revising the water surveys along our shores.

THE GIRL WHO DIDN'T LAUGH.

Mark Twain once expressed the following sentiments to a young woman who had not smiled at a thing that he had said during an impromptu reception in his honor at Bryn Mawr College to which his daughter had invited him.

All the young ladies but one were in a state of great glee during the humorist's address—all but one had laughed heartily at every witty remark. Just as Twain finished, he turned to the young woman who had not laughed, and said, in an undertone: "You are the only sensible one here. I have not said a single amusing thing. If it were not for the conspicuousness of it I would like to press your hand."—[Success.]

The House Beautiful—Its Flower Garden and Grounds.

USE AND ABUSE OF THE VINE.

WHERE AND HOW TO GROW VINES IN A DRY COUNTRY.

By Belle Sumner Angier.

[NOTE.—Queries properly and clearly stated, addressed to the House Beautiful department, in care of The Times, and which relate to floriculture or landscape gardening, architecture or interior decoration, will be answered as far as possible either in these columns or by personal letter. Answers will have frequently to be deferred for a week or more.]

PLANTING NOTE.—Vines and many hardy shrubs may be planted this month. Roses and pansies, poppies, sweet peas and mignonette may be sown.

Patience Taught by Nature.

"O dreary life!" we cry, "O dreary life!"
And still the generations of the birds
Sing through our sighing, and the flocks and herds
Serenely live while we are keeping strife
With heaven's true purpose in us, as a knife
Against which we may struggle. Ocean birds
Unslacked the dry land: savannah, swamps



Los Angeles Home

Unweary sweep: hills watch, unworn, and rise,
Meek leaves drop yearly from the forest trees
To show above the unwashed stars that pass
In their old glory, O thou God of old!
Grant me some smaller grace than comes to these—
But so much patience as a blade of grass
Grows by contented through the heat and cold.

—[Mrs. Browning.]

The Mission of the Vine.

THERE is so much in modern life that conduces to ugliness in our surroundings! If you don't believe think of the way in which we depend upon the telephone in every department of life. The business, the household, even the social machinery must use the telephone—and then—think of the post! There must be stables to house the horses and the carriages of the well-to-do, yet every architect knows that it is a difficult matter to place artistic and appropriate outbuildings on the same grounds with the palatial residence, and not have them seem obtrusive. In the small city home, the back fence and the sheds of our neighbors are often a serious blot on the landscape, and the sensitive eye is offended daily by some bleak, bare, "necessary evil" in our surroundings, because of somebody's convenience being dependent thereon. I am often delighted to see how some simple quick-growing vine is used to screen off such disagreeable objects, and only wonder that more home-makers about Los Angeles and vicinity do not try to cover up more of the ugliness about them in this way.

When vines are to be trained upon a house the variety is sometimes an important consideration. While in the eastern States much objection may be rightly raised to vines upon a house, and especially if it be a frame house, because of dampness and the consequent damage to the building the same objection will hardly hold good in this country.

On the contrary, because we have long, dry seasons damage is sometimes done to frame houses by the pushing little vines penetrating the cracks and crevices produced by the summertime warping, and much damage may ensue. I heard of a house at Santa Barbara that was seriously damaged by the encroachments of the "wire vine," but then that was an exceptional case, and on the whole the vine-clad cottage or house in the Southland is to be encouraged. Not an ugly board fence in the city that could not be concealed by a drapery of vines of some variety and no damage be done.

The Illustrations.

I wish to use illustrations this week as a text to talk from. First the ivy on the wall at North Pasadena. Repeatedly through Southern California I have seen the English ivy successfully used in place of grass. It is not practical, to be sure, used just in place of a lawn; that is, if you mean your lawn to be much walked upon, but since but a few favored spots will produce a grass plot that will bear much travel in this part of the State, this fact is hardly an objection to the ivy. On the contrary the ivy keeps a fresh, bright green with but very little water, provided that little is used to keep the dust washed off the leaves. This terrace at La Pintoresca is really a beautiful thing. No special irrigation is needed since the drainage from the grass above keeps it as

moist as is desirable. In the landscape it is much more agreeable to the eye than would be the bare coping. The expense of planting is absolutely trifling, since ivy may be grown from the tiniest cuttings by any amateur. Another illustration shows a beautiful wall on the Sprague place on Orange Grove avenue, Pasadena. The white wall with the delicate tracery of the clinging vine of *Ficus repens* is most attractive.

The third illustration shows how even a cottage may be transformed into an object of real beauty. Really the passer-by could scarcely know what sort of a building is under this exquisite drapery of vines, and there are several such homes to be found scattered about in Los Angeles.

Brief Mention of Good Vines.

Where a dense mass of foliage is desirable in a vine the *Ampelopsis* is most attractive for a close-clinging vine, while the *bigonias* are a large family with varying characteristics that all thrive well in this country. The wire vine is most useful and graceful on outbuildings and on the pergola. For porches, trellises or screens in sections where frost does not strike, I know of nothing better than the asparagus, either plumose or *tenuespinus*.

For quick growing where unsightly objects are to be temporarily concealed the *Dolichos*, or Australian pea, is bright-colored in its bloom, and grows rapidly.

Of the *bigonias* the *Tweediana* is the best for stone or brick buildings, and has a glorious yellow bloom that



An Artistic Wall

adds greatly to its beauty at certain seasons. *Bigonia venusta* has value as well, but drops its leaves during the winter. *Tecoma capensis* has gorgeous scarlet blossoms. The *Pamifloras* are valuable although they do have insect pests that make them undesirable very near the porches or on the residence.

The *Tacsonias*, closely related to the *Pamifloras*, give a wide range of color to choose from.

The *Solanums* furnish many beautiful shades of blue. The *Wisterias* are not common, but about Pasadena are very easily grown. The *Campidium* furnishes a beautiful foliage which is evergreen. *Ficus repens* is a slow grower, but beautiful on rock walls or terraces.

Mina libana is a swift growing annual with fine red and yellow blossoms. It is a good climber. Sweet peas, the cypress, the many beautiful morning glories, are all desirable for back-yard adornment of the sort suggested earlier, and I must not forget to urge the more general use of nasturtiums, than which I think we have no more beautiful or useful annual vine. There have been so many improvements in the modern nasturtium stock that I doubt if many people really recognize their old garden friend when they see it in the new colors and shapes.

Floral Notes.

There is great excitement and interest in Lowell, Mass., so says the American Florist, over the blooming of a thirty-foot specimen of *Senforthis elegans*. Such a sight in Southern California is of common occurrence, though none the less beautiful.

It is said that Country Life is soon to have a rival in a publication of similar character. There is, however, but one Bailey, and it is to the beloved Cornell professor that Country Life owes much of its reputation for art combined with real practicality.

Remember in using artificial fertilizers that they should never be permitted to come in direct contact with the plant, as injury is bound to result. Soil next the plant and soil and fertilizer well mixed beyond it.

When employing Mr. O'Shovelem remember that his opportunities for observation have not always been large, that his reasoning capacity is often limited and that it will do no harm at all for you to bring to bear all your common sense plus his, when making garden or planting trees. I recently visited a beautiful estate where there was a winding avenue bordered on either hand with *Brachybiltons*. Though several years old, there was scarcely a single perfect tree, and the twists and gnarls were so remarkable that I could not account for them by any ordinary reason. I finally decided that wind and cattle must have done the mischief, but on speaking to the owner he blushing confessed that it

was neither. He was away from home when the trees came from the nursery, and each one was in a tree which the gardener failed to remove. When a year later the trees all looked so weak, so stunted, and so rotten, the owner investigated, but it was too late to remedy the damage, and the trees will have to be removed.

CHINAMAN AT HIS EASE.

THE CELESTIAL IS DIGNIFIED WHEN HE COMES OFF THE CARES OF THE WORLD.

[Shanghai Times:] With the summer vacation the Chinaman comes before us prominent in his artistic side and in his native nakedness. His temperament also becomes a noticeable feature to the observer, his manner and the manner in which he takes his pleasure commensurately with that of the energetic occidental being.

In the early hours of the morning, when the sun of Old Sol is tempered with the dissipating down of rain, the wealthy native, as well as the worker of low degree may be seen carrying the cage containing his pet bird, singing bird to the native gardens or other tree-covered spot and listening in contemplative ecstasy to the joyous greeting which his caged friend pours forth in the coming glory of the day.

As soon as the golden beams become oppressive he retires to his domicile, whether to labor or sleep, to tell. In any case, he is wise, for has he not seen the beauty of the grandest part of a summer's day, the majesty of dawn? Again, when sunset's glow has faded in the west, the Chinaman pours forth to his version. To stand for hours with waving fan in hand, to curb our city's thoroughfares watching the procession of vehicular and pedestrian traffic brings him entirely the delight which a Londoner can obtain from lord mayor's show, daily repeated, while a voluminous trade brings him forth in numbers proportionate to the metropolis' myriads called out by a royal pageant.

Thus, in dignified, contemplative manner the Chinaman displays his idiosyncrasy of pleasure. Again, the native of younger blood, imbued with a taste of foreign taste, rushes madly through the streets



Terrace of English Ivy

whirling wheel or drives, luxuriously reclining in a smartly-appointed carriage, behind the fastest trotting pony, steered by a reckless native jehu, which he is able to procure.

The visitor to the various resorts of the Chinese settlements will invariably gain an interesting insight into the Chinaman and his pleasure-taking, and a striking feature cannot pass unnoticed. Whether a merchant, office boy or mandarin, in public the Chinaman at play is invariably respectable. One has no idea of the native immorality, but decorum when in the public eye, and absolutely moral behavior characteristics of the biggest rake among the Chinamen of our settlements. Drunkenness is a vice which is usually within doors, as are all other reprehensible practices.

Quarrelling is almost an unknown thing in public resorts. Never does one witness anything approaching college student of Europe on the rampage, or "Army of Arrist" on a bank holiday tour. The Chinaman takes pleasure as he takes his business, with calm, collected philosophy, which constitutes one of his greatest distinctions from the habit of mind of the vivacious European.

TILLMAN DIDN'T FLINCH.

Senator Tillman is not so popular in Columbia, S. C., as he is in the rural districts of his State. A Columbia fellow of going into the office of a leading dentist of Columbia. The dentist said to him excitedly: "When you s'pose I've got inside here? Old one-eyed Sen Tillman! And if I don't make him squeal nobody else won't do a thing to him—oh, my!" And the dentist began brandishing his forceps gleefully and returned the pleasure of torturing the Senator. Next day the same young man came again. "Well, did you succeed in making Tillman yell?" he asked. The dentist shook his head sadly. "No," he replied in a disappointed tone. "I couldn't make him flinch. He didn't make a sound, d'y'e know, when he got out of the chair he said to me with a smile and said: 'Say, doctor, I didn't know before that you ran a painless dental shop.'—[New York Tribune.]

A Pomona Residence.

PLANS THAT MEET THE REQUIREMENTS OF A MODERN HOME.

By a Los Angeles Architect.

THE practical details of a modern up-to-date ten-room home call for architectural skill in the arrangement of the rooms, and such putting together of the requirements of the present generation as often comes into a large building.

Advancement along the lines of house architecture has by no means been backward, and the architect of today must be a person who has been a close observer of the wants and fancies of the modern ideas of his clients.

Each and every lot which the majority of our eight or ten-room residences are erected upon has an individuality of its own. If the lot be an inside one, the architect must take into consideration the location of the

is a large tile mantel in the living-room, with bookcases on either side.

In connection with this scheme of dwelling the kitchen can be described as a model one. There are no pass pantries, but on the other hand one enters the dining-room direct through double-acting doorways. Cupboards are arranged around the walls of the kitchen in such a manner as to save labor.

In regard to the inside finishing of a model up-to-date home, too often bad results come out in the selection of such minor details as door and window trim. For instance, too many mouldings of different styles are often used, instead of one uniform style which brings harmony and feeling to the general character of the room itself.

Another important feature in connection with this style of building, costing about \$7500, is the arranging of the doors and windows to admit of the tasteful placing of furniture and the hanging of pictures. Too often no particular system or study has been given in connection with this detail. The best results can be obtained by having the tops of the doors and windows line up at the top to admit of the picture moulding being mitred

The best house for the least practicable cost can only be obtained by building the same on paper first, the price paid for a full set of plans, specifications and details, will be money well spent, and instead of the owner finding himself with an unsatisfactory house, he will have a home with each detail worked out.

One more important feature in connection with this style of architecture, which is too often overlooked, is the size of windows. Windows should be wide, not only from the advantage in the outside appearance over narrow openings, but from the point of view of the inside. A sash in a two-light window that is wider than high, always renders more pleasing results than where reverse conditions obtain.

California, having a semi-tropic climate, air and sunshine should be among the principal items to be looked after. In eastern climates, where zero weather is to be contended with, one cannot construct houses on such a liberal scale as the same house can be put up in our climate, viz: large-size windows, open arches between rooms, large vents in attic, etc.

A large saving in modern low-cost residences can be made in the architect being in touch with stock materials, such as windows and doors, mouldings, etc., and if stock materials are properly handled, just as good results can be obtained as with specially designed mill work, and a saving of over 50 per cent. can be obtained in this branch of the building.

The heating of the California house is often overlooked, to the discomfort and unhealthfulness of the family. The best and most economical method of warming and ventilating a small eight or ten-room residence is by means of a warm-air furnace. Such a furnace can be put in at a cost not to exceed \$75, and when properly installed, the oil-burning furnace gives good results, at a very great saving in the cost of fuel. Distillate at the present prices is the cheapest fuel in the market.

It has been my intention to set forth such practical ideas as come up in connection with this class of home, and in so doing I am only pleased to give the readers of the Magazine such suggestions as may be of assistance in the preparation of a sketch for a home.

A. L. HALEY.



RESIDENCE OF C. L. LOUD, POMONA CAL.

most buildings, and whether or not they are such as to be an advantage or disadvantage in connection with the house.

In the case of the residence the illustration of which forms the basis of this article, the lot is located in the city of Pomona, Cal. The dwelling is surrounded by orange trees and tropical plants, and was built by G. L. Loud, with the intention of making the residence his permanent home. Mr. Loud is a man of modern ideas, and he had the scheme of his house in mind for a number of years, and when the time arrived he made a study of the modern, up-to-date houses in Los Angeles, and the result of his care has been that his residence stands today as the most modern of its kind in the city.

The plan is what is known as the "center-hall plan," which offers many advantages over any other style of plan. The house occupies a frontage of fifty feet and a depth of sixty feet. On the ground floor, one enters the reception hall through a four-foot heavy solid door. An artistic stairway starts in back of the hall leading into the large living-room. Directly opposite is the dining-room, and back of the living-room is the music-room. There are also a small reception room and a den on the ground floor. Back of the reception hall is the rear hall, with back stairs, and stairs leading to the furnace-room.

In the second floor there are five chambers, a sewing-room, bathroom and linen closet.

The style of architecture is Elizabethan, and it is well enough to say in this connection that when the Elizabethan style is well studied out, good results are obtainable in connection with residences of almost any size.

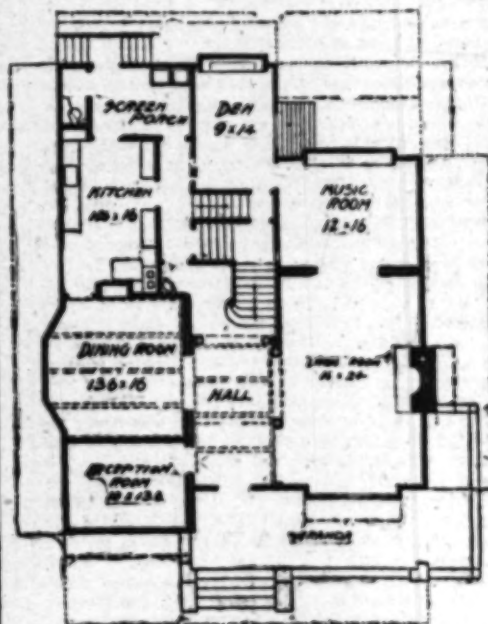
The staining of this style of architecture must be studied out so as not to overdo this important feature. The shade is ample. Take for instance, the house in question, the body is moss green, including the roof. The architecture can be absolutely spoiled by the improper selection of the stains.

In the reception-room the finish of the windows and doors is in white enamel. The finish of all the woodwork in the hall, living-room, dining-room, music-room and den, on the first floor, and the hall on the second floor, is in selected slash-grain Oregon pine. In the main hall there are heavy beams at the ceiling with high paneling at the side walls. In the dining-room there is a heavy wood cornice at the angle of the ceiling; high paneling at the side walls. All of the woodwork of the hall is in oak effect. Golden oak is the effect given in the dining-room, and dark Flemish oak in the den. The living-room is in weathered oak. There

ever and around the head casing of both windows and doors.

This detail assists, when the decorator comes in, to secure pleasing results. The decoration should be from the picture mould up, including the ceiling, one tint. Say, for instance, two shades of green, the lighter shade for the ceiling, and a trifle darker shade for the walls.

In reference to the plumbing, economy can be practiced, and at the same time the best results are obtainable from a simple system. For instance, in the house illustrated, the main stack, or drain and ventilation of the system, is so placed that all the fixtures surround this main artery. In this particular instance there are no fixtures, of the seven used, that are placed over seven feet from the main stack. The bathroom is located almost directly over the kitchen plumbing, as will be seen by the plan. Los Angeles is favored with a very good and efficient plumbing ordinance, and thus good results are almost a certainty.



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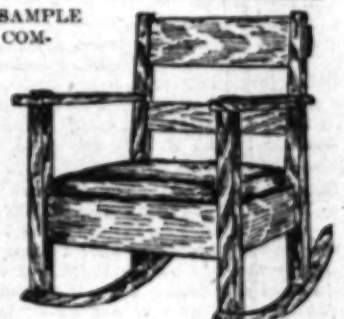
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Our Thanksgiving Hero.

THE BIRD THAT HAD CLAIMS ON
THE AMERICAN ESCUTCHEON.

By a Special Contributor.

As to the natural longevity of our Thanksgiving hero history is silent, save a guess at "fifty years" for a single old gobbler in his native wilds. Were it a bird of prey like the eagle, tearing its victim with its hooked beak and tremendous talons, feasting on whatever tender flesh it came across in its flight and frightening all sentient life, (its own flesh being unfit for food,) its years would have been computed. But being armorless, innocent, itself the victim of human tooth and nail the magnificent bird is unable to lay claim to longevity. As a rule, it survives less than four seasons, comparatively few wintering over. At this epoch it is deemed the most delicate of flavor, as well as the mightiest in weight, the bird's personal condition determining the annual inquisition imposed upon its tribe. Now and then individuals are permitted to outlive their fellows for a limited time, for the perpetuation of their species. But the yearling is the favorite.

By right of American citizenship the turkey should have been our national emblem. It should have been emblazoned upon our twenty-dollar gold pieces in place of the bird of prey now enjoying that distinction. Our forefathers, better imitators than originators, accepted the eagle of the Old World as our ensign at the moment when the American turkey was gobbling his best to promote his own cause.

What should it have mattered to the New World that the eagle dominated Ireland, and Russia, and Austria, and Persia, or that before Christ 104 the Romans were flaunting the image of that bird on the apex of their little short staves? Had we made our turkey America's emblem all the world would have followed suit. See



how all the world bends the knee to the great bird! "Bends the knee" because it is impossible to seat itself at the festal board in any other fashion! See how it has superseded even the peacock, for so long king of the festal board. In that peacock's native land of India the Hindoo now regales himself upon imported American turkey. About 1541 when De Soto was declaring to his followers that he would "see gold or die in poverty" our American bird was introduced into Europe. Poor De Soto, lost in the wilds of the Carolinas, no doubt would have been hungry but for the Oc-coo-coo gobbling in the trees above his head. This was the musical name given the wild turkey by the native Indians. The white-faces vacillated between Bubbling Jock and Turkey, the latter name winning out at last.

It is supposed that our Pilgrim parents were whetting their appetites upon wild turkey at the very moment when the news of their possible ultimate starvation reached England. It must have been terrible indeed on the approach of winter, with few and imperfect firearms at command, for these desperate Puritans to knock live gobbling turkeys off the trees and make a meal of them! No spiced stuffing with chestnuts and oysters for them! Just simple turkey, roasted upon hot stones or boiled in a cauldron instead of being smothered in a lidded receptacle basted every fifteen minutes in its own juices.

But turkey knocked from a tree branch was not so bad, considering that the open season of wild seeds had just closed, the maize was poorly housed by the natives, hence the birds were fat. Were a storm under way, all the better for the pious hunters of that dubious day, for turkeys were seldom observed to wander from their roosts in a light snow or deep snow; not for want of long legs, but for want of inclination. They preferred to stick to the roost many days at a time to running over the snow-covered trails which they could not now see. As for flying, they never did fly from choice save to roost and to cross the rivers in the path of their migrations, any more than our California road runners fly before a horseman. Both birds prefer to run. For whatever other cause did nature bestow upon them their long strong legs?

We are assured by turkey hunters that no trained dog can overtake a wild turkey on an uninterrupted stretch. But turkeys are not hunted on foot! They are sometimes trapped by means of corn strewn along a path leading into an enclosure which shuts by a spring. They are picked from their roosting places by prowling men or animals early in the morning when the old gobbler leader bethinks him to do the act which gave him the name of Bubbling Jock. He bubbles all over,

and into the surrounding twilight seeking answer from others of his kind. But the best sportsman's fun is in "calling." The call is made by the mouth only, through a pipe, by a grass blade between the thumb; but the most successful by far (so it is said) is the turkey-call-whistle made from the wing bone of the bird. For my part, I see little fun in seating oneself behind a fallen tree or in the thick bushes and making believe one is a real turkey calling to its friends. When one of these friends appears in answer to a neighbor's call, off whizzes the bullet and so ends the mortal life of one being. Not every sportsman has the calling gift! Some never get a response though they call from day to day. Now and then the head of a hunter bobs up from behind the next hill in answer to what he only has mistaken for an old gobbler's cry.

In the days before Oklahoma City was a boom town I saw many a flock of wild turkeys on the hills and prairies, running, gobbling, speeding into cover of the cottonwood trees along the water courses. It was on account of the wild turkeys that the first missionaries among the Comanches and Kiowas and other Indian tribes found so much trouble in keeping order in the day schools. The young boys must take their bows and arrows to school with them, even though not a garment save the ever-present gee string afforded place for concealment. The "lesson" might be in feather progress when suddenly a whirl of passing feathered bodies caused a stampede. Instantly every chieftain's son of them was out and after those turkeys and the lessons were minus for that day unless a little squaw remained behind to claim all the teacher's attention, in which case the little squaw was the gainer.

One day I was plucking a wild turkey which the In-



dian interpreter had brought to me from the cottonwoods down by the Washita. I was on the ground in a fence corner of the back yard, separating the feathers as I had plucked them, into little heaps. The tall quills I placed by themselves with which I would make a feather duster and send to "my folks back East." The fence was tight save for a crack at the bottom where a gopher had dug his way under and into the garden. Through this crack I suddenly saw a little brown hand enter stealthily and draw quill after quill noiselessly from my best assortment.

After I had watched the act for awhile in much amusement, I climbed on a box and looked over. There, flat on his little stomach, was the ten-year-old son of a Kiowa chief whom I knew quite well. Not a scrap of clothing appeared on his brown skin save the gee string, a thong of deer's skin worn by all men young or old among the Indian tribes. That gee string served as pocket on all occasions. From it depended, at short intervals, bits of thong. To one of these the child was tying a bunch of my turkey tail feathers with which he would adorn his scalp lock later on, or perhaps they would be used in the dependant back of a big chief's war bonnet, trailing, when there were enough feathers, clear to the ground. Eagle feathers were precious, and turkey quills were often used in their place.

Wild turkeys of the Indian Territory have disappeared now, I am told, and only a few, comparatively speaking, are found on the immense ranches of Southern Texas. Here they are protected by the ranch owners, half domesticated and yet wild. In that country lynxes are yet common and to this day prey upon the turkeys whenever opportunity offers. Though devoid of self defense by natural weapons the turkeys do contrive to get the better of many a lynx and owl marauder. Of course these beasts, so akin and yet so widely different, prowl through the air or on all fours, by night when the turkeys are at roost. The birds usually select a branch jutting over the water, for here the wild cats are fearful, they not being especially fond of wetting their feet.

In roosting old gobblers usually take either end of a row of females and young; it is not known whether for the protection of the family, or because these old fellows love to wake the sun with their flapping of wings and stretching of necks in all directions. Lynx or great owl creeps softly along the branch in the darkness, or drops noiselessly down through the air, thinking to seize the first bird that appears to offer itself. This first bird being the old gobbler the marauder makes a charge. By instinct even in his dreams, the old wise bird ducks his wattled head beneath his breast, spreads his magnificent tail down close to his back and meets the attack. The quills of the under tail surface being bare, supposedly for this very purpose, lynx or owl slides off as if on ice straight over the turkey's ducked head and to the ground. Instantly the whole flock drops out of sight in underbrush.

In the wild state the Bubbling Jock was a good flyer, even making a river a mile wide on wing, the younger and weaker dropping lightly onto the water when wearied, and floating with wings outspread in the direction of

the shore, paddling with their feet. Domesticated turkey is thought to be unable to lift itself by its own power of its long, strong legs, as if it had taken from the grasshoppers with which it has just filled its crop. I am told by those who understand the business that turkeys could be raised with success in Arizona Valley, where hoppers eat up every living thing with green juice in its composition. This looks reasonable, and should open the door of hope to the valley settlers. Of course, it would be necessary to feed some grain, though in winter time the flocks could subsist upon tender grasses after the rains have awakened them. But is not Antelope or other farmers take it for granted that fortunes lie dormant in turkey raising. There are no crests in the business not usually published. I read the clipping from a newspaper concerning turkey raising in one of the northern counties: "In the neighborhood of — county there are several turkey herds containing as many as 3000 turkeys each. At holiday time the average turkey is worth \$2 to the man who raises it. By this it is evident that one of these big herds will net the owner \$6000."

Now, this estimation should be paraken of with a pinch of salt. It is a fact well known by those who try to raise the big birds that not one-half the chicks hatched attain maturity, even though they survive two weeks or months with every promise of longevity. I asked a professional turkey raiser the other day what would, or should, by all human rights, a person count on raising from a flock of thirteen just hatched from their twenty-eight days of incubation. His answer was, without hesitation but with a peculiar twinkle in his eye, "About half a lame one." I think myself he overestimated the results. In a recent pamphlet issued in a Farmers' Bulletin in New York we gain some interesting information concerning turkey raising. To start with we are warned against "inbreeding." Pairs should be obtained from widely distant points. Then, in case we have obtained a pair, the book gives minute directions as to feeding and treatment generally, "a wide range being necessary." Then it exhorts us to "keep them," as in a wide range the birds often eat the wholesome insects. It enjoins us to "look out for parasites," but adds that often these "are invisible." Then it enumerates half a hundred more or less diseases to which the young turkey is subject. It prescribes remedies, and then declares many of these are "inadequate to meet the case in hand." Still, turkeys do live to grow up, a few of them. I have heard that if more fish are taken out of the waters hereabouts than are needed to keep the price up to a certain sum fixed upon by the fish combine, the surplus is thrown back into the sea. Now, the turkey business manages its own affairs naturally. A hundred turkeys at Christmas at twenty cents a pound bring the stockman as much as \$20 at ten cents a pound. Last Christmas Dr. David Starr Jordan was seated at our family table directly in front of a splendid bird, done to a turn. The great man could hardly wait for grace before exclaiming, "What? Turkey? Turkeys are \$40 apiece this year."

"You are mistaken," I assured this man of fishes, "I raised this one myself." Then he led me on in a story of the ups and downs of turkey raising, as I had experienced them, and at last proved to me that the particular bird in state before us had cost us exactly \$40. Nevertheless I will have a few turkeys about the city ranch to make a little fun for folks.

Just now I have witnessed a funeral ceremony which, if witnessed by Thompson Seton or Charles A. Rehnman, would be described in glowing terms. A fall grown turkey had turned his toes to the daisies of the pampas grass in the night and lay still and dead. The old Bubbling Jock approached the corpse with measured tread. He began a low, and chant while viewing the remains, and lifted the head tenderly with his beak. Then he hovered it, moved it about carefully, talking in subdued, pathetic tones in its dull ear, and stood both upon it, looking sadly above and beyond the spot. I removed the subject from his view and he searched for it affectionately.

Many turkey raisers find it impossible to find the nests of the hens if the birds are allowed freedom. I have known a man and his wife and three children to spend hours of every day hunting turkey nests in the edge of the arroyo and failing at last. The secret is the personal property of that old turkey mother. She knows just the money to be made in turkey raising is in the market price of eggs in March and April, every egg bringing her master from ten to twenty cents from those persons who, inexperienced, believe they "can raise turkeys." If an old turkey sits, that point breaks up his laying habit for a good time. If her eggs can be found and stolen, on she goes again at egg producing, with profit to her owner; far more profit than if he attempts to hatch the eggs, as has been proved.

When my turkey hen began to lay I watched her closely and learned the secret of her kind. Each time she left the nest she carefully covered her egg or eggs with straw or litter near by, laying it loosely and usually so that no one would suspect the exact location of the treasures. During the incubation she took much caution. This is why my friend of the arroyo had never could discover his turkeys' nests, and so he sits to sell the eggs at twenty cents apiece to tenderfoot who believed they could make an annual maintenance in turkey raising.

There are those who discard the use of flesh in any form for diet, yet I have discovered some of these gazing at my Thanksgiving turkeys, now just in prime order, with every visible indication that accompanies the condition known as "mouth watering."

Well, here's to the health of our National Hero! Give me a hand, old bird, or a dramstick, or a slice of the bosom, as my friend, a modest young man said, who he was asked by the host would he "have a slice of the breast?"

ELIZABETH GRINNELL.

Mount Palomar.

ITS SCENERY, ITS VARIED VEGETATION AND THE PEOPLE.

By a Special Contributor.

PALOMAR MOUNTAIN in Southern California is not as well known as others less deserving of attention. It is located in San Diego county, midway between the Cuyamaca and San Jacinto ranges, and though the highest peak lacks several thousand feet of the elevation of Mount San Jacinto, yet in the abundance of plant life and in the beauty of its scenery it is quite the equal of that mountain. Some years ago, at a county fair, a prize of \$25 was offered to the school making the largest and best exhibit of plant specimens; and Palomar School took the cash with a collection of some 100 different species of trees, plants and shrubs.

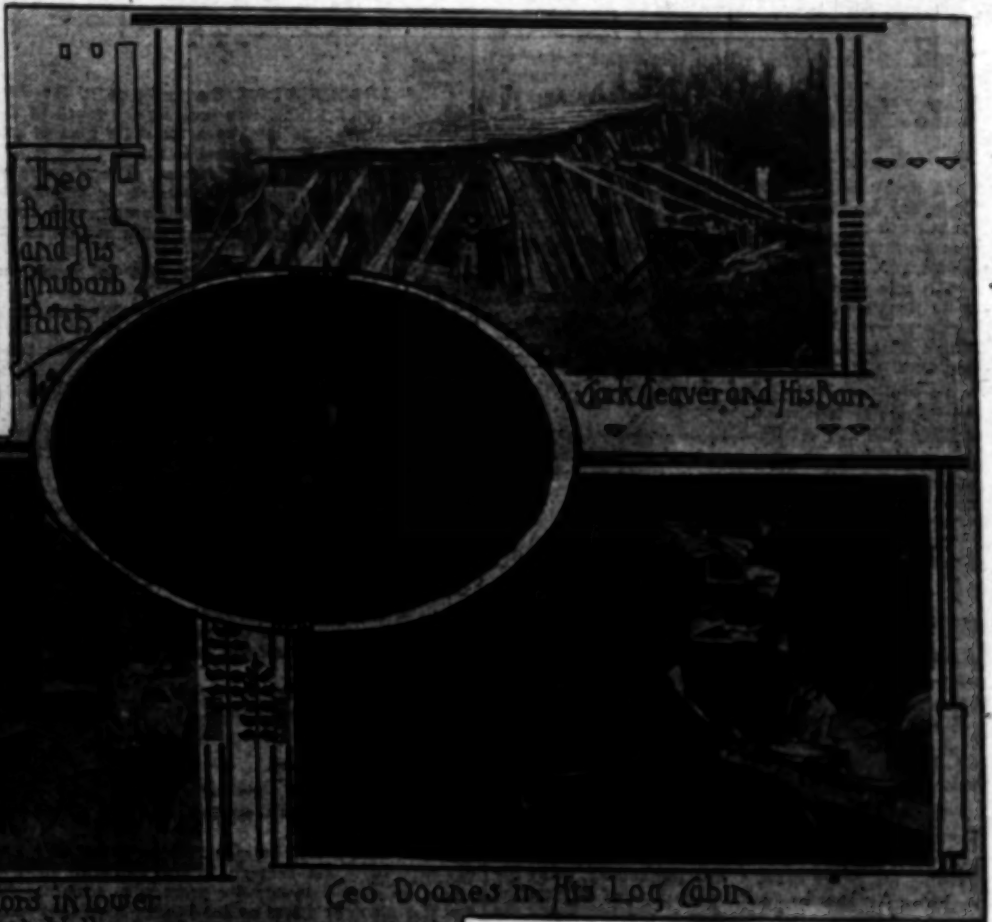
The greater bulk of the mountain rises to a height of between 4000 and 5500 feet above sea level. It is thirteen or more miles long and four or five broad, on an average, and lies northwest and southeast the long way. Two water systems divide the mountain lengthwise, running in opposite directions. There are numerous springs—some mineral, the most noted of which is the "Iron Spring." The Iron Spring used to be a famous camping ground, but is now closed to the public. There are plenty of oak trees everywhere, and many of the slopes are well wooded with the conifers, yellow pine, Coulter's nut pine, large-coned Douglas spruce (a variety of the Douglas spruce which furnishes the "Or-

pecially where the rocks are slippery and the soles of the tenderfoot's shoes are smooth. None of the creeks are large; that beside which I sit as I write this article carries about fifty miner's inches at the present time. Of course, there is much more in the rainy season, and also in "wet" years. This has been an extremely "dry" year—only thirty-two inches total precipitation. The year before it was about sixty-four inches.

The creek mentioned above is variously known as Doane's, Pasma, or Rainbow. It drains several valleys, within which graze many sleek cattle. There is Upper Doane's Valley and Lower Doane's Valley, and Frenchman's Valley. Here the grass is green and four-

the one on "How to Grow Angora Wool on Scrub Oaks" that did the business.

And Uncle Nate lives on the New Grade. Uncle Nate is a gentleman of color, and he has been hereabouts since days prehistoric. Tom Dinwiddle's mother says that Uncle Nate was seventy-two years old when she first came to this country, thirty years ago, and that Uncle Nate is seventy-two yet! "Yes, sah, yes, sah, seventy-two day before yesterday, sah." Uncle Nate remembers everybody. He looks wonderfully hale and hearty considering what he has been through. "Ever get shot, Uncle Nate?" asked one of the road-menders, as uncle came down to boss the job.



ishing in midsummer. Here the flowers bloom and the waters dance through the golden days and the silvery, moonlit nights, to music of the mosquito orchestra; and the red cow, and the brindie cow, and the wild-eyed steer, and the Polled Hereford yearling, and all the others eat, and eat, and eat again. Green are the hills and the trees are green—so also are the unsuspecting city boys who are taken "snipe hunting" by the "green" boys of the mountain.

From Lower Doane's to the Pasma ranch, on the San Luis Rey River, the scenery along the creek is noted for its picturesqueness and rough grandeur. To stand on Picture Rock, between one and two o'clock in the afternoon, and to look up at Rainbow Falls—really, there is a perfect rainbow—is an experience not soon to be forgotten.

But it is not all rough and tumble—the way down the brookside. There are quiet little pools and shady grooves where the ferns wave their fronds gently to and fro, and water plants lift their delicate leaves above the rocks and sandy places. Even the unkind nettles have a beauty of their own. How the water purrs as it eddies around the rocks and the fallen log! There are several bridges formed by logs which have fallen across the stream. For the winds come, sometimes, in these mountain heights; and they are not always soft and balmy zephyrs, either. It takes a stout tree to stand in some of the gales that visit us once or twice a year.

Visitors of the human kind do not come very often, but they make up for the weeks of loneliness when they do. Prospectors come sometimes, and hunters. The photograph of the prospectors with the burros was taken in Lower Doane's Valley, where there are several fine groves of yellow pine.

I have neighbors, also, and the neighbors love one another with a brotherly love of the Kentucky brand. There is Clark Cleaver—do you see him standing by his picturesque old barn?—Clark Cleaver, Indian fighter and Palomar pioneer, armed to the teeth, revolver in his belt and shotgun in hand. By the way, that shotgun is a wonder. Mr. Cleaver's right eye is defective, so he made the gun stock with a twist in order that he might hold it to his right shoulder while aiming with his good and true left eye. The gun is great on Indians. No matter how many trees the Indian tries to get behind, the charge of shot follows him up. I never made the attempt to count the notches. It's a wonderful gun! A rail fence is nothing to it, and the zig-zag path of the lightning is its pattern. It's wonderful!

Then we have Mr. Fraser, postmaster at Jessie. He once got 112 pounds of government publications in one mail. He used to own a herd of Angora goats. They are gone now. I have not heard whether it was Farmer's Bulletin No. 86, or "Thirty Poisonous Plants," or

"Yes, sah, yes, sah—most a hundred times," and Uncle Nate chuckled.

"Do they ever send you any of the pictures, Uncle Nate?" It was Milt Bailey that got this off.

"Yes, sah, yes, sah; five or six did." Theodore Bailey and the boys run things at Nellie. They have the postoffice, store, hotel, stage, blacksmith shop, Deputy County-Clerk shop, camp ground and rhubarb patch. I took a picture of Theodore Bailey standing in his famous rhubarb patch. You will observe how the luxuriant foliage comes up to his waist. This shows the wonderful fertility of the Palomar soil. There is about an acre of rhubarb and the product is all shipped to San Diego, where it finds a ready market. Observe the prepared stalks stacked near the fence. I herewith challenge the world to show the like of it.

ROBERT H. ASHER.

HENRY WATTERSON.

Henry Watterson, editor of the Louisville Courier-Journal, soldier, poet, lecturer, and statesman, is easily the most picturesque figure in American journalism. There is nothing commonplace about him from the tips of his fingers to the tip of his tongue. He is out of the ordinary. His personality is unique enough to win him distinction were he denied the rare mental gifts that are his heritage.

Mr. Watterson loves a good novel. He likes a good play. He is fond of stage people. He is devoted to music. Few professionals can coax such soul-entrancing melody from a piano. And, like a true Kentuckian, he has other tastes. He is a gourmet who can fashion the many rare dishes his palate craves. He can tell the age of a glass of Bourbon without looking at the revenue stamp. He can make a rack of chips at a roulette table look as if the aurora borealis had been struck by lightning. At another more leisurely game, where courteous calls are made by one Kentucky gentleman on another Kentucky gentleman, and where the usual response is "That's good," he can make the other fellow look like 20 cents. These are only the pastimes of a busy man. He works like a drayman when he does work. And when he plays they take the bridle off and lock the front door.—[Daniel E. O'Sullivan, in Harper's Weekly.

MIXED MARRIAGES.

"Eurasian" is the name given to the offspring of such marriages, and in the Far East I have seen a good many of these Eurasians who were educated and highly respectable. At the same time they always occupy a dubious position in society, and the man of pure white blood who contracts a matrimonial alliance with one of them is looked upon askance by his fellow Europeans. This happens in a country where there is no end of social distinctions and where the lines of caste are drawn more rigidly than in any other part of the world.—[Washington Post.

you pine" of commerce.) Incense cedar and silver fir; and there are alders, willows, cottonwoods and sycamores along some of the streams.

Palomar is Indian for "dove cote," and there are still many wild pigeons to be seen at certain seasons of the year. Gray squirrels are well represented, and when steak occasionally graces the festive board of camper or farmer. The California quails—both "mountain" and "valley"—are here. The mountain quail is very much larger than the valley quail and is a great favorite with hunters. Its call is very peculiar. "Do you hear my little turkeys?" queried Theodore Bailey one day. I listened, and sure enough the resemblance to the notes of the real turkey was most striking. The quails build their nests on the ground, and very picturesque places they sometimes choose. The old bird was too wary for me to succeed in "getting" her. The quail couldn't help themselves—they weren't hatched yet! It isn't long after the quail get out of the eggs, however, before they are able to take very good care of themselves when strangers come near. I would add that this is a mountain quail's nest.

Several kinds of berries grow on Palomar: dewberries, raspberries, currants and gooseberries. The gooseberries are covered with spines, but the fruit makes good jam. Also in the running may be mentioned the "thimbleberry," so named from the fruit's resemblance to a thimble when it is pulled from the flower stem—the large core remaining behind. A patch of thimbleberry, when in full bloom, is quite conspicuous, not only on account of the large, pure-white blossoms themselves, but for the broad-leaved foliage—more like that of a rose than a berry. The fruit of the California berries doesn't amount to much. You can get a pint a day of dewberries if you have good luck and come in time; thimbleberries, ditto; dewberries, not so. You gather them by the mile—ten miles to one-half pint!

Along the waterways is much romantic scenery, es-

Good Short Stories.

BRIEF ANECDOTES GATHERED FROM
VARIOUS SOURCES.

Compiled for The Times.

Tom Taggart's Postscript.

SOME years ago "Tom" Taggart of the Democratic National Committee had occasion to write to an active political worker in a distant part of Indiana, giving him timely directions concerning the campaign then in progress. Mr. Taggart's typewriter was absent, so he penned the letter in person, though well aware that his chirography belongs to the Horace Greeley school. He wrote carefully on this occasion, however, it being a very important communication, and thought there would be no difficulty. A week later his correspondent was in Indianapolis and called.

"Did you get my letter? Could you read it?" was Mr. Taggart's greeting.

"I got it all right," replied the man, "and didn't have any trouble with any of it except the postscript. That stuck me. Showed it to everybody in town—same result; they all read the letter but fell down on the postscript."

The man drew the letter from his pocket and handed it to Mr. Taggart, who gave it one quick glance.

"Great guns," gasped Tom; "the postscript says, 'Don't let anybody see this letter.'"—[Saturday Evening Post.

An Epicure in Condiment.

IT was in the dining-room of a country hotel, and the brisk waitress held a glass pitcher above some steaming buckwheat cakes she had placed before the guest from town.

"Sir?" she said.

"If you please."

"Will you have it round and round, or in a puddle?"

"Beg pardon?"

"Round and round, or in a puddle?"

"I—I—in a puddle, I think."

The golden stream began its sticky descent on the center of the cakes, and as she poured, the waitress included the guest and her work in one friendly, contemplative glance.

"Some prefers it round and round, but I like it best in a puddle myself," she said, graciously, as she shut off the stream of sirup with a dexterous turn of her wrist.—[Chicago Record-Herald.

Tommy Changed His Mind.

LITTLE five-year-old Tommy Winston had been worrying his father about purchasing a pony. The little fellow felt that he needed some kind of a playmate. Tommy's father assured him that it was impossible for him to buy a pony. It would cost too much, and besides, he would have to build a stable.

"And you'd have to buy hay, too, wouldn't you?" chimed in Tommy.

There was a lull in the conversation. By and by, thinking to appease the troublesome youngster, Mr. Winston said:

"Some day the Lord will send you a little brother, Tommy, and then you will have all the playmate that you want."

"Well," said Tommy, "I wish the Lord would hurry up, 'cause I'd rather have a brother than a pony, anyhow, I think."

Some months later Tommy's papa told him that his little brother had come from heaven. Tommy was delighted. When they allowed him to go in and see the new arrival Tommy was laughing and chuckling in high glee. He wanted to kiss the baby; he wanted to hold him in his arms; and actually desired to take him out for a stroll. When he found that he could not do any of these things, then he asked a thousand questions.

"Did the Lord have many little babies in heaven?" "Was all the little babies angels?" "Did all the Lord's little babies have no teeth?" and so on.

Five or six days after the coming of the little brother Tommy's pleasure began to moderate somewhat. The nurse had told him that he must stay out of the room if he couldn't keep quiet. Not an hour passed during the day but that she would open the door and halloo: "Sh-sh! Don't make so much noise. You'll wake up the baby."

It was not long before Tommy decided that the little brother was more of a curse than a blessing. He thought he would take his troubles to his father. One evening he went into the library and climbed upon his father's knee.

"Papa," he said, "I tell you I don't want my little baby brother, after all. I think I'd rather have a pony!"

Before his father could recover from his astonishment Tommy went on:

"Why don't you take little baby brother and swap him for a pony?"

"I couldn't do that, my son," said Mr. Winston.

Tommy thought awhile, and then said:

"Well, maybe nobody would give you a pony for him, but don't you think somebody would let you have at least a goat if you was to let 'em have a little brother?"—[Lippincott's.

Very Green.

THOMAS A. EDISON was one day explaining an intricate machine to a newspaper writer.

"Do you understand?" Mr. Edison would ask. And a moment later, "Now do you understand?"

The poor journalist tried to follow the swift sentences of the inventor, but the effort was vain. Every little while he would have to stop and say that, just there,

he did not quite understand; and then, sighing, Mr. Edison would begin all over again.

"I know I am very green as regards machinery," the journalist said, apologetically.

"Oh, no, I have seen greener," said Mr. Edison. "Did I never tell you about the fireman I once shot in Canada?"

"Well, in a certain Canadian town where I was running a telegraph office in my youth, a new factory, with a very fine engine-house, was put up. I visited this factory one day to see the engine. The engineer was out, and the fireman, a new hand, showed me about. As we stood admiring the engine together, I said:

"What horse power has this engine?"

"The fireman gave a loud laugh.

"Horse power?" he exclaimed. "Why, man, don't you know that the machine goes by steam?"

Pluck.

A. P. VREDENBURGH, the secretary of the American Kennel Club, was praising the pluck of dogs.

"A good dog," he said, "has the same kind of pluck that old Jerome McWade used to show.

"Jerome McWade was a farmer, seventy years old, but still hale and gay. One morning he and his two sons got to wrangling over their strength, and Jerome declared that he could load hay quite as fast as they could pitch it.

"You, at your age, do that?" said the young men. "Never."

"We'll have a trial," said Jerome. "Come out to the fields and we'll have a trial now."

"So to the fields they went and Jerome got into a hay wagon with his fork, and the two boys, down below, began to pitch the hay up to him as fast as they could pitch it.

"The old man stood up to his work stoutly. He loaded with lightning speed, and all the while he kept calling down:

"More hay! More hay!"

"The boys worked hard. Their youth told in their favor. Old Jerome got to loading more and more untidily. Still, though, as he scrambled about on top of the uneven mounds he continued to shout:

"More hay!"

"All of a sudden he tripped as he dug in his fork and fell from the wagon to the ground.

"Aha," said his oldest son, "what are you doing down here?"

"Jerome, as he rose, answered:

"I came down for more hay."

Equal to the Emergency.

FRANCIS WILSON, the actor, was talking to the Players' Club about the value of a ready wit in stage emergencies.

"I remember well," he said, "the ready wit of a dear old man in Annie Pixley's 'Miles' company that I played with some twenty-five years ago. This old fellow was never, at a loss on the boards, no matter what disconcerting accident might happen. I complimented him on his readiness one night, and he told me, with a pleased smile, of a mishap that had once befallen him in 'Pizarro.'"

"He was, he said, a young man at the time, and he was playing the part of Rollo. There is in 'Pizarro,' you'll remember, one scene where Rollo stands on the stage awaiting Ataliba's army. The army, a great horde of supers, files past him, then gathers round him, and he addresses it with a spirited exhortation.

"Well, on the night in question all the supers but one struck, for some reason or other, at the last moment, and there was nothing to be done. The one super had to do duty for the whole great army of Ataliba. Thus to my friend Rollo, awaiting the army in front of the footlights, the solitary super marched.

"But Rollo was equal to an emergency even so trying as this. He made a grand gesture and exclaimed:

"What? All slain but thee? Come, then, my brave associate."

Dodging the Pledge.

MRS. C. A. BARWISE, president of the Boys' Welfare Hall Association of Brooklyn, is an enthusiastic advocate of temperance. The other day, apropos of hypocrisy in the temperance movement, she said:

"I hope there are not many of us to whom the spirit of the temperance pledge means so little as it did to a certain Scottish woman."

"This woman had made a vow not to drink liquor, and a day or two after the vow she supped at a friend's house.

"In those days temperance was not common in Scotland, and at the supper wine was passed about like tea.

"The new temperance convert looked at the wine longingly. Her hostess said:

"I'm sorry ye canna drink a glass o' wine wi' us on account o' yer temperance principles."

"The other had just taken on her plate a piece of cake. She said, thoughtfully, extending her plate toward the wine bottle:

"Aweel, just pour it on my cake and I'll eat it."

Illogical.

GUSTAVE WHITEHEAD, the aeronaut of Bridgeport, Ct., was discussing the aeronautical work of Prof. Alexander Graham Bell.

"Prof. Bell's work is logical," he said, "whereas too much of the work of our aeronauts is illogical—quite as illogical as the remark that a young Swede once made to me in a storm.

"The Swede and I were out walking together when a storm came up. The rain fell violently. We took refuge under a tree.

"The tree, for about fifteen minutes, made a good refuge. Then it began to leak. The cold raindrops began to fall down my neck and I began to complain.

"Oh, never mind," said the Swede. "There are a lot of trees. As soon as this one is wet through, I'll go under another."

A Reverse that Brought Fortune.

HE was an artist of the impressionistic school. Being rather shaky in drawing, he made up for his lack of technique by spreading the color around and counting on distance to lend enchantment to the view.

And at the exhibition he hung one of his most successful performances.

Then he took a friend to see it.

"Well," remarked the friend, after gazing at it for a few minutes, "I don't want to flatter you, old man, but that is the best thing you have done for many a day. That is a picture worth the name. I congratulate you!"

The artist looked again at the picture, much pleased with the criticism—and turned red. The hanging committee had placed it on the wall upside down.

But he made no objection. The original price had been \$19. An hour later it sold for \$10.—[Sun-Track News.

Traveling by Express Train.

THE express was tearing away at the wild and inspiring rate of six miles an hour, when all of a sudden it stopped altogether. Most of the passengers did not notice the difference; but one of them happened to be somewhat anxious to reach his destination before old age claimed him for its own. He put his head through the window to find that the cause of the stop was a cow on the track. After awhile they continued the journey for half an hour or so, and then—another stop.

"What's wrong now?" queried the impatient passenger of the conductor.

"A cow on the track."

"But I thought you drove it off."

"So we did," said the conductor, "but we're stuck up with it again."—[Four-Track News.

A Lenient General.

GEN. PLUMER is noted for his tact in dealing with colonial troops," says T. P. O'Connor, "and recently I heard of an incident during the Boer war in which this quality was severely tested.

"One day in camp a particularly tough proposition of an Australian, newly sent up from the base, got hold of some liquor and speedily became mad drunk. Singing and roaring about the camp, the Australian came upon Gen. Plumer, standing spick and span at the door of his tent, and uttering some ribald abuse, raised the general and struck him a heavy blow on the cheek before anyone could interfere.

"I need hardly say that such an offense was punishable by death, but Gen. Plumer merely said to the lookers who rushed up:

"Oh, take him away; he's drunk and doesn't know what he is doing."

"And that was all the notice the general took of the affair. But the delinquent's comrades were not so lenient."—[M. A. P.

The Versatile Young Californian.

AT the Normal Training School of this city the teachers in the fifth grade delight in comparing notes about Willie. Quick as a flash is this little head-headed fellow, never wanting for an answer to anything. One day he was asked the meaning of "responsibility."

"Responsibility? Why—a—I don't just exactly know what Mister Webster calls it, but I kin give you a sample. Suppose that all the buttons what a fellow'spenders is fastened to come off, all just except one. Why, what a awful responsibility there'd be of the button."

Stories About Ministers.

SCOTCH minister who was in need of funds conveyed his intentions to his congregation: "My friends, the kirk is urgently in need of silver, and we have failed to get money honestly, we will have to see what a bazaar can do for us."

It happened in Cornwall, according to report, the pastor complained that his congregation had the habit of looking round at late comers, and while he thought it natural enough, he saw that it disturbed their religious duties and so determined to announce by those persons who came in late. Accordingly he several times paused during the prayers and said: "With his wife and daughter," then again, "Mr. C. D. William D." This went on for awhile and the congregation kept their eyes fixed on their books, but what was given out, "Mrs. M. in a new bonnet," every nine head in the church was turned.

It was a curate who read in the lesson for the day:

"He spoke the word, and cathoppers came and pillars innumerable."—[Chamber's Journal.

The Mother-in-law Again.

AT the luncheon that followed the christening of a Nebraska at Seattle, Miss Mary Mickey told a story of her father, who is Nebraska's Governor.

"One evening my father," she said, "dictated one of his correspondence to me. There was one letter which struck me. It was to an employé of my father's who enclosed a railway ticket, and it said:

"You ask me for a ticket for your mother-in-law who is about to visit you. The ticket is within. I will notice that I did not forget to send an empty ticket, and that the return coupon is limited to five days."

The Black Canoe.

A BATTLE FOR POSSESSION OF A
TRIBAL TREASURE.

By a Special Contributor.

BACK to the days of Noah and the great flood of waters which covered the whole earth (how much further back the historian does not record,) dates the construction and more or less general use of that mighty factor of civilization and commerce, of travel, discovery, exploration and transit of every kind—the boat. What an exceedingly important part this insignificant device has played in every phase of the world's progress few men, outside of mariners and navigators, have ever paused to consider.

But even a brief glance at the various styles and uses of the water craft, from the early history of the world down to the present day, would occupy the lifetime of an ordinary person and fill volumes with interesting facts and incidents. And so, in this brief article, I will attempt to consider only a few points relative to that simple and primitive style of this most useful kind of man—the canoe of the North American Indian.

Before the discovery of America, and for about a century thereafter, over all the vast lakes and rivers of this great continent were propelled by sail, paddle or pole, countless numbers of these water craft of the untamed savage. Just how many no man can ever know, but the number reached far into the millions. The kinds which were most in general use, for domestic service, for hunting, for travel and warfare, were the light canoe of the northern, eastern and central portions of the country, made of birch bark, and the dug-out of the southern and western regions.

The fierce struggle for the possession of their native land, after the advent of the white race from over the sea, gradually but surely reduced the ranks of the natives in the wilderness, and with this gradual decrease went a proportionate number of their water-propelled conveyances, until now, after long centuries have passed by, there are more of these primitive craft used by the white man than by the native Indian. If we except the tribes of the North Pacific Coast, who spend a gaily portion of their lives upon the water.

From the northern limits of frozen Labrador to the southern limits of our Central States grows the beautiful type known as the canoe birch, and from its pliant, oily bark the light, graceful and serviceable boats of the eastern and northern redmen were constructed. This bark was peeled from the trees in large flakes of uniform width, and secured to a light, stiff framework by means of rawhide, much as we of the present day would sew strips of canvas with twine and bodkins. When the frame had been securely covered, melted pitch was carefully along the seams and the canoe was ready to receive its finishing touches in the shape of vivid and fantastic decorations significant of the tribe to which it belonged.

And the science of using these light, swift and silent boats was one of the main problems against which the white invaders had to contend, for the redman's skill in the uses and tricks of canoeing was something phenomenal. Such stirring scenes of history as those upon which were passed the lives of Israel Putnam, Daniel Boone and other noted pioneers of their day and age will serve as an illustration of this fact.

The art of canoeing is a fine art, and one in which gentlemen and campers are taking a good deal of interest and healthful pleasure at the present time.

The dug-out canoes were in general use from the region of the Great Lakes westward to the Pacific Coast, and southward to the lakes and lagoons of the Gulf States. These craft were generally one solid piece of wood hewn out of a large tree trunk, and in the North Central and Southern States were in shape and style much like the birch canoe of the North and East. The lightest wood obtainable, usually cedar or white pine, was used in making these canoes, and their manufacture always showed evidence of great skill and patient labor. On the North Pacific Coast, where the dug-out canoe attains its highest degree of excellence and serviceability, it is made upon an entirely different plan and after a different design from its eastern kinsman. It is in many respects a peculiar craft and worthy of special mention.

It is today, as it was a thousand years ago, the North Coast Indian's chief means of conveyance and travel. It is found in all sizes, from fifteen to eighty feet in length, and in sea-going qualities is unique and remarkable. In shape it is long and narrow, with only a small portion of the bottom flat. It is much deeper than other styles of Indian canoes. Indeed, this innovative-looking craft violates nearly all the recognized rules of the white man's boat-building science. And yet, like a duck in a storm, it rides the huge waves and valleys of the North Pacific at times when no open hull of ordinary construction could live for a moment. The vessel is as much at home on the water as upon the land, and in his long, uncanny, slim-necked, fish-shaped canoe fears neither wave nor storm.

If there is a case on record where an Indian canoe in these waters, with its Indian master, has been overturned and its occupants drowned, the fact has never come to the knowledge of the writer during his twelve years of life in this northern region. He deems it reasonable to assume that no accident of the kind, at least within the memory of white men, has ever occurred.

Valon poles and other records, to be found at intervals from Puget Sound to Northern Alaska, show that the Indians of that region have always had a full appreciation of the usefulness and importance of their canoe, some tribes even holding them in a sort of pious veneration, in some way related to the deities which they worshipped.

And closely in connection with this fact stands a thrilling and interesting incident of the early history of Puget Sound. This incident is that of the sudden rise of Chief Kitsap to the head rulership of his tribe, a chief second only to the great Seattle, and for whom one of the western counties of our sister State is named. And this important event occurred when Kitsap was a youth of scarcely more than twenty years.

It was just at nightfall of a still summer evening that Lio, daughter of the war chief, Skicullah, left her tepee and stole away into the shadows of the forest silent and alone, as if she had some secret mission to perform, and, unobserved by any of her kinsfolk, hurried off into the wilderness by a little path that led far over the hills and ravines, under the cool, green hemlocks and towering crowns of the great red fir trees. Once safely away from the village of her people she assumed a more erect attitude, but her moccasined feet scarcely disturbed the silence of the woodland, so lightly did they fall upon the mossy path.

She at length halted beside a big fir tree and bent her head to listen.

A footstep sounded close by, and a moment later the youth Kitsap stood before her. He was short of stature but broad and well proportioned, and his large limbs and deep chest were spanned and corded with muscles of tremendous power and endurance. No other young brave of his tribe possessed the strength of Kitsap.

Old Skicullah was a wicked and headstrong chief, and many were the inflictions of unjust punishment which his people had endured in his moments of rage. Much dissatisfaction was felt from time to time in consequence, and many the secret mutterings against their iron-handed ruler. It would have been an occasion of great rejoicing with many of his people could they have seen him laid low, never to rise again. Could he have known that Lio, his daughter, had boldly disobeyed his express command and gone forth to meet her lover, for whom he had taken a sudden dislike, no punishment which his cruel brain could devise would have been too severe for the unfortunate child to suffer.

There, in the feeble glimmer of the starlight, Lio told Kitsap what had happened that day during his absence—how a chief from one of the neighboring tribes had come with presents and much flattery to old Skicullah and requested the hand of his daughter; how the old chief had accepted the offerings of his distinguished brother and arranged that, on the morrow, the ceremony was to take place, and that she must then go from her own people with the chief whose wife she was to be made against her own will and wishes.

When he heard the story Kitsap squared his broad breast and the light of a fierce determination shone from his eyes. Placing one hand upon Lio's heart he raised the other toward the dark-blue sky and swore an oath so solemn and terrible that the girl shuddered to hear it. Then, to bind himself more fully to his vow, he drove his spear deeply into the ground at his feet and broke the blade short off at the roots of the tree.

That night, under cover of darkness, strange things were done at the Indian village, and when morning came wrath and wild commotion stirred the hearts of old Skicullah and his tribal council. His daughter and young Kitsap had fled the village during the night and taken with them the sacred Black Canoe of the old tyrant chief!

This canoe, by a time-honored custom, could be held only by the chief of the tribe. If there should arise a dispute as to the rightful rulership of its people, the rival warriors must meet in deadly combat and the sacred canoe then pass into possession of the victor, who would thus be qualified to assume the reins of government.

Across an arm of the bay on which the Indian village was situated the smoke of a camp fire was rising lazily from the beach in the still morning air. It could be readily inferred whose fire it was. Lio and the audacious Kitsap, with the Black Canoe in his possession, there coolly awaited the coming of the wrathful Skicullah, who had never been defeated in battle during all the long years of his warfare; awaited the mighty duel to the death which must surely follow.

With wrath such as had not rent his bosom for many long years old Skicullah called his council of warriors, ordered his spear and knife to be sharpened to thrice their usual keenness, put on his war paint and feathered head-dress of battle, and swore by every bear-claw of his chieftain's necklace, and by the sacred canoe itself, to strip the flesh of Kitsap as he would strip the flesh of a rabbit, and paint the white pebbles of the beach red with his audacious blood! His next camp fire would be built in the happy hunting ground among the stars, not upon the shore in plain view of the great chief whom he had defied!

It was yet early morning when the wrathful chief, with about a score of his followers, landed upon the beach where Kitsap awaited his coming with calm and unflinching determination. The chief's face was black and stern with a terrible storm of wrathful hatred. His cruel mouth was set like the jaws of a steel trap, his war-seasoned muscles were drawn and tense with savage eagerness for conflict, and his iron form towered several inches above any of his followers.

He stepped from his canoe and strode to the center of the beach, and, raising his spear, uttered the challenge to battle in a voice hoarse with hate and mighty passion.

As she saw him take his stand for the fray, Lio gazed upon him with a dread fascination, her heart sinking with a sudden fear of what the consequences of this terrible scene might be. Upon the result of the battle hung her own fate, as well as that of the brave youth whom she loved and who had dared so much to save her from the cruel command of Skicullah.

But no traces of fear were visible upon the face of Kitsap as he strode forth to meet his powerful and dreaded foe. Instead, his step was firm and confident, his mouth was wreathed in a smile of mocking disdain, and over the water rang clear and defiant his

answer to the deadly challenge. A light gleamed from his eyes such as had never been seen there before, and as a circle was formed about the combatants a hush of awe fell upon the stern faces of the spectators.

Without undue ceremony the signal for hostilities to begin was given. And, there, upon the smooth sands of the beach, in the morning sunlight, was waged the most terrific hand-to-hand battle ever recorded in the history of that little nation of warlike redskins.

At the first mighty clash both spears were broken like pipestems, and then Kitsap drew his hunting knife and leaped like a tiger upon his antagonist.

Each carried the large, steel-bladed bowie, such as was used by the Northwestern fur traders, and at every fierce blow the sparks flew like fiery cinders from the guards of the wicked weapons.

With fearful eyes and ashen face Lio gazed in horrified suspense upon the mighty struggle, which meant so much to her. She saw the powerful forms of the combatants as they stood toe to toe in the deadly duel, saw their brown, muscular arms sweep through the air with savage force and lightning quickness, heard the clash of steel with steel and saw the wicked blades gleam and flash in the sunlight like tongues of fire.

Suddenly she gasped for breath, and something almost stifled the wild beating of her heart as she saw the powerful arms of Kitsap descend like a bolt of lightning, while he leaped quickly to one side to avoid a terrific blow from the knife of Skicullah.

The next moment a great shout went up from the circle of spectators. The great war chief, who had never before met defeat in battle, lay lifeless at their feet, while Kitsap stood unharmed above him, with the smile of a mighty triumph upon his face.

CLYDE SCOTT CHASE.

QUEER PAVEMENTS.

PLUMSTONES USED IN A LONDON SUBURB AS A
SUBSTITUTE FOR PAVING STONES.

[Pearson's Magazine.] The streets of London are not yet paved with gold, despite popular tradition to the contrary, but one of the business southeastern metropolitan suburbs has discovered that plum stones constitute a highly serviceable and inexpensive substitute for ordinary material.

This suburb is the center of the jam and preserves' manufacturing industry. During the season the fruit often deteriorates and the magistrate thereupon confiscates the consignment. It is, no uncommon circumstance for from fifty to 100 tons of fruit to be condemned in a single day.

Instead of being discharged into barges and dumped into the sea, the fruit is destroyed in a much more hygienic manner. It is consigned to the refuse destructor, and the ashes are collected, and by various processes are compressed into slabs like stone, which they resemble very closely.

A well known sugar refinery utilizes the dross from the product for paving. The waste is a very thick, viscous liquid. What to do with it was a thorny problem for some time.

At last one of the employees conceived the idea of mixing it with ashes, the latter being applied in sufficient quantities to render the mass solid and stable. The mixture is then cut into small bricks and compressed.

In the north of England many of the roads are laid with glass slag. This refuse is the waste from the factories, and for many years, as no commercial use was found for it, the slag was left to accumulate in huge mounds, disfiguring the countryside.

A Paris inventor, however, came to the rescue. He devised a process for preparing this refuse and burning it into small blocks. The slag was melted, and by a secret treatment its brittle quality was successfully overcome.

Experiments are now being carried out to prove the efficiency of steel for road paving. The steel is two inches thick and is in large plates, which are bolted together.

One town, whose great desire is to reduce the noise of the traffic in streets to the minimum, has paved some of the thoroughfares with a composition of cork and other material. The cork is first granulated and then mixed with a preparation which solidifies the powdered cork and converts it into a solid, durable substance.

India rubber is also used for the same purpose, being laid three inches in thickness, but the high cost of the material precludes its extensive adoption.

WHEN SUMMER DIES.

When Summer dies, her aspect, still so fair,
Denies the haunting shade of death drawn near;
Her bright eyes droop, yet is their glance more dear,
Her smiles, erstwhile so gay, a tender sweetness wear.

When Summer dies, a hectic red doth burn
Across the woodland wide, as deep a glow
As spring's young cheek in bounding life can show—
The mask whereoneth gray Death awaits his turn.

When Summer dies, a white mist veils the moon,
Whose grieved eyes shun the yearning, weary light
Of eyes that close on Winter's hopeless night;
The sad winds through the cornfields sigh and croon.

When Summer dies, the birds forget to call;
The vines weep tears of blood, which anguished men
Crush to their lips to lull some sleepless pain;
The somber leaves together weave her pall.

The day is short and sad when Summer dies;
The sun, his burning eye with weeping red,
Sinks to a sea of tears himself bathed shed,
My half-forgotten longing stirs and sighs.

When Summer dies.

NEETA MARQUIS.

The Fifty-Million Pool.

STORY OF AN EXPERIMENT THAT
ALMOST PROVED A TRAGEDY.

By a Special Contributor.

"MARRY, you can tell the man, when he comes, that he needn't send us a chicken tomorrow. We will have to get along without it. I think there is enough mutton left to make a stew, isn't there?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"You might make some dumplings and put in the gravy. Mr. Warrington is very fond of them. I think that will do nicely."

"Yes, ma'am, all right, ma'am."

"We must manage to cut down expenses in some way. The bills last month were too heavy."

Mrs. Warrington closed the dining-room door and stepped into the living-room. She was a young woman, but at that moment she looked tired and worried. Her face brightened as she saw her husband sitting near the window reading.

"I did not know you were home," she said, as she greeted him. Inwardly she hoped he had not heard the conversation in the dining-room.

"It has been very warm today," she added, as she drew a chair near him. "I am glad you were able to get away so early."

"And you?" he asked; "how have you stood the heat?"

"Well, it has been pretty warm, and the baby was quite fretful today. I think he must be cutting teeth. I am glad Harold keeps so well; but that reminds me; there are several things I really must have for the children. I am sorry, dear; I thought I wouldn't have to get anything more this week, but the alcohol is all gone and Harold must have another pair of shoes. He does wear them out so fast—and then—oh, yes, I need some flannel. The other things can wait until tomorrow, but perhaps you had better get the alcohol this evening."

"Very well, dear; I will attend to them all, only don't look so worried. Now go and get a little rest and I will take care of the children. Try and get some sleep if you can."

After his wife had left him, Russell Warrington stood at the window for a long time, gazing out on the small lawn in front of the house. His oldest child, a boy of three, was tumbling around on it in high glee, but his mind was far away from the youngster. He was busy thinking of the child's mother. He was more in love with his wife than when he married her, four years ago, and it pained him to have her so worried by what should be the trivial things of life. He could lay no blame upon himself. He was not an extravagant man; he worked hard, he had the name of being the hardest worker at the bank; and he had no extravagant habits. The single club he had belonged to he had given up when he married. His cigars were his sole luxury; even these he had reduced to one a day.

He never allowed himself to run in debt, but it was all they could do, by the closest economy, to make ends meet and to pay off \$500 a year on their modest home. It was all in the bank, ready for the middle of the following month, the time for payment, but it had been especially hard to save it this year—there was an extra mouth to feed and an extra little body to clothe and care for, and the doctor's and nurse's bills. His wife needed a change; the summer had been a very warm one and the heat was continuing well into September. She had not properly regained her strength—a month or two at the shore and freedom from household cares would fix her all right, he knew, but he could not afford it.

The baby was asleep; so bidding Mary care for him in case he awakened before his return, he put on his hat and went out to get the alcohol. The drug store was several squares away. He walked rapidly, anxious to get back to the house; and so intent was he on his own thoughts that he turned the corner without looking and ran into a man who, weighted down with gripsack and suit case, was making his way in the opposite direction.

"Why, hullo, Russ!" exclaimed the man.

"A thousand pardons, Billy, for running into you, but for where are you bound? Looks as if you were going on a journey."

"So I am. I'm going to take the 3:10. But what are you looking so down in the mouth about?"

"Oh, nothing," Warrington colored. "I was busy thinking. On your vacation?"

"Not exactly," Billy Coleman put down his bags and glanced at his watch. "One of the boys," he continued, "gave me a tip and I made two thousand, a clear two thousand plunks on 'United Telegraph,' and now I'm off for a little fishing trip. Guess I can afford to loaf for a little while; eh, old fellow?"

Two thousand! made in a few days; and he had toiled an entire year for an equal sum. Why hadn't he been the lucky man? Two thousand! That would have finished paying for their little home. They could manage to live nicely if they had his entire income; it would mean a trip for his wife and freedom for her from worry.

"I've often wondered," Billy resumed, "why you didn't do something of that sort; take a flyer once in a while."

"Money, Billy. It takes money to speculate."

"Pshaw! not much. If you buy on a margin; and hardly anyone buys his stock outright these days. Now, of course, there are some stocks that are risky, but there's plenty of others that are as good as gold. I tell you what, old boy, when I come back from this trip, and I'll only be gone ten days, I'll take you down to Brown and Brown. Young Brown's a particular friend of mine, and we'll talk it over and see what's what. Think it over while I'm gone, and then, if you want,

I'll take you down and introduce you. Clever fellows, Brown and Brown. Well, I must go. So long."

For the following ten days Warrington thought of nothing but Billy's proposition. A dozen times he had made up his mind that it would be sheer folly for him to attempt such a thing—where Coleman had won he probably would fail—but every night the sight of his wife's pale face broke down the resolutions of the morning. The ten days went by, and still he could not make up his mind. The baby became sick, but they could not get a nurse and his wife was up with it nearly every night. He left her, one morning, so weak she could hardly move around, and that day he hunted up Billy and reminded him of the promised introduction.

Brown and Brown were looked on as a reliable house; not so conservative as some, probably a little more inclined to be speculative, but on the whole thoroughly reliable. Young Brown was very courteous; he went into the minutiae of the thing for Warrington's benefit, and though it was a busy day, treated him as if he was one of their oldest and best customers.

They finally decided that the best stock to buy was "Consolidated Steel," so Warrington bought 100 shares at 34 and put up a five-point margin. He felt a little fearful, as he wrote out his check for \$500—the \$500 they had saved for the house; and something of the fear showed itself in his face.

"Feeling kind of skittish?" Coleman asked, as they regained the street. "You needn't be. Steel's a dead-sure thing; safe as a government bond."

Not a word of what he had done did he mention to his wife; he would wait until he had made his little pile and then he would surprise her; but he began to read up on stocks. All stocks, not only "Consolidated Steel," appealed to him, and the financial pages soon became the most fascinating part of the daily paper.

He was holding for a ten-point rise, and in his ignorance of the methods of Wall street he believed that it would require only a few days to do it in. The middle of October was rapidly approaching and as yet "steel" had advanced only two points.

"You expect too much," young Brown said; "stocks don't generally fluctuate ten points in a day or so unless there is a panic or some special excitement;" but he gave it as his opinion that by December "Consolidated Steel" would reach 50.

The 15th came, the date of the payment on the house; the stock had gained merely an additional point, but Warrington believed implicitly in the opinion of his broker. He went to the Trust Company and explained to them that he would have to defer the payment until the middle of December; that surely would give him ample time.

"Did you send a check to the Trust Company today?" his wife asked, that night at supper.

For the first time Warrington evaded her eyes. "I attended to the matter," he said, carelessly.

Slowly steel went up, but surely, nevertheless—one half-point at a time. His hopes rose accordingly. He whistled around the house; they spent a day at the shore and he brought home little delicacies to tempt his wife's appetite.

The first of November, Thursday, it receded over a point, and when he sought young Brown, in consternation, the broker smiled condescendingly and told him something about "prospect of a bad bank statement, treasury absorbing too much money. It was all right—it would soon recover its loss."

The next day the rates for call money began to advance, as large amounts were being needed to move the crops. Call loans rose to 5 per cent., and stocks were going down accordingly. "Steel" was 36½, and Warrington spent a bad night.

The next afternoon he fairly snatched the evening paper from the boy's hand. He turned hastily to the financial page. "Consolidated Steel" had opened at 36, and then, on the strength of a good showing of the company's future order books and a slight easing of the money market, had recovered its loss and closed at 39.

He was radiant; he sought Billy in his office and took him home to supper.

"If I was you, old fellow, and the market opened at 39 Monday, or even a fraction less, I'd sell out."

They were alone in the living-room; Mrs. Warrington had left them to put the babies to bed, and the strains of a lullaby came faintly down the stairs.

"Not losing your nerve, are you, Billy? Why, I thought we started for a ten-point rise."

"I know we did, but if you sold out at 39 you would make—let me see; you bought at 34, 34½, counting brokerage—you'd make nearly \$500, and that's a pretty tidy sum for a beginner."

"I know it is," Warrington answered, "but I'd like to make \$1000, even money. The paper this morning quotes Gage as saying that there's every indication of it's reaching 50; and look at their books, 600,000 tons more than this time a year ago. What's to make it go down?"

"A prospect of tighter money. The crops are not all moved yet, and they take a power of money. I shouldn't wonder if money would reach pretty high figures, soon."

"Maybe you're right, but I'm going to chance it, anyway."

For several days the whole street was anxiously watching the condition of the money market. Stocks about held their own, when call money suddenly rose to 20 per cent., and stocks of all kinds began to tumble. Steel dropped from 39, where it had remained for nearly a week, to 37, and the next day down to 36; call money rose to 30 per cent., bringing on a panic. "Steel" fell to 30, and Brown and Brown called for more margin.

Warrington blamed himself, over and over, for not taking Billy's advice. What was to be done? He had less than \$50 in the bank, and his brokers called for \$500. It was useless to try to borrow the amount; all his friends were young, like himself, and he knew they had no money to spare. If he didn't raise the amount his

stock would be sold, and he would be out the money he had put in. There was only one thing to do; he must get a small mortgage on the house. He tried to tell himself that it was only temporary and that steel was bound to go up, but the cheering thought would not stay lodged in his mind.

Ten days went by, but the stock could not seem to get beyond 30. He passed one miserable night after another tossing feverishly on his pillow. His face became haggard and his temper irritable. He lost his appetite and lived only to watch the papers. His work at the bank confined him closely or he would have hunted the office of his broker. Several times he was called down for mistakes in his work.

The change in him did not go unobserved by his wife, but she attributed it to the work he was doing night and day, and she worried accordingly.

On the 20th steel declined a fraction, and Warrington gave orders to sell at 29, should it reach that figure. He would pocket the loss, he said to himself, and get rid of it before it went any lower. In the afternoon it broke badly, losing over four points on the strength of another advance in call rates to 35 per cent., and in the rush of business his little order was overlooked. Evening found him still in, with a hurried note from Brown and Brown expressing their regret at their inability to get him out, and requesting a check for \$500 in the morning, or else, failing to receive that, much as they deplored it, they would be obliged to sell out his holdings.

Like one mad, he rushed over to Billy and begged him to help him out. That gentleman was just preparing to leave his office and was carefully polishing his patent leather shoes.

"Awfully sorry, old man. I'd like nothing better in the world than to help you, but I'm rather strapped for money myself. You know," he added coldly, "I advised you to sell out when she was at 39."

"Yes, I know," replied Warrington, bitterly; "I was a fool, and I have no one to blame but myself. I got out of this I'll never touch a share of stock again."

Coleman laughed, a laugh fraught with worldly wisdom. "They all say that, and they all go back and get burnt again."

There was nothing to do but to let it go by the board. He could not go home; he walked up and down the streets feverishly, biting at the end of his cigar and seeking some solution to the problem. He cursed himself, over and over, for his folly, but still he felt sure that if he could only raise that margin the stock would go up eventually. The company was good; it had orders on its books for nearly two years to come, and the finished product commanded higher prices today than ever.

It was nine o'clock when he reached home; it was the first night he had remained away from supper without sending word, and his wife was waiting for him at the door.

"What has happened?" she cried, when she saw him. He sank into the nearest chair and buried his face in his hands. She went to him and put her arms around him. "Tell me, dearest," she said; "don't be afraid; I will be brave."

So there, in the dimly-lighted, tiny reception hall, with her arms around him, he told her. As he finished she rose. "Come," she said, bravely, trying to be cheerful, "let us go into the living-room and talk it over. There must be a way out of it."

He went over it all carefully, every detail; the money situation; the condition of the company, and the outlook for the future. She tried to understand it, but it was all so new to her. One thought only was uppermost in her mind—the house must be saved.

"Of course, that can be done," her husband said, "by paying the interest."

"Yes," she said, slowly, but she thought of the two years' savings lost, and to make good the loss would require years of even greater economy. Her heart sank at the prospect.

"If I could only raise \$500 for a day or two—" her husband was saying, "I know we'd win out."

His words, spoken in such a tone of conviction, inspired her own soul with hope. She left the room, but returned in a few moments dressed for the street.

"I am going out," she said, "on an errand. I will not be gone long, and when I come back we will go over it all again."

So busy was Warrington with his thoughts that he hardly noticed her absence. In a vague way he realized it, but that was all; he saw that she carried a parcel in her hand, but it conveyed no special significance to his mind.

In a short time Mrs. Warrington returned. She went to him and placed a slip of paper in his hand—it was a check for \$500! He gazed at it in amazement. What could she have gotten it?

"Mrs. Merrihew!" he cried, glancing at the signature. "You have sold your Point d'Alencon collar?"

It was her one treasure—a magnificent example of Point d'Alencon, made when Louis XVI sat upon the throne of France. It had come to her from her great-grandmother, down through a long line; it was the connecting link with her blue-blooded ancestors.

She nodded brightly. "She has been wanting to buy it for years, you know. It was really worth more, but I told her I must have the money tonight. There is no use in your saying you won't take it; you must. I let it drawn to your order; there is still time to get it in the night's mail."

Warrington's lunch hour was from one to two. In morning he had been in a fever of impatience, and he hurried at once to the Stock Exchange. It was evident that something of unusual interest was transpiring. He saw young Brown speeding across the corridor and hurried after him.

"Can't stop, Warrington," he called, "but there's good news. A pool of fifty million's been raised and steel's up to 35 and going higher."

A pool of fifty millions! What did he mean? It

Queer Finistere.

PECULIAR AND AMUSING CUSTOMS
OF THE PEASANTS.

By a Special Contributor.

As I clambered off the stage at Quimper the angulus bells were ringing, the cathedral square was filled with dancing men, women and children, for a wedding had taken place that day, and the whole scene just throbbled with that delightful peasant life so dear to an artist.

For six months I was to sojourn amid this inspiring country, a country of horse and heather, of picturesque costumes, of quaint dances, of simple farming and of still simpler farmers. Quimper at first glance had captivated me. The beautiful head-dresses of the women, the knickerbocker-clad men and the bashful, long-tressed little boys all, all far exceeded my rouiest expectations.

Dressed in my American costume I must have looked equally interesting in their eyes, since for weeks afterwards I was the center of their curious gaze, as with paint box and easel I tramped across the purple-heathered fields. But how differently I found the farm life here from that of my own country! To begin with, the cows, pigs and chickens seemed to have as much right to the farmer's house as the farmer himself. This domestic contains but only one room (a large one, to be sure) in which the whole family live; yet if "bosny" cares to walk in no objections are raised to her doing so, and the same freedom of entrance is extended to the pigs, chickens and all other farm animals. The French motto of "Liberte, Egalite and Fraternite" is certainly carried out here in all its pristine excellence.

After ten days of enthusiastic rambling I hired a room over the village baker's to paint in, and here, twice a week, I was accommodated and pleased by a sight which always interested me.

Twice a week is baking day, when the peasants for miles around bring their immense loaves of dark dough to be baked into bread. I do not exaggerate in the least when I say that on these days it was with difficulty I could pass from my studio to the street, for I was bread-bound, so to speak. Not content with strewing the shop floor and counters with ponderous loaves, the baker must needs block the hall, the stairs and every other available place with them. Indeed I was frequently forced to take a short promenade on top of some of my neighbor's hard-earned bread before I could finally make my exit. To move them would have been even more troublesome, for they weighed something over thirty pounds each. What puzzled me, at the time, was how the peasants managed to recognize their individual breaded properties, and this was much of a problem until I discovered that each loaf bore a species of family coat-of-arms. These crests were not rampant lions nor fighting unicorns, but simply impressions of a variety of objects made in the dough. I noticed one of a knife and fork, another of two spoons, another of a cross, still another seemingly like a brooch, and quite frequently the impression of a child's hand. The fond mothers were especially proud of having the hands of their little tots pressed into the dough, and when the tiny fingers were not strong enough to do this for themselves the kind parent aided them, while all the older brothers and sisters looked gleefully on.

As soon as the family loaf is brought home it is blessed, for the peasant would never think of eating his bread until after the performance of this rite. Then, too, always before cutting the loaf they make the sign of the cross on the back of it with the table knife. These ceremonies are not so much due to the peasant's sense of religion as to his superstition. Religion is a superstition with him, nothing more. When he goes fishing he promises the Virgin a certain number of candles provided she fills his nets with fish. If, however, his nets be not filled, he takes it upon himself to admonish her, as it were, by withholding the lighted tapers. Religious processions wind their way through his fields that his crops may prosper. If the season be rainy, there is a religious procession in order that the weather may become dryer; if a drouth, rain is called for in the same manner. Picturesque in the extreme are these superstitions, but in no sense religious.

Interesting in quite another way are the quaint beliefs many of the young girls hold, as, for instance, that of throwing hairpins into a certain fountain to bring them good luck; or that other still more popular one, when, on a stated day, the maidens hold their heads under the waters of another fountain that they may be married within the ensuing twelve months.

The great day, though, to these villagers, in fact the day of days, is that on which a "pardon" is held. Then thousands of people flock to the great cathedral at Quimper from all directions. There is a gorgeous celebration of mass in the morning, a statue of the Virgin—perhaps far out in the fields—is crowned with a gold crown, and a great jollification takes place generally. The most spectacular event of the "pardon" occurs at night, when not only the big cathedral is jammed with peasants, but all the near-by square as well. On the completion of this service the congregation emerge from the sacred edifice carrying lighted candles, and as soon as the first of these worshipers appear under the sculptured doorway there is a general rush on the part of the throng outside to light their candles from those lighted within. Then an immense procession is formed, and with flaring candles and singing of hymns the great concourse of people march through the town. A more inspiring sight could hardly be imagined.

The religious character of the "pardon" is, though, with that characteristic oppositeness which seems a part of so many European peoples, is broken into by merry-

go-rounds, games of chance and a species of picnic, such as one might find at Coney Island. Booths for the sale of rosaries, religious medals and so forth may be seen flanked by games of nine pins, shooting matches, and even wheels of fortune.

Vastly different from all this incongruous turmoil is the quiet home life of the peasant, and my friendship with so many of them furnished me unusual opportunities for studying this side of their characters. To many of you the great fireplaces in their houses would probably prove the strongest attraction. On cold evenings the whole family crawl inside to keep themselves warm! Crawl inside of the fireplace itself, mind you! I have often sat there with them and enjoyed the curious novelty of looking up the chimney at the shining stars! Far back in the fireplace a great log is always kept burning, over which hangs an immense caldron of hot water. This is the general fire, if I may so term it, for arranged about the hearth are often numerous smaller fires, their number depending upon the number of pots and kettles the matron wishes to keep boiling. Sometimes I have seen the dear old lady in the midst of this warm retreat cooking "crepe," great pancakes, over one of the minor fires, with her large family surrounding her in joyous anticipation. The pancakes she made often measured four feet or more around! And it was a treat indeed to see the dexterity with which she would turn over the great flapjacks without meeting with disaster. When cooked, these are laid on a plate, buttered, folded over three or four times as we fold a napkin, and eaten from the fingers.

Of especial interest to the American farmer are their methods of harvesting. Our mowing machines, reapers, horse rakes and so forth are practically unknown to that people. As a matter of fact, if a peasant Christopher Columbus should by chance discover their existence he would find it difficult to convince his neighbors of the advantages of such a discovery.

All the grain in that country is cut by hand, cut with great scythes having blades about three times as broad as those used in New England. True, they do possess a contrivance which they call a thrashing machine, a sort of antiquated affair which chews up the straw, if I may use such an expression. It requires four or more horses to run this machine, and a man standing upon a raised platform snaps a large whip over the animals to keep them at work. When the straw falls from the thrasher it is handed to the nearest of two rows of women, who toss it up on pitchforks, shake it well and then pass it on to the next. By the time the straw has reached the end of the line the grain is all shaken from it and lying in a long, serpentine heap between the two rows of women. Of course, this is a dreadfully slow way of doing things when compared to our American methods, but it is the peasant's way and he enjoys it.

You would undoubtedly be greatly amused at their schools, which are as different from ours as it is possible for them to be. There are no barefooted country boys there, nor boys with knickerbockers, for all of them, big and little, wear long trousers, which give them a very comical appearance. Boys living three or more miles distant from school go home but once a week, and these boarders, as they are called, by the insignificant sum of about \$1 per month (!) are furnished with hot soup three times a day. Each boy, too, has his own private loaf, or rather a part of a loaf, and some butter, which is usually brought to the school on Sunday mornings by the boy's parents as they pass on their way to mass. A special room is set apart for these loaves, which is furnished with racks for holding them. When school is "out," there is a great stampede to this bread-room, and the clatter the usually hungry pupils make with their wooden shoes would drive an American school teacher to distraction. The hours of study are somewhat longer than ours, beginning at eight in the morning and lasting until five in the afternoon, with an intermission for dinner.

What I liked best of all about these people, though, was their exceeding good nature. Always ready for a dance (and everybody dances,) they take life much less seriously than the inhabitants of our rural districts. When there is a wedding, for instance, they don't mind leaving their work for a general jollification, which lasts not for one, but for two days. In France two wedding ceremonies are held, a religious and a civil one. The day on which the civil marriage takes place the Quimper peasants dance and eat all day, until it would seem as though they couldn't dance and eat any more. Then, on the day of the religious ceremony they dance and eat all day again, and just as heartily as on the previous one. Dancing usually begins at ten in the morning and lasts until dark, so that, you see, they are not at all limited in time in enjoying themselves.

At one wedding I attended it started to rain soon after the ceremony had taken place, and I bethought me at once that the dancing throngs in the square would soon have to cease their merriment. However, I was mistaken in the peasant character, for very soon every man was holding a brilliantly-colored umbrella over himself and partner, and all were dancing away livelier than ever. It was an odd sight indeed to see all these gay umbrellas bobbing up and down to the music of the pipers, but it was thoroughly characteristic of the genuine good nature of the Finistere peasants.

MEREDITH NUGENT.

THE CORRECTOR CORRECTED.

Scene—Small wayside station, train approaching—Sandy (to his master): Here's yer train, sir.

Master (who has his own ideas about correct speech): That's not my train, but rather the train I'm going by. But it happened to be a special train and didn't stop at the station, whereupon Sandy exclaimed: "We're baith wrang, for it's neither your train nor the one ye're gaun by, but it's the one that's gaun by you."—[London Tit-Bits.]

1904.]

all back to him. Only one thing was clear—steel was "up." Through the glass of the partition he saw that the gallery was crowded, and there, in the front row, with a strained, tense face sat his wife. Warrington started; he had no idea she intended coming. He had felt it all more, vastly more than he thought. He started to work his way to her, when he heard, above the din, someone calling his name, and turning, saw Coleman.

"Did you raise your margin?" Billy asked.

"Yes," answered the other, dryly.

"Good! You're in it now, all right; hold on a spell; the pool's a great thing."

"What is it, anyhow?"

"The moneyed men met in New York last night and raised a pool of fifty millions to help the market, and all money's dropped from 25 to 5 per cent."

Warrington stood on tiptoes and watched the figures on the board. "Consolidated Steel" was then at 30. He caught young Brown, who was returning on a run. "Get me out at 40," he called. "You understand, don't forget me this time." Brown nodded.

With great difficulty he at last succeeded in reaching his wife. She silently pressed his hand; her eyes were bright with excitement and a deep red stained her cheeks. They stood hand in hand, their eyes riveted upon the board.

Steel was 29, 28½, then it paused and dropped on heavy profit-selling to 29 again. Warrington swore because he had not sold out at that figure. Thirty-nine and a quarter, then 39½ again—34, 40½, then 41.

Mrs. Warrington dropped exhausted into the seat, weak from the strain. He bent over her tenderly. "We've won, dearest," he said—

She smiled back at him.

"—but I can never forgive myself for causing the loss of your luck."

"It was only a care," she said; "I am glad it is gone." And then, woman-like, she put her head down on the rail in front of her and wept, partly from nervousness and partly from joy that the strain was over.

FLORENCE W. SAUNDERS.

ILL MANNERS REBUKED.

SENATOR HOAR'S CALL UPON A BUREAU CHIEF
AND WHAT FOLLOWED.

[Washington Star:] One forenoon, a year ago last spring, Senator Hoar sent in his card to a bureau chief—also resigned—who, during his short career in Washington, was noted for a sort of insouciance that bordered on bad manners.

The messenger conducted the Massachusetts Senator into the bureau chief's sumptuously appointed office. The bureau chief sat at his desk, facing the door; but he never raised his head when the Senator entered or responded to the latter's "Good morning." The bureau chief went right ahead with his writing. The Senator halted about ten feet in front of the desk, and stood waiting for the bureau chief to give some indication that he understood that he was not entirely alone in the room. But the bureau chief went on writing. Three or four minutes passed thus, the old Senator patiently shifting from one foot to the other.

Then the Senator advanced to the desk, a huge double chair, and pulled a chair up to the side of the desk facing the bureau chief. Senator Hoar picked up a pen and a block of writing paper and began to write.

It was only then that the bureau chief looked up from his papers and over at the Senator on the other side of the desk. There was an expression of simulated surprise on the bureau chief's face, as if he had only then become aware of the Senator's presence in the room.

"Oh, h'w'are you, Senator?" said the bureau chief, dryly, to the Senator, who, however, did not look up from his writing. "Anything I can do for you?"

"No, sir; I dropped in only to write a few letters," complacently replied the old Massachusetts statesman, never looking up. "Don't put yourself out. Proceed with your work."

The bureau chief looked crestfallen.

"By the way, Senator," he said, leaning back in his swiveling chair, "about that little matter that you submitted to the department a while ago, we—"

"Oh, never mind," calmly interrupted the Senator. "It's rather an irksome case. I am going to see the Secretary about that little matter as soon as I finish these few letters."

The bureau chief flushed and bent over his desk again. The Senator went calmly ahead at his correspondence for about a quarter of an hour, when he touched the button at the side of the desk he was sitting at and summoned the messenger.

"Be so good as to, take my card to the Secretary," he said to the messenger, and the messenger went out.

The Secretary's office was only two doors down the hall. In less than a minute the bureau chief's door was thrown open and the Secretary himself plunged in, both hands extended toward the Senator, who was still seated at the desk.

"Why, the top of the morning to you, Senator!" cordially exclaimed the Secretary, gripping Mr. Hoar by both hands. "You're just the man I want to have a long talk with. Messenger," addressing the waiting black man, "tell the rest of the folks waiting to see me that I'll be busy for the next hour or so," and he conducted Senator Hoar to his holy of holies.

Something like an hour later, after the Senator's departure from the private office of the Secretary, the bureau chief was summoned by the Secretary.

"An' he dun look lak fo' cents' wuf o' dog meat w'en he all come out o' de Sec'y's office," was the comment of one of the black messengers stationed in the corri-

California Pioneer Life.

A TRUE STORY OF ROUGH AND RUGGED MEN OF EARLY DAYS.

By a Special Contributor.

FIVE survivors of a band numbering thirty gathered together last week to talk over incidents connected with the rush for gold into Yosemite Valley. Story after story closed the gap of forty-four years, and much of the discussion would be interesting in the State's history. Each of the five is full of honors in his own land, and some of the band who have "gone over the range" were noted in the affairs of the western slope. Through the questions of an easterner and younger man, the general conversation drifted finally into a discussion of the western pioneer and gold hunter.

"No matter where I go," said this younger man, "among mining camps there is always the same praise paid to the old-time California gold hunter. In Alaska the old Californian was an oracle, and always an authority; in Australia he was a sort of hero, and in South America, a marvel. Time is thinning the ranks, but so long as they live they will be found in the vanguard of new camps, and their unwritten laws and customs will always be the basis for the ethical direction at least of new camps."

"And very properly should all this be true," said Lewis H. Spitzer, "for there never was a body of men like them. As there are plenty of Americans, there may be worthy successors, but still the old band were a body by themselves."

Mr. Spitzer is the Assessor for Santa Clara county, and has in recent years made his home in San Jose. His years of California life began in his youth fighting the battles of wagon trains and in the turmoil, strife and hardships of camp life. Now in the fullness of his years he is enjoying a full reward for his labors, and the newer generation delight in setting aside all semblance of political strife to do him honor at the polls.

"In the early days of California," continued Mr. Spitzer, "a man was reckoned exactly for the sphere he could fill in camp life, and the way he could treat his fellow-men. In those days every person was engaged in his own way of getting wealth, and it was a struggle all the time. Yet all had time to be good fellows and be helpful each to another where help was required. We had bad men and lots of them, but there was a survival of the best in the end. I can testify to one instance and pay a deserved tribute at the same time."

When Mr. Spitzer asked his friends if they could remember the day forty-four years ago that his claim had been jumped each of the other four began to laugh. They remembered, and in the course of the talk it was gathered that Mr. Spitzer, then a very young man, had been in very close proximity to death. During his absence from his claim one afternoon a well-known character in the camp had "jumped" the location. When Mr. Spitzer returned the man was working at the sluice box, two large Colt's revolvers were in his belt and a carbine lying close by; in fact, he had the arsenal of a camp man who believed that might always made right. Beyond a growl and threat the fellow paid no attention to the complaints of the young owner.

"Knowing Jim Hite as we all did," said one of the party, "we had concluded long before that the claim was gone. And we thought Lou was gone, too, when he bristled up so strong and ordered the fellow off. Forget it? Well, no one will forget the way you backed Hite off the claim with your revolver. You had the drop and the pluck. My! how he did swear and take on. It was the first time he had ever been downed, and by a kid."

Jim Hite, as the talk continued, proved to be J. R. Hite, the millionaire mine owner, whose business and family affairs are parts of California history. Through marrying an Indian squaw he was able to locate mines which later made him one of the noted wealth owners of the State. And his subsequent actions in connection with his Indian wife and this fortune made him one of the most widely-discussed men in the whole country.

"I had good reason to be frightened," continued Mr. Spitzer, "for Jim Hite was then, and always afterward, a very determined and powerful enemy. I was mighty glad to learn he had left the camp soon afterward, for his threats to kill me seemed almost like having a death warrant read to me. But here is a story which none of you have ever heard, and, even though it occurred so many years ago, will be interesting to all old pioneers. It was soon after the affair of the claim jumping that Mark Williams and I went prospecting in the mountains, back of Mono Lake. We got a late start and tried to do all we could before the winter set in. Day after day we tramped and tramped with nothing good showing up. The only certain thing we discovered was that our grub was running out and that winter was coming. After a second snowstorm we concluded it was time to hit the trail for the settlements, and the very next day we planned to start we woke up in camp with an old-fashioned northeaster blowing away in all its fury.

"We knew then our situation was a dangerous one, for neither of us had any decided knowledge as to our location, and when the snow began to come everything was guesswork. Chasing through a snowstorm in a mountain and in a strange locality is about as hard a proposition as any person wants to tackle and keep brave. Add to that a lack of proper clothing, short grub, and the knowledge you are really lost, and it requires the courage you read about in books. I never saw a man yet who has tried those things who won't confess he is in a constant state of fear. Now when I read of these things I absolutely shudder. But the book victims are always full of expedients and brave resolves. The author fixes that, for generally he knows nothing more about it than an experience gained from going from the house to the woodshed when it storms. You can picture

out what should be done if you are toasting your heels in front of a warm fire—but it's different with the fellow who is doing the part of a lost man in a storm.

"Now Mark was not in good shape anyway, for he had been having some nasty attacks of rheumatism all the fall. Since then we both agree we started out that day with the firm conviction we should never see a human being again. While we didn't say so to each other we felt it and by not discussing the matter each thought to cheer the other up. From early that morning until night we tramped along, not knowing where we were going, and only hoping we were getting somewhere. The storm increased and, not being able at times to see ten feet ahead, and the snow banking in drifts we had a number of pretty bad falls. During the afternoon I fell into a ravine and in the fall and the scramble back lost my grub pack. We tried resting and we tried a camp, but it always resolved itself into the proposition of going ahead or freezing to death.

"And so through that night we tramped along with no knowledge of where we were going or whether we were making any progress. It was simply the idea of keeping alive by motion. Every once in awhile we would yell for help, but the cold made us so hoarse we could hardly make each other hear. It's all very well to read about lost people hunting up protected spots and building fires. There were plenty of these so-called protected spots like the side of rocks and big trees, but the storm was like all other mountain northeasters, it just blew from behind, in front, up and down and from all sides.

"I thought of arctic explorers and their methods and of all the stories of lost people. But our condition offered no encouragement. We had only blankets to wrap around us instead of fur coats. Neither of us had gloves of any sort. In fact, we had to keep our hands under the blankets, and that was really the cause of many mishaps. At first when we started to stumble we would stick our hands out. After a few times we gave that up. It was better just to fall and roll than to suffer the pain of sticking your hands into the snow and the air. And most of the time the blankets were over our faces, for the dripping snow cut like a knife. Several times we stopped under trees to dig pine cones from under the snow. The experiments all failed, for there either were no cones or pieces of wood or else we couldn't find them.

"Those two days and one night were about the same clear through—the usual falls, the suffering from the cold, and the increasing weakness. Mentally both Mark and I staid in about the same state. It was a fight to keep from lying down in the snow and going to sleep. For the first twenty-four hours we lunched on raw bacon and coffee beans. Then we abandoned eating; it was too much work for the good the meals did us. After darkness had set in on the second night we began to stop oftener, and as we lay down would roll close together and huddle. In fact, we had about decided to give up matters when I thought I saw a light ahead. It was sufficient to act as an excuse for moving ahead again.

"In the next three hours we must have fallen down twenty times. Mark was completely exhausted from his rheumatic troubles and the cold. After his refusal to get up on two different occasions I had to kick him. After that I made him go on ahead and then I had the desire to quit the struggle. In fact I went to sleep soundly and happily, and then Mark came back and began kicking me. He did not have the strength to kick hard, but in my state it was enough to hurt, and to avoid the punishment I went ahead of him. Fifteen minutes later, and it seemed a year, I saw the light again. We both began to shout and plunge ahead, and together we staggered to the door of a cabin. It opened I guess from latent knowledge, but I didn't remember anything again until I woke in the cabin, finding an Indian woman rubbing my face with snow. She passed from my face to my hands and to my feet, and near by a man was doing the same for Mark.

"Young fellow," said this man to me later, "you had a pretty close shave of it, didn't you? We'll just call our accounts squared, only keep away from me after this."

"The man," continued Mr. Spitzer, "was Jim Hite, and the Indian was his wife. He'd located near there on the claims which made him wealthy later on, and we kept still about the matter afterward because he asked us to do so, and we felt we were obliged to do that much. You see, young fellow, this shows you the kind of people who lived in the old times. Jim Hite was never friendly to me. I found that out later, for he never forgot. I will pay him the tribute now which he deserves—he was a good enemy and a good pioneer."

HUGH HASTINGS.

THE WORLD'S COMMERCE.

The world's commerce in the latest year for which statistics are available, as noted in the annual report of the chief of the Bureau of Statistics of the Department of Commerce and Labor, shows the total exports of all nations of the world to be, in the latest year available, \$10,515,000,000, and the value of the total imports of all nations, \$11,309,000,000. This would give the total value of the world's imports and exports combined as \$22,324,000,000; but since all articles which were counted as exports became in turn imports when they entered the country of destination, it would appear that the actual value of the articles entering into international commerce is, in round terms, \$11,000,000,000.

The value of the articles forming the internal commerce of the United States is estimated at about \$22,000,000,000 in a single year.

Thus, while it has been customary to speak of the internal commerce of the United States as equal to the entire international commerce of the world, it appears from this statement that the actual value of the merchandise entering into the internal commerce of the United States is practically twice as great as that entering the international commerce of the world.—(Harper's Weekly.

The More Family.

NAME BORNE BY SCOTCH AND IRISH KINGS FOR CENTURIES.

By a Special Contributor.

MORE was the name borne by kings of Ireland before the Christian era, and by their descendants, Lorne and Fergus, the first kings of Scotland. With Fergus II begins the real history of the Scotch. For nearly twelve centuries rulers of Scotland were known by name or descent. Let not the Mores be unduly inflated up on this account, for in twenty generations relationship by blood becomes less than one drop in a million—the distinctive name alone remains.

More in Gaelic means great or large, and the appellation was given originally to men, either by reason of their great stature or high station. There is a resemblance between the names More and Fergus, perhaps more than at first appears. Ferragus or Ferracutus, which is another form of Fergus, was the name of a Portuguese giant, who had the strength of forty men, and the



More

THE MORE FAMILY.

thirty-six feet tall. He was, perhaps, called Ferragus even a legend carries some semblance to truth—because of his size. More would have been a name also applicable to him. A word to the wise—anyone bearing the name More may exchange it for Fergus or Ferragus, or the reverse.

Loch-More means the great lake; Ben-More, the great mountain. Atte-Mor was a mediæval form of the name; variations of More or Moore, are Mhor, Moir, Moir, Muir, Maure and St. Maure. The Duke of Argyll's family name is More.

The legendary hero, who slew the dragon of Warrington, was More of Moore Hall, also called Moore of Moore Hall. Another character, doubtless legendary also, was Moir of Braca, who was so rich that his purse stood upon one end. In the fourteenth century, Sir William More was Mayor of London; before this we read of the exploits of Sir Henry de la More and Adam de la More.

Sir John Moore was the hero of Corunna. Sir Thomas More was the distinguished author and lord chancellor, time of Henry VIII. He possessed that vein of humor which is characteristic of the More family, and his pleasantry did not desert him even on the scaffold. His fondness for fun sometimes got the better of his soul. A man named Silver was brought before him charged with an offense; More said, "Silver, you must be tried by fire."

"Yes, but you know, my lord, that quicksilver will abide the fire." His repartee won his suit.

Richard Moore was obliging enough to come over to the Mayflower. The first settler in Roxbury, N. Y., was John More, and the first white child born in Delaware county was his son. The pioneer's wife was Betty Taylor Moore. The More Family Association have erected a handsome marble shaft to their memory at Roxbury. Jay Gould was a member of the association, and a descendant of John More; his mother's name was Mary More. Miss Helen Gould belongs to the More Association, and the meetings are held in the Gould Memorial Church, which she built at Roxbury.

When John proposed to Betty he frankly told her that he intended leaving kindred and friends in search of a land of religious toleration. She modestly referred him to that verse in Ruth, "Whither thou goest, I will go." John More was a patriot. The family had its heroes and its heroines. One of the heroines of the Revolution was the daughter of Capt. Moore of South Carolina. Bebethland was her name, and when but 15 she carried a message at midnight to the army, going down the river in her canoe. It was a message upon which the fate of her countrymen depended. The following day appeared at her house a gallant and handsome dragoon—just like a romance. He came to thank her for finding her so beautiful and blushing that it required many visits for him to convey the gratitude of his army. Finally they were married, of course. He was captain, afterwards Gen. William Butler.

The More arms reproduced are argent, two bars engrailed, the first sable, the second argent between six martlets gules, three, three and three. Three More heads in profile are the crests of the Scotch branch of the Moore family. Just what is the significance no one knows; it may be only a play on the word, or perhaps the first of the race won renown fighting against the Moors in the conflict which drove them from Europe in the eighth century.

ELEANOR LEXINGTON.

The Development of the Great Southwest.

OUR MATERIAL GROWTH.

Compiled for the Times.

(The Times will be pleased to receive and publish in this department, brief, plainly written articles, giving trustworthy information regarding important developments in Southern California, and adjoining territory, such articles to be confined to actual work in progress, or about to begin, excluding rumors and contemporary gossip.)

Feathers and Oil Capture Prizes.

WORD has been received by the Los Angeles Olive Growers' Association and by Mr. Edwin Cawston that grand prizes have been awarded their producer in an interview said that previously African feathers, dyed and curled in France, had been considered superior to any produced elsewhere. Formerly all feathers came from Africa, and were either dyed and finished in France, Germany, England or the United States. The awarding of the first prize to Cawston ostrich feathers demonstrates that the American product has reached a degree of perfection which is superior to imported goods. This is not only a compliment to the producers and growers of raw feathers, but to the finishers and dyers. It is true that feathers in this country often reach an extreme width of 12 to 16 inches. The climate of California is especially adapted to the production of fine feathers. Mr. Cawston says that at his Whittier farm, which is run for the sole purpose of producing feathers, he has developed birds which produce massive, beautiful plumes, the equal of which cannot be obtained from any other source.

Mr. Morrill, president of the Olive Growers' Association, was advised some time ago that the judges had decided in favor of Sylmar olive oil. Anyone who visited the exposition will remember the large number of exhibitors who competed for the grand prize. Some of them secured medals, but there was only one grand prize awarded to olive oil. The Sylmar olive oil is produced at Fernando. There is a 200-acre olive orchard there, in the midst of which is a factory where the olives are processed immediately after being picked. There is no waiting until the olives grow musty or become bruised and decomposed. They go from the trees direct to the crusher. This is probably one of the reasons why Sylmar olive oil possesses a rare, fruity flavor and does not turn rancid. The Olive Growers' Association, and especially Mr. Morrill, have worked very hard to perfect an olive oil which is superior. Experts who have visited their factory say that there is nothing in the Old World to compare with it in size or economy of handling. The Old-World methods have failed to produce an olive oil which is equal to that produced within a few miles of Los Angeles.

Orange County Vegetables.

SOMETHING out of the ordinary in vegetable production is noted in the Anaheim Plaindealer, which says:

"Frank Walter is instituting a novelty in the way of vegetable growing on his ranch east of town. He has built a shelter of laths over two acres of ground, and under this he purposes to raise eggplant, tomatoes and other delicate vegetables which would be killed by frost, and sell them during the height of the winter season when prices on such commodities go sky high. Mr. Walter sells all of his produce to the Harvey dining-room system, and is confident that he will make a good thing out of his new departure."

Olive Oil in Mexico.

THE Phoenix (Ariz.) Gazette says:

"Munger Bros. have come into possession of the large olive ranch and olive-oil mill of C. W. Perkins, recently managed by L. W. Perkins of Phoenix. Beside using the olives on their own grove they have contracted for most of the oil olives in the valley, from which they are making olive oil."

Zuni Indians' Reservoir.

IN a recent issue of the Santa Fe New Mexican appears the following:

"Work is rapidly progressing on the reservoir which the government is building on the Zuni Indian Reservation in the western part of the Territory, and when it is completed it will store 18,000 acre feet of water for the irrigation of 6000 acres of additional farm lands, which will be tilled by the Zuni Indians. W. W. Jones of San Marcial, who has just returned from there where he surveyed the western boundary of the reservation, which ends with the Territorial line, said in an interview with a New Mexican reporter yesterday that the government is doing much for the Zunis, and it is evident that they appreciate it.

"The Zunis," said Mr. Jones, "unlike their neighbors, the Navajos, are not homadically inclined, but stay on their farms from year to year, always adding to them and bringing them to a higher state of cultivation. They live in modern houses and farm on modern agricultural lines. There are many good sheep and cattle ranches on the reservation, and the government extends every aid and encouragement to them.

"The new reservoir which is being built at a cost of about \$200,000, will, when completed, store the waters of the Rio Zuni and will give much more land to the Indians to cultivate. As it is, they are almost self-sustaining. There is a good school at Zuni and a new school building of stone is being erected at Black Rock,

six miles from the agency. D. L. Graham, the agent, is well versed in Indian affairs, and is very popular with the leading members of the tribe. They are good farmers and are exceptionally well equipped. In a day's trip over the reservation, I saw sixty-three good farm wagons and their horses and harness were in splendid condition. There is no question but that the Zuni realizes that Uncle Sam is his best friend, and that he does his best to use to his advantage what is furnished him both in a material and an educational way."

San Fernando Citron.

FOLLOWING is an item taken from the San Fernando Press:

"P. F. Carlton called at our office one day this week. Last year he raised fourteen tons of citron on less than four acres, and is a firm believer in the productiveness of Fernando Valley soil. His ranch is located south of town, and contains forty acres, on which he raises a variety of products for the market. He also has a fine vineyard, and makes a specialty of raising grapes for table use."

Distributing the Cantaloupes.

IN an article telling about the past season's distribution of the cantaloupes produced in the Coachella Valley, the Submarine, published at Coachella, says:

"Every crate was repacked at Chicago and every cantaloupe wrapped, the firmest being sent to the market the farthest away and the ripe and imperfect ones sold in Chicago, and in this manner the cantaloupes were reasonably sure of reaching their destination in first-class condition and giving general satisfaction to the buyers, creating an increased demand, as dealers take pleasure in handling an article on which there is no comment except one of satisfaction."

Maguay Plant in Mexico.

DESCRIBING the production of the maguay plant in Mexico the Monterey (Mex.) News prints the subjoined matter:

"Eastward from the City of Mexico, on the line of the Mexican Railroad, lie the plains of Apam. Here the maguay, or 'century' plant, grows until it reaches a size which far surpasses anything in the best kept floral gardens or hot houses at home," an American tourist remarked, and right well, too. Thousands and thousands of acres of these giant aloes stretch away toward the horizon on each side of the track as far as the eye can reach until it seems that the train which threads its way through the immense area of growth would eventually become lost in the wilderness of plants. Nature evidently intended this land for the century plant is your impression, for, aside from the few starved trees that cling to the sandy soil with a deathlike tenacity, there is no other vegetation about and the ground is as bare between the plants which are set out in rows with mathematical precision, as the bald top of old Orizaba, which towers above mountain and plain.

"The trip on the railway has little interest after the traveler has become accustomed to the unusual size of the plants along the track. Finally the train comes to an abrupt stop. You look out of the car window to learn the reason for the halt, but you see nothing until you look again; then you are aware of the existence of the little Mexican town of Apam, which was named after the plains. It takes two looks to see it, and you are reminded of the story about the country village one couldn't see from the cars because a cow stood between the train and the town. But if Apam is small in size it is indeed mighty in renown, for from here is shipped the best pulque (pooley) in all Mexico.

"If a brand of brewed hops made a certain Northern city famous in the United States, then surely pulque, the national beverage of the republic south of the Rio Grande, has made Apam likewise famous, or rather notorious in Mexico. What peon in the land of Monteruma has not tasted, yet drank, the seductive sap of the maguay that grows on Apam plains and is shipped to the cities from the little village almost hidden by the great plants?

"Pulque is the fermented sap of the century plant, as English-speaking people are pleased to term the maguay. Its use antedates the time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary. The maguay is the most popular plant in the republic of Mexico because its sap is prized by the natives as a drink. The name 'century' obtains from the common belief that the plant blooms but once in a century, which is doubtless true. The plant blooms at the age of 10 or 12 years. After the sap has been extracted from it the leaves wither and die. The dead plant is removed and another is planted in its place, which is likewise tapped after it has attained the proper age. Few century plants ever reach the century mark in their lives in Mexico.

"When the plant is about ready to bloom the bud is cut out and a small basin is formed in the body of the plant. Here the sap gathers and is taken out by a peon with a long, slender gourd. The sap is called 'agua miel,' or honey water, before it ferments. A gallon or two is taken from each plant every day until they are exhausted. The new plants will not produce until they are eight or nine years old. After the sap is fermented it is called pulque. A peon and a burro go through the fields of plants. When one is found that has filled its little basin with sap the native produces his slender gourd, which has a small hole in each end. One end of the gourd is placed in the sap and the other in the peon's lips, and he draws the sap into the gourd until it is full, when it is emptied into the pigskin on his back. The

skin is subsequently transferred to the back of the burro after it is filled with 'honey water.'

"The native knows that his favorite drink spoils soon after becoming exposed to the air. This may account for the energy displayed in the consumption of the drink. As soon as the pigskins are filled and the little mule is loaded he is driven to the storehouse on the 'hacienda' or plantation where the 'honey water' is allowed to ferment in barrels for a short time. It is then loaded into regular pulque trains and pulled post haste into the cities where it is placed on the market before many hours have elapsed. The longer the sap ferments the stronger the pulque, but if it is older than twenty-four hours it is not considered good to drink.

"The pulque traffic is a great source of revenue in Mexico. The plantation owner where the aloes grow perhaps gets the greatest profit from the plant. Most of these Mexicans are fabulously wealthy. The railways reap large emoluments from the transportation of the drink. Most of them run regular fast trains through the pulque region to carry the drink into the markets from the plantations. The special trains carrying nothing but pulque from 1 to 3 o'clock every morning reaching the City of Mexico between 5 and 6. The barrels and hogskins are tumbled out at the destination, the duty paid to the government officials in waiting and hundreds of deliveries are made all over the city to the shops. From the field through the throat of the consumer the pulque has traveled in little less than half a day.

"But the production of pulque is not the sole use to which the century plant is put in Mexico. After the plant can no longer be drained for 'honey water' the lower leaves are cut, the roots are dug from the ground and from these 'mescal' and 'tequila' are distilled after they are roasted for a short time over a slow fire. Both these liquors are transparent and contain a large percentage of alcohol. Like American whisky, they are said to improve with age. It is said that a few 'straight' drinks of either is sufficient to make anyone but a native fancy he is following a torchlight procession.

"The maguay of northern Mexico is much smaller than that of the south. It is better adapted to the distillation of these strong liquors than the pulque plant. The plants in the north have proportionately larger roots than the maguay of the south, and it is used almost entirely for the manufacture of the heavy native liquors."

Building Stone.

A NEW industry for the Santa Monica and Ocean Park country is the manufacture of building stone from beach sand, gravel and cement. One small factory has been established and is turning out hollow ornamental stones that will make beautiful buildings. The manufactured product carries the color of cement, and being cast in moulds, the blocks of home-made stone may be of any size, shape or design, plain or ornamental. As compared with lumber the cost is about the same, but they make buildings that are practically fire-proof, that are enduring, and warm in winter. In Santa Monica one bungalow to be made of this new stone is already in course of construction.

A Big Brooder.

EDWARD F. ROBERT, manager of the Relief Hot Springs, near San Jacinto, has gone into the chicken business. He has just hatched out from an incubator a big family of young chicks, which are superbly housed in a brooder as big as a small cottage, the interior of which is as spick-and-span clean as a lady's parlor. The brooder is heated by an ingenious combination of furnaces and pipes and is thoroughly well ventilated, so that there is not the slightest trace of offensive odor.

A Seedless Grape.

M. R. HEFFLEBAR, living just west of The Palma, has succeeded in propagating a seedless grape that promises to add materially to the viticultural wealth of Southern California. The fruit he has developed is the boon for which horticulturists have for years been searching in vain. The grape when ripe is large, white, sweet and juicy. In shape it is oblong. The fruit grows in immense bunches of great weight, his vine this season having produced one bunch of fruit fully a foot in length. One advantage possessed by this grape is that the skin is very tender. The vine is hardy and a rapid grower, while the fruit is so attractive to the eye that it will prove a ready seller.

A Guide to Travelers.

PECK'S RAILROAD GUIDE FOR THE TRAVELER is an excellent little monthly publication of 120 pages, containing complete time tables of California railroads and a large amount of other information for those who journey. It is well printed, and what is of much importance, is strictly up to date. It is published by Peck's Tourist Bureau, 11 Montgomery street, San Francisco, and 222 South Spring street, Los Angeles.

Collecting Reptiles.

THE Blisbee (Ariz.) Review says:

"A. T. Anson of Pasadena, Cal., is here on a peculiar mission, the latter being nothing less than collection of a varied assortment of Arizona reptiles. Mr. Anson operates for several large agencies in the East, and annually gathers thousands of the reptiles of the Southwest for shipment to the East."

Farming in California—The Land and Its Products.

CONDUCTED BY J. W. JEFFREY, AGRICULTURAL EDITOR.

FIELD NOTES.

Extraordinary Prices.

COUPLD with the statement from a well-known fruitman that the midsummer trade of prosperous years could take care of 15,000 carloads of Valencia oranges at fair prices, come two account sales from Azusa that further emphasize the popularity of this great orange. It is mere guesswork as to the extent of the future demand for our summer orange, but the above production shows in what favor our best fruitmen hold it as a seller. About the middle of October a carload of Valencia sold for \$1783, f.o.b. basis, through the A.C. G. Exchange. It was thought this car would hold the record for awhile, but on Monday, October 31, a car of Blue Seal and Red Shield brands sold for \$2385.62, netting \$1888 f.o.b. Azusa. The range of prices was from \$4.50 to \$7.25 per box, the car being the last for the season to be offered by the exchange. It is but true to state that this crop of Valencia was the heaviest and best ever grown at that center of the Valencia production. This fruit weighed over eighty pounds to the box.

Testing Cows at St. Louis.

THE grand contest between the Jersey and the Holstein cows at the World's Fair, the greatest "battle of the breeds" ever, has not been finally reported upon, nor will it ever be settled, perhaps, which is the greater butter cow. When the farmers of thirty years ago attempted to settle the superiority of reapers and plows in actual field trials, there was such an array of good points in each of two or three "makes" that no conclusion was ever reached. Equally so would be the relative merits of the butter-making test, for the best Jersey and the best Holstein in this 120-days' trial at St. Louis only varied five ounces in the amount of butter produced. The twenty-five Jerseys under test were giving 1100 pounds of milk each day when the test began, and between 800 and 900 pounds at the close of the test. While the Holsteins won out by a narrow margin, it is said in behalf of the Jerseys that they were not acclimated, while the Holsteins were bred and owned right at St. Louis. The Jerseys were from Wisconsin.

Citrus Investigation.

THE Department of Agriculture will have two capable men in the field here by the first of January to begin the investigation of decay in oranges and all subjects relating to deteriorating fruit, effects of irrigation, cultivation and manuring. It is announced that G. H. Powell will be in charge of this investigation, and will give it his personal attention. Mr. Powell's report, "The Apple in Cold Storage," issued by the department one year ago, is one of the most reliable and complete ever sent out by our great department, and will be the standard of reference for many years upon that subject. The citrus growers of California are to be congratulated upon the fact that the Bureau of Plant Industry is preparing, through Mr. Powell, to go into the causes that occasionally jeopardize a large portion of our orange crop. Dr. J. H. Reed of Riverside should be given a large measure of credit for this move, himself a painstaking and competent investigator of the troubles of citrus culture. Mr. Powell has the task of his life before him, for I have gone far enough into the subject he is to consider, through correspondence and observation, to know that a final conclusion is scarcely to be hoped for.

Orange Die-back.

I WAS covered through an orange grove a few days ago in which a large number of trees bore tufts of dead leaves, withered and adherent to the branches. The owner thought it might be the fatal "die-back," so prevalent in Florida. I have not heard a reasonable cause assigned for the trouble observed in this orchard. In fact it is of so little importance that no attempt has been made to fathom the phenomenon. When a genuine attack of "die-back" fastens itself upon an orchard there need be no uncertainty as to its identity, neither hope for its removal. There are a few cases of the real malady in Los Angeles county, only a limited number of trees being affected, with no indication of the spread of the disease in any grove that I have seen. This leads to the belief that it is caused by a physical condition of the soil. The occasional death of a bunch of leaves, referred to above, may be caused by minor inequalities of sap flow, caused by dry weather, or irrigating irregularities.

Feeding Molasses (Continued).

I AM not done with the correspondence relating to feeding waste molasses to horses, as further queries are constantly coming in. The authorities that have made the closest experiments in feeding this form of carbohydrates have adopted the following ration: Fifteen pounds of molasses, five pounds bran and four pounds corn. This experiment saved the owner of 400 work horses \$45 a head for the year it was used, compared with the average for ordinary forage and grain. Another authority states that thirty-five pounds of ordinary hay, chopped well and mixed with fifteen pounds of molasses, served as a perfect ration for each of 100 draft horses, and that in no cases were the horses subject to ordinary ailments. These questions are not of great value, however, unless someone will tell us where

the molasses is to be obtained and at what price. Although this method of feeding horses has been in use seventy-five years, it would not be wise to try it without molasses.

Lemons in Demand.

I HAVE the report from a district of nearly 500 acres of lemons, all marketable through the San Dimas Lemon Association, showing that \$3,445 packed boxes of fruit have been marketed during the year ending with the month of last August. The growers were paid \$2.30 and \$1.20 per hundred pounds for fancy and choice lemons, respectively, an average of 95 cents per hundred for fruit of all grades and sizes delivered to the packing-house. The present year is starting in very favorably to the lemon growers, importations being lighter than usual. A great feature of encouragement is the apparently permanent reduction of the transportation to one cent a pound, which places the cost of transportation equal to the export duty paid by foreign shippers. I believe the final contest between California and foreign lemons will be fought out the coming season, and be won for us by the superiority of the fruit grown in the more limited area of lemon groves left by the last onslaught of the orange budder. The end of lemon-tree destruction is in view.

Cultivation of Eastern Grapes.

I AM asked to bring to the attention of grape growers the avidity with which the trade here picks up all the eastern varieties of grapes offered upon our local markets, and to plead for a more cosmopolitan list of varieties in every well regulated vineyard. The gentleman, who is a very discriminating and constant purchaser of California fruits, cannot forget the Niagara, Concord, Isabella and other kinds offered so profusely in the eastern markets, nor the flavor thereof. I have seen some very fine Concord grown this year, and it is now accepted as a fact that the exclusiveness of California varieties is largely due to their novelty more than to difficulties in growing the eastern favorites. We do not tire of the Emperor, of the black table varieties or the seedless fruit, but there is no reason why California should not produce all varieties in profusion. Table-grape growing in New York has been exceedingly profitable this season, but the trouble with profitable growing here is that the fruit of the common varieties of California grapes is so abundant that it is more difficult to sell at a reasonable rate many of the finer kinds.

Unfruitful Cherry Trees.

I HAD an interview with a Los Angeles man recently who has become possessed of 500 large cherry trees in the central portion of the State, which trees persist in remaining barren. What few cherry trees that are incumbering the ground in the plains of Southern California retain the same habit, and should be removed, unless they are in position to cast a valuable shade. My advice to the gentleman was to visit some of the best cherry-growing sections, compare soil, location and general environment, and if his trees were not growing with the conditions found, to remove them this spring and plant to apples, which I know will succeed at his place. What is better, in such cases as this, than to call an inquirer back to first principles, namely, to get the experience of neighbors who have tried perhaps every deciduous fruit in the catalogue. It is a pretty safe conclusion that if there are no orchards of a certain kind of fruit growing in an old settlement, there are no conditions warranting a new attempt at its production. Use the experience of others, especially in cherry culture.

Sporadic Case of Purple Scale.

I T was fondly held that there was not a case of purple scale infection in Southern California along the foothills from Pasadena to Redlands. This is true, as far as thorough inquiry and inspection indicate, except in two cases in the Upper San Gabriel Valley, discovered by an inspector in October. One of these is entirely isolated, and the other is the midst of an orange-growing center. In the latter case the owner fumigated the infected tree twice within forty-eight hours. The efficacy of this double fumigation, one following the other so soon, is not apparent. No change could have occurred in the condition of the scale left alive after the first treatment within the time of the application of the second. I should think at least six weeks would place the remaining scale in condition to be exterminated. At Pomona three years ago an orchard was found with this scale. It was absolutely freed by fumigations, not following the first too closely. Mr. John Isaacs writes that a sporadic case of purple scale has been found at Sacramento.

Yellow Scale Epidemic.

I HAVE visited a section of orange groves within the last week enormously infected with the yellow scale, this season proving propitious for the propagation of this semi-harmless insect. The trouble is to determine whether an attack is from the red or the yellow aspidiotus. But in the cases referred to there is no question as to the identity of the invasion. The oranges appear with a distinct yellow spot upon the otherwise green of the fruit, and the leaves are likewise marked. There are no insects whatever upon the stems or limbs of the trees—one of the most practical means of identification known, except that of examining the structural

appearance of the two scales by an expert. In some cases the red scale does not infect the branches, usually, but that distinction is the one usually applied. Common with the color and persistency of the scales in the locality referred to, a chalcid fly is almost at work, not more than one-half of the scales now remaining, as shown by the yellow ring-spots with no insects located in their centers. In at least a dozen orchards in this neighborhood affected with this pest from years ago, it altogether disappeared in a few months.

Costly False Alarms.

I N one case I saved an orange grower \$30 or \$40 in fall by reaching his grove in time to prevent his spraying it for red spider. A two-hours' investigation failed to show a single specimen of this great pest, but the trees were dying and the leaves curling miserably, and he supposed it was the work of the spider. This instance is nothing to what the orchard inspectors of Southern California are saving in similar cases, usually where the grower is a "new one" and ready to administer upon the slightest provocation for the very novelty of the thing. The old growers are not caught by imaginary foes, except in rare cases. If your orchard is really and seriously beset by this mite, go after it with sulphur spray, or at least with sulphur applied in some form. I see many groves infested this fall, but few of the attacks are causing serious damage. Many of the orchard trees are getting old enough and hence large enough to harbor continually a stock of prodigious insects that should in time reduce the red spider.

Friends in the Field.

REPORTS from Whittier indicate that the work of the aculellista has been so effective during the last year that the greater portion of the orange crop in that district will need nothing more than dry brushing to thoroughly clean the fruit. If anyone can figure up the amount of money the aculellista will have saved to the people of Whittier by the close of the present season, I would like to have the figures. It will certainly pass all understanding, when we consider the number of trees included in the report that will not have to be treated for the black scale. One orchardist says the ants are seriously interfering with the utility of the aculellista where the ants are very numerous, and that he is painting his trees with a solution of chloride of mercury to prevent the ants from climbing upon the trees. As the ant and this parasite both work upon the trees in the daytime, the former seems to keep the flies from decimating their eggs under the black scale. This is the first genuine arraignment of the ant as an orchard pest that we have heard. A report will be made later as to the effectiveness of the mercury in restraining the insects from climbing the trees.

Little Things Greatly Beneficial.

FIFTEEN years ago next January D. W. Coquillett of Los Angeles received a box of minute flies from Albert Koebel, then stationed in Australia and engaged in sending parasitic insects to this State. Mr. Coquillett was directed by the sender to chloroform the flies and kill all the enemies of those flies that might be found in the sending. Instead of doing so, at the risk of destroying friends, he constructed a sack of very fine mesh, so thin that he could easily distinguish the chalcids which he wished to destroy from the ichneumon which Mr. Koebel had sent to work upon the white scale. After turning the contents of the box into Australia into the sack, he killed every chalcid by placing them between thumb and finger and then liberated the beneficial insects. The latter then had a clear field having none of their Australian enemies to contend with, and perhaps no American foe to kill them. The result is very interesting and shows the persistence of imported parasites when thus protected from their natural enemies. A short time ago Mr. Maskew found in acacia trees at Long Beach completely covered with the white scale. He removed a large number of the green scale and confined them in a glass for observation. In thirty-six hours the glass was swarming with ichneumon, which had from the time of the infection of the tree, no doubt, been leading in the attack upon this pest. What more do we need to justify the continued importation of beneficial insects than this and a score of other incidents proving the persistence of these friends of the horticulturist?

Asparagus Rust.

REPORTS are conflicting in regard to the progress of the control of the asparagus rust, the malady that has caused so much destruction and discouragement to one of California's great agricultural industries. Prof. Ralph Smith, who has been employed by the growers for two years in the investigation of this disease, now says it can be controlled by keeping the bed well cleaned up, allowing the dry air to carry off the moisture that encourages the growth of the parasite. If this be true, there should be no hesitancy in planting extensively in the valley below Indio and at Imperial. But the report further along does Prof. Smith's discovery an injustice by suggesting the use of sulphur, which would be unnecessary if the fresh-air theory is good. The Chronicle says that liquid sulphur is the remedy, and that sulphur has never before been tried in this way in California. This means of applying sulphur was established three years ago in Los Angeles county in combating red spider, and has long since become a

[October, 1904]

modern means of applying sulphur in Southern California.

Prof. Smith has been the victim of another misquotation in the statement that "asparagus rust has been washed through the air clear across the continent," and has not been carried by seeds and roots. Nor is it worth while to bother about this disease any further, for another parasite has attacked the rust and drives it out. It is unfortunate that more circumspection is not observed in the newspapers in speaking about these pathological discoveries, for the public is liable to be misled. When Prof. Smith speaks upon his own authority, as he no doubt will when his investigations have been concluded, we hope to have something more definite on which to base a verdict. It was only a short time ago that we were informed of a fungus attack upon the black scale, and another that would no doubt obliterate the red spider, yet these insect pests flourish apace, little caring for anything but cyanide, scutellaria and liquid sulphur. Some fungus diseases, such as the walnut blight, run their course through the intervention of natural causes, and it may be the asparagus rust is in that category. This year tens of thousands of walnut trees have no blight whatever, yet no treatment has been given them nor the methods of culture changed. Climatic conditions may have affected asparagus rust in the same way this summer.

Destructive Floods.

A CHOP bulletin issued by the authorities of New Mexico, just received, gives a summary of the losses from the extraordinary rainfall of about six weeks ago. These floods did the most extensive damage ever sustained by the Territory, a recital of which is almost unbelievable. In some localities involving vast areas of territory over inches of rain fell in twenty-four hours, carrying death and destruction in the following irresistible rush of water. Four miles of railroad track were picked up bodily in the Mora Cañon and carried two miles down the cañon. Near Logan is one of the highest railroad bridges in the West. The bridge is 135 feet above the low-water mark of the Canadian River. The floods rose and splashed over the top of this structure, finally carrying away over 200 feet. In the Santa Fé Valley the precipitation was the highest on record. Within two hours after the flood first struck the protecting dam above Santa Fé, 400,000,000 feet of water had been caught by the dam and the stream was spilling over its levee three feet deep. Without this protection the city might have been obliterated.

Many lives were lost in the valleys of the Mora, Sapito and Turquoise rivers, destroying fine crops of wheat, oats, barley, corn and alfalfa, in places the floods covering the hay stacks to their summits. Lakes were formed in the elevated floors of the valley which will remain for months, the farms underneath remaining under water until the waters subside. One orchard near Springer, containing 17,000 peach, apricot, cherry and almond trees was flooded to the height of forty feet, leaving a barren space where the trees had stood. The river bed at this point is now three times as wide as it was before the storm. Immense areas of grazing land were covered with silt from the mountains. At Rosillos eight inches of rain fell in twenty-four hours; at Termino, six inches in thirty-six hours. Many of the dams stayed out of their banks for three days, irrigation ditches and dams washed away, farms tumbled into the flood, and altogether an awful destruction was wrought wherever struck by the severity of the down-pour.

The extent of this wonderful rainstorm was practically the whole Territory, only the extreme western portion failing to receive some of the precipitation. The average for all of Mora, and nearly all of Colfax and Deuel counties, in the northeastern portion of New Mexico, far exceeded six inches. All of Lincoln and parts of Deuel, Chaves and Eddy counties, in the south-central portion, received in excess of six inches, while three-fourths of the Territory received more than four inches, the latter figure extending from the northeast to the southwest the entire distance of the Territory, the counties named getting from two to three inches in excess of the average of four inches. The heaviest precipitation recorded was at Arabela, in Lincoln county, amounting to nearly ten inches, practically all falling in four days.

Codling Moth Parasite.

An event has lately occurred at San Francisco that may revolutionize the horticultural industry of the United States in a short time, and it may not have any other whatever. It was the reception of a parasite of the codling moth from George Compere, who is now on a hunt for parasitic insects under the direction of the State of California and one of the Australian States. A few days ago E. M. Ehrhorn, the Deputy State Horticultural Commissioner, received an ichneumon fly from Compere, found on the coast of Spain, as an effective enemy of the moth. The fly is large and works upon the larva of the moth in this wise, namely, the long ovipositor of the fly is so fitted that it may reach into the crevices and find the worm in its hiding place. The ovipositor penetrates the skin of the worm, leaving an opening from which a fly is hatched in the body of the larva. The new insect multiplies very rapidly, and is so effective in its native place that not more than 3 to 5 per cent. of the apples are found infested with worms. When Mr. Compere was in Los Angeles the last time he stated that he knew where this parasite could be secured from observations and inquiries made upon a previous European trip, and that he expected to follow up the matter as soon as possible, resulting in another visit to Spain and the sending of the insect to California.

Mr. Ehrhorn is now engaged in breeding the fly for distribution to the apple growers of California, and is asking for all the larvae of the codling moth that can

be secured for feeding material for the hatching flies. If the experiment of acclimating this ichneumon is successful, and it proves as effective as it is said to prove in the old countries, apple growing in the West will assume new proportions and the whole country will be in position to produce enormous quantities of this fruit at little expense or loss from the moth. It will bring nothing short of a revolution in the general fruit industry, and make apples so cheap that there may be no profit in raising them. We have witnessed such wonderful results from the vedalia and the scutellaria that we may believe anything possible in the work of insect parasites. On the other hand, many efforts in this line have been absolutely abortive, and we shall have to await developments before any indication can be had as to the efficacy of the new parasite.

FRUIT INTERESTS.

Ancient Agriculture.

AMONG the ancient Romans agriculture was highly esteemed and pursued with earnest love and devoted attention. In all their foreign enterprises, even in the earliest times, they were exceedingly covetous of gain, or rather of land; for it was in land and the produce of the soil that their principal and almost only wealth consisted. They were a thoroughly agricultural people, and it was only at a later period that commerce, trade and arts were introduced among them, and even then these occupied a subordinate place. The name Italy means the "land of herds," and its more ancient name means the "land of vines." The passion for agriculture survived long; and when at length their boundless conquests introduced unheard-of luxury and corruption of morals, the noblest minds among them were strongly attracted toward the ancient virtue of the purer and simpler agricultural times. Several facts in Roman history form convincing proof of the devotion of this ancient people to agriculture in their best and happiest times. While their arts and sciences and general literature were borrowed from the Greeks, they created an original literature of their own of which rural affairs formed the substance and inspiration. Among the Greeks the names of illustrious families are borrowed from the heroes and gods of their mythology; but the most famous houses of the Romans, such as the Pisones, Fabii and Lentuli took their names from favorite crops and vegetables. Cicero means chick-pea. Cato, a rugged Roman of the sterner type, says: "I am charmed with the nature and productive virtues of the soil. In my opinion there can be no happier life than farm husbandry, not only because the tillage of the soil is salutary to all, but from the pleasure it yields. The whole establishment of a good and industrious husbandman is stored with wealth; it abounds in pigs, in kids, lambs, poultry, milk, cheese and honey. Nothing can be more profitable, nothing more beautiful than a well-cultivated farm."—[Orchard and Farm.]

Craze for Size.

THE craze for size in vegetables has produced some wonderful quantitative results, but often at the expense of quality. Perhaps none has suffered more in this respect than the potato, which has been immensely developed in size in the last half-century, but with the result that it not only lacks in flavor, but the different varieties all taste pretty much alike. Fifty years ago the different varieties possessed distinctive flavors. Now comes a new potato which promises to restore the flavors which our grandfathers enjoyed. It comes from the banks of the Mercedes River in Uruguay, and is said to be far superior to the common Irish tuber both in taste and yield. Claim is also made that it is immune from the diseases that ordinary potatoes suffer from, but whether it can resist the ravages of the potato bug is still an open question. Many believe that the new tuber is destined to drive all competitors from the market.—[Orchard and Farm.]

THE POULTRY YARD.

A Remarkable Hen.

MRS. E. LEIHY, 738 Merchant street, Los Angeles, Cal., has a hen with an ambition. This hen has set out to break the world's record on large eggs. She is evidently determined to produce an egg that will suffice for any man's breakfast. Mrs. Leihey has two eggs that weigh as much as half a dozen of the ordinary size. They tip the scales at three-quarters of a pound. The average individual who orders "two soft-boiled eggs" every morning would doubtless be overwhelmed if Mrs. Leihey's hen were to fill the order with three-quarters of a pound of soft-boiled eggs. Mrs. Leihey's hen is not a marvel in a poultry fancier's sight. She is pure-blooded nothing, except hen, and is not even imported. Until she started out to break the record on big eggs she appeared to be as aimless and contented as any other fowl.

The fact that she can lay eggs by weight faster than any other hen has not discouraged this one in keeping up her numerical proportion. There is a big egg in the nest every day. Mrs. Leihey's hen is a fine bird for the production of home-consumption eggs. In the open market where eggs are sold by the dozen she works at a great disadvantage. No one has been found who is willing to pay forty cents for four eggs.—[Orchard and Farm.]

THE FARM.

The Largest Corn Farm.

PROBABLY the largest corn ranch in the world is located in Atchison county, Mo. It contains 28,000 acres of rich bottom land. The owner, David Rankin, started with a single section of land and gradually increased his holdings. The farm is really the leading industry of the town of Tarkio, a place of 2000 inhabitants, and Mr. Rankin is the magnate of the region. On his pay roll are between 200 and 300 men who re-

ceive \$20 per month, also \$5 per month bonus for those who remain through the season, this in addition to board and lodging. The accommodations for the men are well looked after and the best of food is provided. All the industries of the town center about the farm, the owner having an interest in the supply stores, the factories, and even the churches and colleges.

The farm produces an average of 500,000 bushels a year. This corn is all fed out on the farm, Mr. Rankin's idea being to "buy corn and never sell." Some years he has fed out more than 1,000,000 bushels to fatten for market thousands of cattle and hogs. Each year two-thirds of the farm is planted with corn, the remaining one-third in oats, wheat or grass, and every seven years the land is rested. This rotation keeps up the full yield of corn, which is the staple crop on the farm. The operations are planned out with all the detail of a large business enterprise. Each foreman keeps his individual pay roll and expense account, and must make a thorough and detailed report, showing just what his part of the farm operations amount to, and exactly what is being done under his direction. The bookkeeping is very thorough, so that a balance sheet of the entire establishment can be prepared at a short notice. The investment in farm machinery is nearly \$50,000. The equipment includes hundreds of working horses and mules and ample stock of harnesses, etc. All parts of the farm are connected with the main office by telephone, and there are special shipping facilities, two or three trainloads of cattle or hogs leaving daily for Chicago, Omaha or St. Joseph during the height of the season. Some of the live stock reaches Buffalo and other eastern markets, and the average receipts for cattle and hogs amount to \$250,000 per year.

The Boy on the Farm.

THE boy on the farm is not always to be envied. He is often obliged to work early and late, do the work of any other hand and not receive any recompense whatever. This is plainly not right, and it is not surprising that so many leave the farm at the first opportunity, in spite of father's and mother's entreaties. The boy who is old enough to do more than the chores is old enough to receive remuneration in a money sense; is old enough to be allowed some independence of thought and action, and should have a chance. If you conscientiously feel that you can't pay him in money, give him an opportunity to earn something in some other way. Let him have a small plot of ground to work for himself outside of the work he does for you, or let him raise poultry, and not only let him do these things, but encourage him to earn a little money which will be his own, which will tend to show him the value of money, and will raise his ambitions and love of work. Encourage him and help him all you can. Do not grind him down to a mere existence of servitude. Remember that he has rights, even if he is your son, and you owe him a good chance if you don't feel inclined to pay him. It is a debt you owe him as a parent, and for which there will be an accounting.—[Agricultural Epitomat.]



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Care of the Body—Suggestions for Preserving Health.

CONDUCTED BY HARRY BROOK OF THE TIMES STAFF.

PRACTICAL HYGIENE

[The Times does not undertake to answer inquiries on hygienic subjects that are merely of personal interest, or to give advice on individual cases. General inquiries on hygienic subjects of public interest, will receive attention in these columns. No inquiries are answered by mail. It should be remembered that matter for the Magazine Section of The Times is in the hands of the printer a week before the day of publication. Correspondents should send their full names and addresses, which will not be published, or given in others, without the consent of the writers. Addresses of correspondents are not preserved, and consequently cannot be returned to inquiries.]

Height, Weight and Strength.

A. S. (printer, please be careful) writes from Long Beach as follows:

"As a question which would interest many people, I ask how 'strong' should a person be? A man in good health, of a certain height, should be able to lift how much? I have heard a person should be able to lift his own weight. A direct reply would be much appreciated by me.

"Another question is: How much should a person weigh? I have read that men of different heights should weigh according, but no consideration is made of the build of a man. Some men are of the truck-horse breed, others of the race-horse variety. Even if both kinds of men are same height, it is obvious they should not weigh the same. I have come to the conclusion that there are three kinds of men. For instance, Jeffries is six feet tall and weighs 200 pounds. That is the correct weight for him. Corbett is six feet and weighs 180 pounds. That is his correct weight. Another is six feet and weighs 190 pounds, and that is the correct weight for a person of a certain build. The above items are not exact, but are used to show my argument. Why, then, should life insurance companies and others lay down hard-and-fast rules as to how much a person should weigh? It is evident they have given the subject no study. As a rule, I will say a man with large hips will nearly always weigh more than a person with normal or small hips, even if both are of the same height.

"I would like you to hand down a decision on these important subjects, particularly the first."

(Reply.) Of course, the build of a person has much to do with his weight. The bony structure of the body, in a person with large bones, weighs a good many pounds more than it does in a person whose bones are small.

The correspondent's letter was referred to Prof. E. B. Warman, who is an expert on this subject. Here is Mr. Warman's reply:

"(1.) How strong should a person be?
"This is very indefinite. No man is truly strong who is not strong in the vital centers of the body; hence it is not to be stated by weights and measurements, but in proportion to the strength of heart, stomach, liver, kidneys, etc. 'No chain is stronger than its weakest link.'"

"(2.) A man in good health of a certain height should be able to lift how much?

"A 'certain height' is a very uncertain standard from which to reckon. To lift 'one's own weight' and no more would indicate a physical condition akin to consumption. 'One's own weight' should be readily lifted with one hand.

"As to how much one can lift, I would say it were better that he should never know unless he can lift scientifically (knowingly).

"(3.) How much should a person weigh?

"The table used by athletic associations and insurance companies is far from being correct, as they take as a basis of their figuring a man's height when standing. All measurements should be from one's sitting position, from the seat up (the chair seat). The length of a man's leg does not determine the length of his life.

"Herewith find the table of weights and measurements which is given and accepted as standard. Ye gods! According to this so-called standard I should have a chest measurement (normal) of only 34 to 37 inches, instead of being the proud possessor of a 45-inch chest (normal) with a depth of 19.3-10 inches. I should, according to the standard, (?) have a neck of 13, waist 31, biceps 13, calf 13, forearm 10.3-4, thigh 19, and should weigh only 131 to 137 pounds. But instead, my neck measurement is 16 inches, waist 36, biceps 15, calf 16, forearm 12, thigh 24, and I weigh 175 to 180 pounds. All of my measurements (as well as my weight) are in proportion to my height when sitting. I am in no way abnormally developed, am perfectly well every minute of the 365 days of the year, yet would not be considered a good 'risk' by any insurance company in Los Angeles, as I am considered 'a big little man' with no useless adipose, but good muscular tissue."

The table for men referred to by Prof. Warman is given herewith:

Height	Weight	Neck	Waist	Chest	Biceps	Forearm	Thigh	Calf
5 ft.	103-107	11 1/4	29	32-33	11 1/4	9 1/4	15 1/2	11 1/2
5 ft. 1 in.	107-111	11 1/4	29 1/2	33-34	11 1/4	9 1/4	16 1/2	11 1/2
5 ft. 2 in.	111-116	11 1/2	30	34-35	12	9 1/2	17 1/2	12
5 ft. 3 in.	116-121	12 1/4	30 1/2	35-36	12 1/4	10	18 1/2	12 1/2
5 ft. 4 in.	121-127	13	31	36-37	13	10 1/2	19 1/2	13
5 ft. 5 in.	127-133	13 1/4	31 1/2	37-38	13 1/4	10 1/2	20 1/2	13 1/2
5 ft. 6 in.	133-140	14	32	38-39	14	11 1/4	21 1/2	14
5 ft. 7 in.	140-147	14 1/4	32 1/2	39-40	14 1/4	11 1/4	22 1/2	14 1/2
5 ft. 8 in.	147-155	15	33	40-41	15	11 1/2	23 1/2	15
5 ft. 9 in.	155-164	15 1/4	33 1/2	41-42	15 1/4	12 1/4	24 1/2	15 1/2
5 ft. 10 in.	164-174	16	34	42-43	16	12 1/2	25 1/2	16
5 ft. 11 in.	174-185	16 1/4	34 1/2	43-44	16 1/4	13	26 1/2	16 1/2
6 ft.	185-196	17	35	44-45	17	13 1/2	27 1/2	17

Here are Prof. Warman's present measurements, his height being 5 feet 4 inches; age, 56; weight, 176; waist, 35; hips, 39; forearm, 12; upper arm, 14 1/4; neck, 16; calf, 16; thigh, 24; chest (normal,) 45; chest (contracted,) 38; depth of chest (normal,) 10.3; 7th rib (expanded,) 41; 7th rib (contracted,) 35.

As Prof. Warman says, the table of the insurance companies is badly out of whack. For instance, the editor—who has small bones—is 6 feet in height. His ordinary weight ranges from 160 to 170, being at present about the former figure. According to this table he should weigh from 25 to 36 pounds more than he does at present.

The Bughouse Brigade.

D. R. HANISH gets off some original ideas in the course of his lectures. Recently he premised by stating that we are all idiots—some fortunate idiots, others unfortunate. Speaking of the wonderful operations of the human body and the effect of the nervous system on the mind, Dr. Hanish remarked that all religious fanatics were troubled with sluggish livers. Perhaps we may trace the blue laws to the New England pie, and pork and beans.

Next he said that all social reformers who prate about absolute equality and the equal distribution of wealth, are troubled with too many worms, or maggots, in their stomachs and bowels. Finally, he declared that all New Thought people, male and female, have some ailment of the generative organs. Now, wait for a roar from the Bughouse Brigade.

Hospitals.

WILLIAM STARBUCK of Fullerton is interested in a project for the establishment of hospitals on a new plan, with small stock subscriptions and many stockholders, the patrons to get the profits. In a circular he states that over \$50,000 has been raised at Long Beach, Whittier, Santa Monica, Ocean Park and San Pedro for hospitals under this plan, at these places, and now he is working on such an enterprise for Los Angeles. Mr. Starbuck—who is a business man of Fullerton—claims that the existing hospitals in Los Angeles are so profitable that stock in them cannot be purchased. He claims that, when charging only from \$20 to \$25 a week, stock can be made to pay 100 per cent. Stockholders who patronize the hospitals would receive a discount.

As the editor has said, there is certainly room for improvement in the present method of conducting hospitals. As to the plan referred to above, its success or failure would, of course, depend entirely upon the manner in which these hospitals should be run—financially and otherwise.

What the editor would like to see established in Los Angeles is a hospital where the patients would be treated according to strictly common-sense hygienic rules, without any drugs whatever, and without food until they are convalescent, giving them the best kind of nursing, fresh air and sunshine, scientific massage and other treatments. The results, in the way of recoveries from serious sickness in such a hospital, would be so astonishing as to attract wide interest, and could scarcely fail to convince the more sensible and enlightened among the medical fraternity, so that such a hospital would not only prove a boon to mankind, but would serve as an object lesson.

Why don't some of our local people, who are interested in the natural mode of life, get together and lay plans for such an institution, which should be located somewhere in the suburbs, where the air is pure? The editor will do what he can to further a well-devised project of this kind. Let us hear from some of the hygienic "cranks."

A Co-operative Hygienic Colony.

THERE was another hygienic picnic on Saturday, the 12th of November, this time at the place of Dr. Scheffer, in Coldwater Cañon, about four miles from Sherman. "Among those present" was Dr. Hanish, who made a few remarks.

Dr. Scheffer is an enthusiast on dietetic and other kinds of reform, who early in the year started at this place what he hopes to become a nucleus of a co-operative colony. He calls it the "Theodile School of Health and Co-operative Home." He is assisted by his wife.

The land belonging to the institution consists of 130 acres, of which about one-third is arable. The water is derived from two tunnels, each about fifty feet in length. At present, as in most other sections of Southern California, the supply of water is inadequate. The location is picturesque, with timber in the cañon and brush covering the slopes of the mountains, the recent fire not having reached thus far. There is a small orchard and a vineyard, and some of the land is planted to peas.

Dr. Scheffer gave the editor the following outline of the objects of this enterprise:

- "To learn and live the truth.
- "To study life in nature.
- "To live for life's sake, not for things.
- "To purify our bodies, so that the thought forces can flow harmoniously.
- "To establish a sanatorium and school of health.
- "To provide homes and education along advanced lines for children and the deserving homeless.
- "To live for one another.
- "We pay no wages nor interest.

"We intend to add industrial branches."

This is all very pretty and attractive—on paper. Dr. Scheffer is evidently a well-meaning man who aims at high ideals, but we all know of the place that is said to be paved with good intentions. The question is, whether such a scheme as this is practicable. Many times before similar movements have started in the United States, but so far as the editor is aware, not one of them has proved permanently successful. One of the most important of these movements was that of the United community in New York State, which included a radical system of promiscuous sexual intercourse between the inmates. It lasted for quite a number of years, but finally was transformed into an ordinary commercial enterprise, in which shape it is still flourishing.

If human nature was perfect, such schemes as this would be easy to carry out, but unfortunately, it is not, and so long as human nature is imperfect, any attempt to get people to work without pay, for the love of God, or the love of humanity, or anything but the love of self and family, will inevitably prove, sooner or later, a dismal failure. Furthermore, there must be a much stronger chain to hold people together in a community than the mere fact that they eat or drink the same sort of thing, or avoid eating and drinking the same sort of things, or go barefoot or wear a certain kind of dress. As well might a colony be formed of people who are freckled, or are 5 feet 7 inches high, or who wear old neckties.

It is very doubtful whether a manufacturing enterprise in such a location, away from transportation, could be made to compete with big establishments, using up-to-date modern machinery, and enjoying first-class transportation facilities. A better plan would be for the colonists to take up some branches of horticulture that have been neglected, such as the raising of medicinal herbs, or the putting up of absolutely pure fruit preserves. This was a successful feature at Occide.

Again, this idea of getting away from the world, and herding by oneself, or with a few of one's fellows, in some retired spot, is generally found in the case of persons who have become disgusted with life, on account of some fault of themselves or others, or some misfortune for which nobody but Providence, or Fate, is responsible. Or else they are people whose livers, or stomachs, or generative organs are out of gear, thus producing abnormal conditions of the brain. When it comes to a question of doing good, one may do vastly more good by mingling with one's fellow creatures, and seeking to influence them for good, than by selfishly crawling away to some retreat in the mountains. When one views the selfish struggle that goes on around us, in these latter days, a person may to some extent be excused for wanting to throw up the sponge, although it really is as great a sign of weakness or cowardice as to commit suicide. But then, judging by the standard of common sense, a man certainly has a right to go out of this world unbidden, as he came into it without his consent, provided that in so doing he does not bring suffering upon others, which would be contrary to the law of love.

Finally, it might be suggested that the inmates of this institution, who apparently have a good deal of leisure on their hands, might call to mind the fact that "order is heaven's first law." Also that "cleanliness is next to godliness." For an institution that claims to be founded largely on hygiene, the condition of the place shows much to be desired.

Dr. Scheffer's postoffice address is Sherman.

"Catching Cold."

A "COLD" is as bad a misnomer as "Christian Science" or "New Thought." A cold is really a "heat"—a fever—as it is properly termed by the Latin race. Here are some sensible remarks by Prof. E. B. Warman on the subject of catching colds, so-called—or rather how to avoid catching them:

"Don't do it. And do not let the cold catch you. Strange how many people catch what they don't want, have no need of, and are always anxious to get rid of. Keep your vitality above the negative condition and you will never know disease of any kind. Disease cannot exist where there is an abundance of pure blood, thoroughly circulated. To get the necessary amount of nutritious food; to circulate it, take proper exercise to purify it, get sufficient fresh air and sunshine.

"If a perfectly healthy condition of the skin exists and an even temperature of the surface of the body is maintained, it is impossible to catch cold. Daily bathing will produce the former; proper food and exercise the latter.

"Nature gives you an alarm in the first chilly feeling. Head it off at once or pay the penalty. At the very first unpleasant sensation take a brisk walk or run or any form of exercise that will cause you to breathe deeply through the nostrils. If you are so circumstanced that you can neither walk nor run—as in a church, hall, theater, street car, etc.—just breathe deeply, rapidly and noisily until you are satisfied that your body (as well as your mind) has passed from a negative to a positive condition, and the surface of your body is aglow. If so, then that cold will never catch you—pass it on to your neighbor who is 'expecting' a cold.

"Take care of your throat and lungs by protection from within as well as from without. This is done by keeping the mouth closed when passing from a warm to a less warm temperature, as from a crowded or badly ventilated room to the out-of-doors. If you are foolish enough to wear a chest protector, turn it around and wear it over your spinal column to protect the chain of sympathetic nerves; or, better still, throw it away and cease coddling yourself. A chest protector? Did you

...the cold chills run up and down your chest? You should muffle up your throat when the cooler weather comes. Nature does not need it, but she will remove the removal of any protection after the throat has been weakened by its use. The back of the neck is the most vulnerable point of the whole body for an attack of what is usually called a cold. Do not weaken this sensitive spot by drawing up your collar or wrap whenever a gentle zephyr comes that way.

"If you take the necessary precautions, that is, bathing, breathing and not overeating, you never need fear a cold in the head (a cold always settles in the weakest point). Do not fear a cold; fear brings negative conditions. Do not feed a cold, thinking thereby to starve a fever. If you do feed a cold you will surely have a fever. 'Twere better to starve the cold by fasting; then you will have no fever and will not long have the cold."

"Take care of your feet. When cold and clammy (the result of nervousness and a run-down condition) the feet should be bathed and the hose changed or you will soon experience a soreness of the throat, enlarged tonsils and a swelling of the glands of the neck.

"Choking cold depends more upon stale air and dampness than upon cold air, and the worst colds of a lifetime are caught when one is tired and fagged out and is thus unduly exposed; is in a negative condition with vitality low.

"Also avoid the too sudden checking of perspiration. Millions of canals or tubes from the inner part of the body open their little mouths at the surface and, through these channels, as ceaseless as the flow of time, a fluid containing the wastes and impurities of the system, is passing outward. This fluid must have exit or we die in a few hours. If it does not have vent at the surface of the body it must have internal escape. Heat distends the mouths of these ducts and promotes a larger and more rapid flow of the contained fluid; on the other hand, cold contracts them and the fluid is at first arrested; then dammed up and finally rebounds. If these mouths are gradually closed, nature has time to adapt herself to the conditions by opening her channels into the great internal waterways of the body, then no harm follows; hence the safety and wisdom of cooling off slowly. Therefore, avoid closing the pores of the skin too rapidly by checking perspiration, and do not remain cold until the body has become chilled.

"When anyone informs me that he has a cold, I ascertain the kind of underwear he uses. If woolen—no matter in what climate or in what season of the year—my answer is invariably the same: 'I do not wonder.'"

"Woolen (flannel) underwear is the cause of colds, pneumonia, pleurisy, sometimes rheumatism, etc., etc., and, quite frequently, smallpox; the latter, being a fifth disease. Woolen underwear and cleanliness are not synonymous. Wool cannot be thoroughly cleaned by soaping. Woolen underwear is universally worn because it is universally considered to be a good non-conductor of heat. So it is when perfectly dry, a condition that does not prevail when worn next to the body. Nature is a conductor of heat, and wool retains moisture (perspiration) longer than does any other material except silk; therefore should not be worn next to the skin. A false theory may be universally adopted and followed and may obtain for years, yet the theory may be wholly at variance with facts.

"Linen is the ideal underwear, but it should be washed. Wool absorbs moisture very slowly and evaporates it slowly, thus leaving the body damp and liable to chill. Linen absorbs moisture quickly and evaporates it quickly, thus leaving the skin dry and warm.

"Lay aside your prejudices, your preconceived ideas, your woolen underwear and, when Mr. Cold calls again, your hearty meals, and he will soon see that he is not a welcome guest; hence will take his departure without ceremony—without even leaving his card."

"Remarks by the editor: The editor has his doubts in regard to the suggestion put forth by Brother Warman, that when in an ill-ventilated place, such as a hall, church, theater or street car, one should 'breathe deeply, loudly and noiselessly.' The best thing to do, if one must go to such a place, is to get out of it as soon as possible; the next best thing, to breathe as little of the air as possible. The ventilation of such places is usually miserable. The editor seldom ventures into a hall, church or theater, for the reason that the air is usually so foul that it gives him a headache. He has often thought that if the filthy and poisonous matter which emanates from hundreds of lungs—many of them in a state of decay—could be colored, so that people in the audience could see the gradual fouling of the atmosphere, there would be mighty few who would attend such places, until a big reform had been effected in the ventilation. Meantime, the editor would suggest that people breathe as little of such air as possible. It is the main cause of so-called colds—which, as above stated, are really fevers—not the pure, cold air that one breathes on going out from such places. As well say, when you leave the bedside of a smallpox patient, that you catch smallpox through going out into the street.]

...for Wounds.

Dr. H. H. E. sends to the editor an inquiry, written in German. How she was aware that the editor was a German she does not know. However, correspondents can, if they wish, write to him in German, French, Italian or Spanish, although he would prefer that they should write in English, when they are able to clearly express their ideas in that language.

The correspondent says she is a follower of the natural method of healing, as taught by Adolph Just of Germany. Her young son has developed open wounds on the feet and legs, which she thinks is an effort of nature to throw morbid matter out of the system, since he has been living mainly on fruit and nuts. According to the theory, she wished to bind his limbs with damp cloths, but her physician told her that this would be dangerous, on account of possible bacilli in the soil. She wants to know what the editor thinks of this, and whether she can "trust to nature."

Trusting to nature is all right, when you give nature a fair chance. To apply earth that is possibly impregnated with injurious germs on an open wound would, as the physician has said, be risky. Earth in the neighborhood of habitations, that have been dwelt in for a long time, is quite likely to be impregnated with more or less dangerous organisms. Unless you can be reasonably sure that the earth is free from such contamination, it would be better to use clean linen rags, dipped in distilled water, to which has been added a few drops of carbolic acid. Or you might use Fuller's earth, which can be obtained at any drug store.

To allay irritation and heal wounds, one of the best aids to nature is ichthyol. This is a preparation obtained from certain varieties of fossiliferous shale, found in the Tyrolean Alps. It has a characteristic bituminous odor and taste, showing it is related to the petroleum family. It should be used by placing a few drops in vasoline and applying this in the irritated spots. It is very effective in eczema.

The correspondent has evidently not long been a reader of the *Care of the Body* department, as she urges the editor to procure a copy of Just's book "Return to Nature," the English edition of which was reviewed, at considerable length, in this department, some months ago. It is a most excellent book, although the author is inclined in some respects to go to impracticable extremes, and there are a few minor suggestions which the editor criticized in his review. However, every earnest seeker after the truth in regard to the laws of health should have a copy of this work, which may be obtained in Los Angeles of Dr. Carl Schultz, 417 West Fifth street.

...Osteopathy.

THE following communication has been received from Mrs. D. A. G. of Los Angeles:

"Will you, through the 'Care of the Body' columns, kindly inform inquirers of the exact standing of an osteopathic physician, compared with one of the old school, homeopathic and even Christian Science?"

"If a patient dies under Christian Science treatment, prosecutions may follow. Is that possible under osteopathic treatment?"

"I have the impression that osteopaths are recognized as physicians in this State. If so, can you tell where we can find the law to that effect? If so recognized, in how many States?"

Reply: A bill to regulate the practice of osteopathy in the State of California was introduced in the State Legislature during January, 1901. This bill was passed by both branches of the Legislature, and became a law March 9, 1901. The caption of the law is: "To Regulate the Practice of Osteopathy in the State of California, and to License Osteopaths to Practice in this State, and Punish Persons Violating the Provisions of this Act." It can be found in the volume of General Laws of California, for 1903, page 975, Los Angeles Public Library.

The law provides for a State Board of Osteopathic Examiners (five members) elected by the Osteopathic Association of the State of California. Section 4 of the law provides as follows: "It shall be unlawful for any person to practice osteopathy in this State without a license from said board. All persons practicing osteopathy within this State prior to the passage of this act and holding a diploma from a legally authorized college of osteopathy, of good repute, may be licensed to practice osteopathy in this State, by submitting to said Board of Osteopathic Examiners such a diploma, and satisfying such board that they are the legal holders thereof, or by undergoing an individual examination in the following branches, to wit: Anatomy, physiology, chemistry, histology, pathology, gynecology, obstetrics, and theory and practice of osteopathy, and such other branches as the board shall deem advisable."

There are about 250 osteopaths licensed by the board. The osteopaths have independent boards of examiners in Connecticut, Michigan, Minnesota, Missouri, Arkansas, Montana, Oklahoma and California. They have representation in the Medical Board of Examiners in Wisconsin, Ohio and Kentucky. They have special legislation also in Vermont, Illinois, Iowa, Kansas, Nebraska, North Dakota, South Dakota, Indiana, Tennessee, Texas, North Carolina and New Mexico.

Bills regulating the practice have been passed through both branches of the Legislature in several States, but were vetoed by the Governors under pressure of the M. D.'s. All of this legislative legislation has been accomplished in ten years.

The fact that osteopaths are licensed by this State to care for its sick citizens until they either get well or die is evidence that they are considered competent to sign any necessary certificates of birth or death to be filed as public records. At the time of the passage of the osteopathic law the question was raised as to whether osteopaths could sign birth and death certificates. Atty.-Gen. Tiley L. Ford has delivered an opinion that the word "physician" as used in the statutes does not mean osteopaths, and therefore does not permit them to sign birth and death certificates. This opinion evidently takes it for granted that the word "physician" means one who gives physic, a cathartic, instead of a natural philosopher which was its former meaning. The experience of a host of people will substantiate the Attorney-General's opinion that the giving of a cathartic is the M. D. physician's chief work. The meaning of words in the statutes must necessarily be limited by the time and occasion of their use, but new conditions, new discoveries or even new applications of old discoveries cannot be held back by any narrow interpretation of a statute.

The osteopaths of this State have continued to sign birth and death certificates since the passage of this bill. At first there was some slight objection by city Boards of Health in various quarters to receiving certificates signed by osteopaths, but none have actually been refused. The question of right to sign certificates had all

passed into ancient history until the City Physician of Vallejo published Atty.-Gen. Ford's adverse opinion in the San Francisco Chronicle one day last month.

Osteopaths hope that some over-officious M. D. will bring the question to an issue by refusing to accept their

(CONTINUED ON WITH PAGE)



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What's Wanted.

THE GENIUS FOR INVENTION AND
SOME OF ITS FIELDS.

By a Special Contributor.

A LITTLE brochure came into my hands some time ago. I have lately been perusing it. The booklet is replete with suggestions concerning "How and What to Invent for Profit."

For profit! Is there living a man in or out of his senses—especially out—who has not at some time or other conjured up visions of sloughing around knee-deep in dollars won through the ingenuity of his fertile brain—through the invention of that which the world had been seeking for lo! this many a day? I wot not. And would you know when the fire of invention hath burned brightest? I'll tell you—it was when the man read of how the inventor of the "monkey on the stick" made his hundreds of thousands. Ah! the monkey on the stick! In childhood's happy hour what pleased us half so much as to pull the string and, with blinding eyes, follow the monk to the top. And how we stared and gasped when Jocko deftly sprinted to the summit and down the other side! And such a bauble brought no maker thousands! Then I will bid me to the woodshed forthwith, and in a jiffy think up that which will bring me riches.

The picture is not overdrawn. And it is not ridiculous. It is painting true to the life, so realistic that the many another truth, we will deny its story. But we all have lived it, or are living it, or shall live it, if not for a year, then for a month, for a week, for a day, for an hour.

Among the suggestions which my little book offers to the get-rich-quick reader is "A Noiseless Typewriter." Tsk! Most of the girls, when they first get the job, indulge somewhat too freely in conversation—often the whole force is demoralized. But in time the boss begins to take an interest, and ultimately it is noticed that whenever his good wife bursts suddenly into the office the typewriter has become entirely noiseless. Thus it is seen that in some measure the "Noiseless Typewriter" is already here. She is not perfect, but she is doing the best she can.

Looking further, I find that a "Mucilage Bottle" and an "Ink Bottle" are badly needed. We have these now, but they do not seem to be present in all their perfection. Most men, at least most good business men, so we are told, invariably dip the mucilage brush in the ink well and the pen in the mucilage bottle. This causes huge additions to our already over-burdened vocabulary of new words. What is needed is not a better bottle in any case, but a combination fluid which can be utilized either as ink or mucilage. This would reduce the bottles by half, and the unsanitary language by a good deal more than half.

The "Non-Refillable Bottle" will be recalled as the invention over which this grand and glorious nation was wringing itself crazy a few years ago. It has not yet been devised. Of course not! The whole thing was wrongly prosecuted from the very start. If you do not begin a search rightly, the result can hardly be all that is expected. Says the little book, as regards what is wanted: "A bottle or stopper therefore so constructed as to prevent the bottle from being filled a second time." The very premises are fallacious—how can the proper one be ever attained? The words in the little book should read as follows: "A witch hazel bottle or stopper therefore so constructed as to prevent the bottle from being filled a second and a third and a fourth time with witch hazel."

The "Safety Envelope" is another thing which many have long sought to invent. I think the same man who invents the "Noiseless Typewriter" will also invent the "Safety Envelope." I have never invented anything, but no one should put on airs for assuming to know what is needed in the way of a safety envelope. This should be so constructed that when a letter from the "Noiseless Typewriter" to the Loving Husband is feverishly ripped open by the Faithful Wife it will explode right in her face—the inquisitive thing!

What is badly wanted, says the little pamphlet on my desk, is an invention for the "utilization of waste products." Let us lose no time here. You can't invent the unsavable. Most conspicuous among these things may be mentioned Tramps, the Idle Rich, the Dreyfus Tribunal, the Maybrick Tragedy, Tammany Hall, the Rule of Imperialism, Popular Government in Russia, the Quick-Lunch Counter, and, possibly, any future Democratic Candidate for President of the United States.

LOUIS J. KELLER.

NEW BEDFORD'S CRIER.

Dick O'Leary of New Bedford, prevented by physical infirmities from following the common pursuits of men, has devised a new method of earning a livelihood. With his donkey and his little cart, his megaphone and a banner, he goes all over and advertises anything from a baseball game to a social and dance.

Dick O'Leary was once one of the strongest men in New Bedford. As a porter at one of the hotels he handled heavy weights with the ease of a professional strong man. In the flower of his strength one night, he awoke the next morning to find himself crippled and helpless. After weeks of inactivity, and as a result of careful nursing, Dick recovered sufficiently to go to work on light jobs, but his malady had not been conquered. His strength gradually gave way, and in the end he found that he could not walk.

A good many men would have given up under the circumstances, but O'Leary was plucky and determined to find some plan of earning a living for himself and his wife. He took his cue from Billy Clark, the famous

town crier of Nantucket, only he decided to improve on Clark's methods. He realized that for the scheme he had in mind originality was a prime requisite. So he went to friends and asked them to get him a donkey. Through another friend Dick was fitted out with a little cart. A megaphone completed the outfit. His first appearance on the street made a decided hit. Crowds of boys followed him wherever he went, and it was evident that he would have no trouble in attracting notice.

At first the business was precarious, and there were times when Dick and his donkey went hungry. But he has now become an institution recognized by those who want certain things advertised, and not a day passes but he traverses the city in his donkey cart. He is a vast improvement on the sandwich man, because he talks to the public through his megaphone, while his donkey and cart lift him above the level of the town crier. The affliction from which he suffers is generally known, and sympathy brings in some part of his trade. —[Boston Herald.

MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY.

"Away down in Mexico, on a little stream which runs along the boundary line between that country and the Territory of Arizona, lives a pathetic figure—a veritable man without a country," said W. J. Craig of Naco, Ariz., at the Hotel Pfister.

"While passing through that part of the country not long ago I first saw the old man, who for many years has been a familiar figure to the residents of the vicinity. My curiosity was aroused by his hermit-like appearance and his desolate little hut, and I managed to become acquainted with him.

"His story, or so much of it as he would tell me, was the story of a man in official position tempted by graft until he fell, and was at last forced to fly from his home to avoid disgrace. He would not tell me where he had come from, but he had lived for nearly twenty years in his lonely hut.

"But the part of his story which particularly moved me was his reason for living there, right on the border. He told me that when he first fled he went to the City of Mexico and remained there for several months, but that every day the feeling that he was exiled from his country was borne in upon him more and more forcibly, and his homesickness increased until it was unbearable.

"At length he located himself in this lonely place because, he told me, 'I can look across this little stream and see God's country.' And he told me how sometimes, after night, he crosses the little stream in a boat and walks up and down the opposite bank and for a few hours comforts himself with the knowledge that he is again on the soil of his native land.

"The pathos of the old man's voice and face as he told me the story was intense, and I could not help but think, as I left him, that he had indeed been punished sufficiently for his misdoing. But his punishment will only cease when he is dead. There is no earthly reason why, after all these years, he should not return to America, but he will never realize that fact. For his brooding and melancholy many years ago made him a harmless lunatic." —[Milwaukee Sentinel.

VIOLENT EXERCISE.

It is a medical maxim that men are as old as their arteries. If one's arteries show degeneration, however few one's years, he is becoming an old man. On the other hand, while his arteries retain their original elasticity and health the man is still young, no matter how many years he may have counted. He has an expectancy of many years of life. Physicians generally agree that the great cause of arterial degeneration is hard physical labor. This is especially true of labor among growing children. If the boy between fifteen and twenty is obliged to exert his physical powers to the utmost, he is pretty sure to initiate arterial degeneration. When that boy is forty or forty-five his arteries begin to thicken, become rigid and tortuous. They fail to perform their function in the circulation of the blood and cause an undue tax upon the heart, with the result of heart disease or senility. The initiatory impulse in this case has probably been given in youth by violent exercise. Great feats of strength or wearing physical labor force the blood into the arteries until it disintegrates them. Sometimes it means a lesion and sudden breakdown through aneurism or heart trouble. If this effect does not follow, it starts the deterioration of the arteries, which finally ends in degeneration. Thousands of young boys who are obliged to engage in severe physical labor for a living must pay the penalty by premature age. There is no help for them. But with college athletes it is optional whether they shall shorten their lives for a little brief prowess on the field. If medical men are right, they will surely do so by hard training and violent physical exercise. —[Baltimore News.

"MAGIC MIRROR" OF JAPAN.

The "magic mirror" of Japan is a disk of bronze, usually from six to eight inches in diameter. It is silvered on the front, which is a little convex, and there is a raised pattern on the back, which is rather concave. The polished pattern is generally a landscape, flowers, animals, or Chinese characters. It is not visible in the front of the mirror, but when strong sunlight is reflected from the front of the mirror to a wall or screen, the pattern of the back is visible on the screen in bright lines on a black ground. Prof. W. E. Ayrton, F.R.S., with Prof. John Perry, F.R.S., were the first to give the true scientific explanation of this magical effect. It seems that the design on the back alters the convexity of the front, making it flat, in fact, along the lines of the pattern. Consequently the light reflected from the front is not dispersed at these points of the design, and they appear brighter on the screen. —[London Globe.



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5 gallons of Puritas, 40c. Coupon book good for 20 demi-johns, \$7.00; book good for 10 demi-johns, \$3.60; book good for 5 demi-johns, \$1.90. Ask for information concerning them when ordering.

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